JOHN BULL AND HIS OTHER ISLAND.

ARTHUR BENNETT.

I—II.

JOHN BULL

AND

HIS OTHER ISLAND.

BY

ARTHUR BENNETT.

"You do not understand the Irish," said O'Grady.

"Und'stand!" exclaimed Furlong; "I pwonounce the whole countwy quite incompwhensible!"

Handy Andy.

I.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LIMITED,
4, STATIONERS' HALL COURT, E.C.
WARRINGTON: "SUNRISE" PUBLISHING CO.

PRINTED BY ASHTON & CROMPTON, EAGLE PRINTING WORKS,
UPPER BANK STREET, WARRINGTON.

To

All Who Love Ireland

and

Are True To England.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/johnbullhisother00benn

PREFATORY NOTE.

SOME time ago, the reading public were delighted by the appearance of "John Bull and his Island." It was written by Max O'Rell, and was a very clever and amusing description of England from a French standpoint. More than two hundred thousand copies were sold, and the name of book and author became household words. To that volume I owe my title, and I am pleased, in acknowledging the fact, to take the opportunity of expressing my admiration of the genius of a writer to whom we are indebted for many witty delineations of national character.

"John Bull and His Other Island" is an

attempt to describe Ireland from an English standpoint. It is a record of three holidays in that realm of mingled beauty and misfortune, and portions of it have already been given as lectures, or printed in the columns of the newspapers. The first part was written as early as 1884; the second in 1886; and the third and fourth in 1887. But, as practically the whole of the information which my companion and myself were able to gather in the course of our united wanderings has been unaffected by subsequent events, and as the charms of Nature are never out of date, I have decided to publish it in a form more complete and consecutive than has been hitherto attempted. At the existing juncture, authentic information about Ireland is valuable, from whatever source derived; and this must be my apology for obtruding upon the public, in a day when "of making many books there is no end," the experiences detailed in the following pages. At the root of the Irish difficulty lies the prevailing ignorance con-

cerning the country; and if, by so doing, I can assist, however humbly, in dissipating that ignorance, I shall be gratified indeed.

A.B.

Warrington,
21*st December*, 1889.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY.

John Bull and his Island—His Other Island, and how he had treated her—The two who went to see for themselves ... ... 1—14

CHAPTER I.

Across the Channel—A remedy for tooth-ache—The Irish capital—Home Rule in operation—Dublin and Belfast contrasted—In Phœnix Park—The two crosses on the road—The home of the Viceroy, and the man who guarded it—The Irish Zoo. ... ... 15—32

CHAPTER II.

We climb the Nelson Monument—The ride to Clontarf—Off to Galway—We travel with a carriage full of Dublin girls—Through the Bog of Allen—Mullingar—The story of the colonel—The Shannon—Athlone—Ballinasloe—A political fellow-traveller — The emigrants—"The Dying Exile"—"It's a strange world!"—The City of the Tribes... ... 33—51

CHAPTER III.

The lake behind the town—The Enchanted Isle—The King of the Claddagh—We leave the City of the Tribes—A wretched country—The stain of blood—Oughterard—The nymph beside the waterfall—A jocular companion—Wild scenery—The little lassie and her stockings—Paddy and the whisky—The Twelve Pins—The home of the Martins—Clifden—Moonlight over the Atlantic—"Conscience makes cowards of us all" ... ... 52—76

CHAPTER IV.

Off to Westport—Travelling by car—A quaint old driver—How the lady landowner journeyed to the Court—Footmarks of the agitation—Letterfrack—Kylemore Pass—Mr. Mitchell Henry—Curious conduct of the driver—Killery Bay—We lunch at Leenane—A glorious drive—First glimpse of Croagh Patrick—Our second driver on the situation—Westport—"The day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of Night" ... ... 77—96

CHAPTER V.

We set out for Croagh Patrick—The cottage by the shore—The one-armed boatman and his jackdaws—The "Star of the Sea"—Clew Bay—The "Wasp" at anchor—A troublesome ascent—The shrine upon the summit—Wrapped in the mist—The after-vision—We show our loyalty—Where is the boat?—An awkward predicament—A mysterious host—Effects of a storm—The G.O.M.—An adventure on the bay ... ...97—129

CHAPTER VI.

By rail to Ballina—A town of beggars—Curious diet—Our lilies, and what the people thought of them—Irish newspapers—By car to Sligo—Killala Bay—The coronation chair of the kings of Connaught—A roadside fair—The crimes of St. Patrick—Sligo Bay—Donegal Bay—"The Beautiful City" ... ... 130—142

CHAPTER VII.

The new Cathedral—Lough Gill—The Abbey—Back to the capital—Boyle—The legend of Lough Key—Carrick-on-Shannon—Longford—Edgeworthstown—An Irishman on Home Rule—Result of the journey—Its moonlight close ... 143—152

IRENÆUS.—But they say, it is the fatall desteny of that land, that noe purposes, whatsoever arre meant for her good, will prosper or take good effecte, which, whether it proceede from the very Genius of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Allmighty God hath not yet appoynted the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiett state still for some secrett scourdge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be knowen, but yet much to be feared.

EUDOXUS.—Surely I suppose this but a vayne conceit of simple men, which judge thinges by theyre effectes, and not by theyre causes; for I will rather thinke the cause of this evill, which hangeth upon that countrey, to proceede rather of the unsoundness of the counsells, and plottes, which you say have beene oftentimes layed for the reformation, or of fayntness in following and effecting the same, then of any such fatall course or appoyntment of God, as you misdeeme: but it is the manner of men, that when they arre fallen into any absurditye, or theyre actions succeede not as they would, they arre ready allwayes to impute the blame therof unto the heavens, soe to excuse theyre owne follyes and imperfectiones. Soe have I allso heard it often wished, (even of some whose greate wysedomes, in my opinion, should seeme to judge more soundly of soe weighty a consideration) that all that land were a sea-poole: which kind of speach, is the manner rather of desperat men farre driven, to wishe the utter ruine of that they cannot redress, then of grave counsellors, which ought to thinke nothing soe hard but that, through wysedome, it may be mastred and subdued; since, the Poet sayeth, that 'the wyse man shall rule even over the starres,' much more over the earth; for were it not the part of a desperat phisition to wish his diseased patient dead, rather then to applye the best endevours of his skill for his recovery? But since we arre so farre entred, let us, I pray you, a litle devise, of those evills, by which that countrey is held in this wretched case, that it cannot (as you say) be recured. And yf it be not paynfull to you, tell us what thinges, during your late continuaunce there, you observed to be most offensive, and an empeachement unto the good rule and government therof.

EDMUND SPENSER'S "View Of The Present State Of Ireland."

JOHN BULL

AND

HIS OTHER ISLAND.

——:o:——

INTRODUCTORY.

JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND—HIS OTHER ISLAND, AND HOW HE HAD TREATED HER—THE TWO WHO WENT TO SEE FOR THEMSELVES.

He was a strange old gentleman. Brave to a fault, but often fighting for causes which were not worth defending; brimming over with good nature, but usually directing it into wrong channels; hating tyranny, yet often practising it; ashamed of the faults of other people, and apparently unconscious of his own; naturally honest, but frequently hypocritical; building churches, and butchering his brethren; worshipping both God and Mammon; maintaining a

monarchy, and believing in a republic ; sufficiently sagacious to baffle a continent, but open, at any moment, to be blinded by the most palpable sophistries.

His home was an island beautiful, in places, as Avilion—thickly populated, illustrious in the history of the nations, the cradle of liberty, the birthplace of unconquerable warriors and immortal bards, "the school of all knowledge, and the mart of all trade." But it reflected his vices as well as his virtues, and was a strange mixture of church steeples and back slums ; of lordly mansions and tremendous workhouses ; of hills arrayed in shining foliage, and streams as inky as the river Styx ; of meadows bright with buttercups and busy regions black with everlasting smoke.

From this queer little island, so compact of all the contraries, John Bull's descendants had penetrated into every quarter of the globe. He had children in Canada, in Australia, in India, in Africa : on many a distant strip of continent, and by the shores of many a mighty sea. In every port his vessels floated, and in every zone his banner braved "the battle and the breeze." And, in spite of his idiosyncrasies, there was not one of his children who did not love him. And in far-off climes they thought of him, and it was oftener with pride than with shame.

But, at his very doors, he had another island, which regarded him with different eyes. And yet, if he doated on the isle which he inhabited, and loved the younger lands which bore his sturdy lineaments and spoke his ancient tongue, he loved his other island too, notwithstanding her coldness, and however some folks might deny the fact. Indeed, I question if, among all his varied realms, there was one who could claim a warmer place in his affections. And well it might be so, for she also was divinely beautiful. Upon her Nature seemed to have lavished all its loveliness. The waters clasped her to their bosom with a passionate embrace. The sun and rain, uniting, wove for her a garment of rich greenery. Her hills, like arms, were lifted in eternal yearning after peace. Her lakes were as the teardrops glistening on the visage of a maid disconsolate. Her plaint found utterance in the murmur of innumerable streams—she smiled in fuchsias, and she laughed in waterfalls. But her alienation was not unnatural, for he had treated her very badly. Under specious pretexts he had wrested her from her rightful owners, and robbed her children of the fairest portion of their heritage. Her sweet fields had been overrun by his armies; her broad acres appropriated by his nobles; her population pillaged, slaugh-

tered, and, in places, almost exterminated, or driven into the barren recesses of the mountains to live by robbery, or to die of starvation. He had ruined her trade. He had made bitter war upon her religion. He had enacted stringent laws to prevent her people from amalgamating with their conquerors. He had goaded her to outrage by intolerable harshness, and crushed her insurrections with remorseless cruelty. Her parliament he had turned into "a huge sham—a ghastly simulacrum;" and though, at last, in his difficulties, he had been driven to restore its vanished authority, in the course of a few years he had bribed it to vote for its own extinction. The promises which had accompanied the change were, for the most part, deliberately broken; and many years had glided by before he seriously began to realize that the "centuries of wrong" of which her sons complained were no mere myths; and that, in the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria, her laws were unwise, her resources undeveloped, and her population destitute. And then the old gentleman began to turn over a new leaf. He began to see that government had responsibilities as well as privileges; and that it was a scandal for him—the champion of oppressed nationalities, and the pioneer of civilization—to have an island

only a few miles away where "every class of the community were poorer than the corresponding class in any country in Europe;" where famine was frequent, outrage of daily occurrence, and disloyalty a virtue; and where the iron heel of coercion was necessary to cow the suffering peasantry, and keep them from periodically raising the standard of revolt.

John Bull's repentance was sincere. Act after Act was passed, in quick succession, to alleviate the present suffering, and to make atonement for the former wrong. Catholic Emancipation had been followed by the disestablishment and disendowment of the alien church in the name of which so many crimes had been committed. And numerous schemes had been devised to amend the glaring injustice of the Irish land laws, and to ameliorate the condition of the wretched tiller of the soil. In 1872, Mr. Gladstone had told him that he was removing "the last of the religious and social grievances of Ireland," but still the work went on; and when it was crowned by the generous Land Act of 1881, the passing of the Arrears Bill, and the extension of the franchise, it really did become a little difficult for an ordinary mortal to discover any very serious cause of complaint; and common fairness compelled one to admit that, great as might have been

the demerits of John Bull's government in the past, he had laboured hard and honestly to make amends, and manifested a disposition to do whatever else seemed reasonable, provided that it was compatible with a due regard for those larger interests which it had been given to him, as the arbiter of the destinies of a world-wide empire, to control.

This sentiment was becoming pretty general, and there were some of John Bull's children who were getting a little weary of the abuse to which the old gentleman was subjected. They felt that it was undeserved ; and they were convinced that, if any legitimate Irish wrong required a remedy, there was not anyone more anxious to find one than he. But he scarcely knew anything about his other island. Even among the distinguished company whom he had deputed to manage his affairs for him, there were many who had never so much as set foot in it. And, if barely a score of his legislators could speak from actual observation as to its circumstances and requirements, what could be said of the general public ? To them, it was as unfamiliar as the sands of the Sahara or the ice-fields of the pole. Here and there some phenomenal tourist might be discovered who had visited Wicklow or Killarney ; but few indeed were the travellers

who had penetrated into the recesses of Connemara, the wilder parts of Clare and Kerry, or the grim and barren mountains of Donegal. That it grew potatoes, and was partial to poteen ; that its women were barefooted and its men lazy ; that it was dotted with mud cabins, was the scene of many a brutal murder, and obstinately persisted in making a nuisance of itself—such were the leading items in John Bull's knowledge of the country. And yet, stupid old fellow as he is, he was amazed at his failure to govern it successfully, and like Furlong, in his bewilderment, though in gruffer tones, "pwonounced the whole countwy quite incompwhensible."

Anxious to ascertain if, after all he had done for her, Ireland really had any substantial grievance ; and satisfied, in their own minds, that, if this were so, it was because John Bull did not understand her rather than because he was deaf to her cries—which were shrill enough, in all conscience—the two individuals whose acquaintance the reader is about to make decided to go and see for themselves. They were the writer and his friend, Mr. John E. Richardson, to whom a word of introduction may not be out of place. Mr. Richardson was a Radical, sternly opposed to anything in the nature of an injustice ; indignant at the fossilized adherents to a party which pre-

ferred to eulogize "our glorious constitution" instead of executing necessary reforms; and prepared, if requisite, to sacrifice that "glorious constitution" itself, if only it should be shown to be possible to substitute something better. Whilst feeling that the Liberals had, to some extent, failed in their measures of domestic legislation, he contended that this was due less to any incapacity on their own part than to the existence of a body of hereditary legislators whose only title to assist in framing the laws of their country was to be found in the fact that they were the sons of their fathers. He had strong objections to a policy of needless interference in the affairs of other nations, and regarded jingoism with undisguised disapprobation; but, unlike many of the party to which he belonged, he was largely imbued with the imperial instinct, and did not yield to anyone in his devotion to the Empire. As for me, I was, in some respects, perhaps, more radical than Mr. Richardson, my sympathies tending in the direction of socialism. But, coupled with my advanced views on many questions of domestic politics, there was, I fear, a latent element of jingoism about me. I also was proud of the Empire; but I had not long begun to take an interest in politics before I noticed that the party to which my early

training and my youthful predilections pointed did not appear to grasp the significance of that Empire, and that their later administration of its affairs had been grossly incapable. Side by side with this discovery came the revelation that their domestic policy, likewise, had been a signal failure—that not only had they, whilst professing the principles of peace, involved us in costly and disastrous wars, but that, instead of retrenchment, they had given us a vastly augmented expenditure, and had wholly failed to execute their programme of reform. And I noticed that, whilst Conservatism never faltered in its fealty to the Empire, its wars were less numerous and more beneficial than those of the party of peace ; and that, although it clung to many antiquated theories and musty cries, it was at last awakening to the necessity of progressive legislation and the orderly development of our freedom : that, whilst cherishing the *Imperium* which its opponents had neglected, it was rapidly becoming the best interpreter of that *Libertas* which was ever on their tongues, but of which I had not been able to discover very much in their actions. In fact, I was gradually turning from a Radicalism that was ruining the Empire in the name of principles with most of which I agreed to a Conservatism that was saving it in the

name of principles from most of which I differed.

Naturally, Ireland had always held a foremost place in our imagination and our sympathy. We shared the prevailing perplexity as to the best method of dealing with that unfortunate country; but, at the time of our first visit, it had never occurred to either of us to regard Home Rule as a possible way out of the difficulty. Hitherto, however, our knowledge of the subject had been as vague, conflicting, and unsatisfactory as the exaggerated and contradictory reports of the party papers and the rival schools of statesmen on the stump could make it; and, attracted by the story of her witching scenery, and anxious to ascertain the extent of our ignorance concerning her condition, we decided upon visiting the realm so long distracted by internal discord, and tormented by external incapacity.

First we turned our faces towards the Wilds of the West. It was in 1884. The resignation of Mr. Forster had been followed by the release of the "suspects;" Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke had been assassinated in Phœnix Park; the Crimes Act and the Arrears Act had been passed, and the "Red Earl" was boldly and successfully administering them. But there was a lurking sense of unrest in the atmosphere, and, on the very day we left, England had been

startled by the news of another dynamite outrage. In spite of the warnings of sundry well intentioned persons, we somehow contrived to return in safety ; and so pleased were we with the people, so delighted with the country, and so much of useful information did we acquire in the course of our travels, that we promptly decided, at the earliest opportunity, to extend them in other directions.

Accordingly, in 1886, we once more crossed the Channel. Many things had happened in the meantime. By a change unequalled in a career of kaleidoscopical transformations, Mr. Gladstone had suddenly come over to the cause which, until the close of 1885, he had persistently denounced. And the majority of the Liberal Party had, with beautiful docility, done likewise. In four-and-twenty hours they had changed the opinions of a lifetime. And Home Rule appeared to be coming within the range of practical politics. In the citadel of Orangeism fierce and bitter rioting had followed the rejection of the Premier's memorable Bill ; and, whilst every paper was full of records of the strife, we visited the Loyal North.

A year later, we completed our explorations by a journey to the Rebel South. It was on the eve of the riots at Mitchelstown. The new

Crimes Act had just been brought into operation, and yet another Bill for the benefit of the Irish tenant had received the Royal Assent. It was prophesied that the latter would prove inefficacious, and that the former would be set at defiance ; and, once again, the welkin was beginning to ring with denunciations of the Oppressor. On each occasion, the times were full of interest, and we had exceptional opportunities for carrying out our intention of seeing the country thoroughly. We went with open eyes and ears, and independent minds, determined, as far as possible, to discard our prejudices, to enjoy a holiday, and to learn the truth. No Radical Caucus paid our expenses, and provided us with patent spectacles, warranted to see only one side of the question. No Conservative Association sent us, with instructions to confine our observations to the Orangemen of Ulster or the landlords of the South. The Tories had not got the gumption to send agents of any sort, either hired or independent, to counteract the teaching of the proselytes of Mr. Parnell. And the rush for gaol accommodation which was shortly to inspire the breasts of sundry martyrs at a good salary was still to come ; though, at our last visit, there were signs in the air that scores who had never

thought of spending a holiday in Ireland in all the previous years of her calamity, and when their presence might have been of real benefit to her, were ready enough to do so when it became possible to make a little party capital out of their peregrinations.

Our purpose was to endeavour to comprehend the "incompwhensible," and, with that view, to constitute ourselves a sort of amateur Commission of Enquiry, and mingle freely with all classes of the population—with Catholic and Protestant, with priest and peasant, with landlord and tenant, with Loyalist and Leaguer with "patriot" and policeman: to catechize them all, and afterwards to weigh the evidence and form our own conclusions. There was much that we did not—much that we could not—accomplish in the month to which our wanderings were limited; but, by careful planning and incessant energy, we were able to see something of no less than twenty-four of Ireland's counties; to gaze upon all the most famous of her natural charms; and, in addition, to penetrate to regions rarely trodden by the tourist, and to share in incidents both novel and romantic. We ask the reader to accompany us. He (or she, if any "ladye fayre" will honour us thus much) shall follow us to mighty mountains and to lonely

lakes ; shall scale the one and cross the other ; shall sail on lordly rivers and majestic bays ; shall ride from dawn till dusk through dim defiles and endless undulations, and at midnight hasten over haunted moors. For him the cataract shall sing its anthem, and old Neptune drive his snowy steeds ashore. He shall pluck the shamrock, and gather the arbutus from the isles its foliage glorifies. In caves were mermaids in the vanished time disported, and in hollow chambers where grim banshees wailed, his feet shall tread ; and over him shall rise the towers where Druids worshipped heaven with rites unspeakable. In ruins where the dust of kings reposes he shall walk with meditative step, and where stern monks perform their sacred offices, and gentle nuns in pious ministrations pass the hours, shall calmly wander and shall hear them tell their tale ; or, from the corridors of stately halls emerging, he shall visit the abodes of abject poverty, and shiver over fires of turf in hovels shared with swine. He shall see what we saw ; he shall hear what we heard ; and, like us, he shall weigh the evidence and form his own conclusions.

CHAPTER I.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL—A REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE—THE IRISH CAPITAL—HOME RULE IN OPERATION—DUBLIN AND BELFAST CONTRASTED—IN PHŒNIX PARK—THE TWO CROSSES ON THE ROAD—THE HOME OF THE VICEROY, AND THE MAN WHO GUARDED IT—THE IRISH ZOO.

Early in the summer of 1884, Mr. Richardson and I set out for Connemara. Starting at Warrington—"a nice place to come *from*," as I once heard an American remark of Norway, and which ought to have been situated in Sleepy Hollow instead of upon the banks of the Mersey—we rode through the ancient and interesting city of Chester, and reached the noble estuary of the Dee. Through Holywell and Rhyl, we journeyed by the water's brink until we came to Abergele. Here, in 1848, the "Ocean Monarch" was burnt, almost within call of the excited people on the beach. From this vicinity we had a fine view of Gwrych Castle, perched on the side

of a hill, its battlements entwined with ivy ; and then we entered the cutting in which the awful collision between the Irish mail and a number of wagons of petroleum occurred, and which is still remembered as one of the most horrible catastrophes on record. A glance at the little Orme, and soon we pass Llandudno Junction, and are in sight of the estuary of the Conway, the Great Orme's Head jutting out into the sea on our right, with the outskirts of Llandudno peeping round its base. Rushing under the walls of Conway Castle, and through a dark tunnel, we emerge upon a beautiful stretch of country, and ride beside the sea again, with Puffin Island and the long, low, flat shores of Anglesea visible in the distance ; and on our left, the wild, grand, towering mountains of North Wales, at the foot of which, cloaked in laburnums and bright green foliage, nestle the pretty little watering places, Penmaenmawr, Llanfairfechan, and Aber. At Bangor, we catch sight of the great suspension bridge, which, hanging in mid air, crosses the blue waters of the Menai Straits, that charmingly gleam through openings in the intervening branches ; and, soon afterwards, we enter the tubular bridge, a splendid triumph of engineering, and a lasting memorial of the genius of Robert Stephenson. The run across Anglesea is com-

paratively unattractive, for the country is exceptionally level, with scarcely a tree to relieve its monotony—a great stretch of pasture-land, dotted with occasional white farm houses and cottages, and blazing, in many localities, with patches of rich yellow gorse.

We arrived at Holyhead just in time to catch the steamer. It was the "Rose," one of the fine boats of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and, almost as soon as we had set foot on board, she sailed. As we left the town, we had a capital opportunity of viewing the great breakwater, which encloses a harbour of something like 300 acres in extent. The principal pier is about a mile and a half long, and is of immense proportions. The fiercest storms would seem impotent to affect the huge masses of rock of which it is composed; and yet, in spite of its tremendous strength, it frequently suffers severely in rough weather. The interesting old town of Holyhead has rather a picturesque appearance, with its white houses prettily sloping up from the water. To the left, as we entered the open sea, there rose the rugged rocks that form the Head, and, on a small craggy island, separated from it by a diminutive strait, which is spanned by a fragile suspension bridge, stands the South Stack Lighthouse, 212 feet above high

water mark. In spite of the altitude of the lighthouse, when some of the wilder south-westerly storms prevail, the breakers dash over it, and the rock on which it stands is lashed with splendid fury by their roaring flails of foam. To the right lie the Skerries, a number of small islands close to the shores of Anglesea.

We were well on our way to Dublin when the sun set. It was a beautifully calm night, the sea scarcely stirred by a ripple, and reflecting the peculiar opal tint which suffused the western sky with exquisite fidelity, while, just at our side, the moon, almost half full, was triply mirrored in the wavelets that calmly glided from the vessel's prow. Occasionally we sighted a fishing smack, or the distant funnels of a steamer, and the "Servia" passed us, almost within hail, as she left the shores of Old England for the New England which the Saxon race have created across the Atlantic. Then we met the Dublin Mail, her four funnels pouring out a dense volume of smoke as she hurried towards Holyhead; and, on the other side, a little in front of her, another of the vessels of the London and North-Western Railway Company, also bound for Holyhead. According to custom, we ran up our flag by way of salute; and, leaving them far in our wake, we saw, at last the distant glimmer of the lights

in Dublin Bay. Soon the massive cliffs of the Hill of Howth loomed up from the water, and, almost underneath its shade, we descried the outlines of Ireland's Eye and Lambay, two small islands just off the coast. Passing the Baily Lighthouse, close to the spot on which the Victoria was wrecked during a snow-storm in 1855, and sailing up the famous inlet, the beauties of which were invisible in the haze, we saw the glare of Kingstown on our left, and the Poolbeg Lighthouse, standing at the extremity of the long stone pier which stretches out, thread-like, to welcome you. Then gliding by the Pigeon House Fort, amid a forest of masts, and spars, and rigging, we slowly forged our way to the North Wall.

Before we left the boat, I had experienced certain gentle twinges in my molars which were ominous of coming torture ; and, as we landed, and pushed along the brink of the narrow river, under the shadow of the Custom House, and gradually approached the noise and bustle of Sackville Street, with its stately statues and its splendid shops—its cars, and cabs, and crowded footways—a thoroughfare which, even in the dusk, was striking enough—the pain grew worse ; and when, after securing accommodation at the Gresham, which is almost opposite the lofty

Nelson Monument, we sallied forth again, intent on seeing something of the capital by gas-light, it had deepened into one incessant pang which almost drove me frantic, and completely robbed me of my appetite for midnight exploration. We rambled through a number of the leading streets, and crossed the river, and saw that, however virtuous the Irish character may be, there is plenty of dissipation in Dublin; and then I could not stand it any longer, and went to bed, leaving my friend at a supper in which I was fain to participate, and vainly wooing the intervention of "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." The sensation was one with which I was comparatively unfamiliar; and I was not long in understanding —and, I fear, echoing—the objurgations with which poor Barns saluted it. I tried every remedy of which I could think, but all without avail; and at last, I had to fall back upon that of an old fellow who once told me that, after exhausting the resources of the pharmacopœia without effect upon the tooth which seemed to have been sent to torment him before his time, he seated himself in a comfortable arm-chair, drew near to the fire, piled upon it a heap of fuel, placed his feet upon the fender, and, with clenched hands and invincible hardihood, resigned himself to the inevitable, exclaiming, "Ache, you beggar, ache!" The

remedy was less successful in my case than in his own, but after breakfast I began to feel myself again. The salmon steak was good, the day was fine, and, through the windows, we could see the citizens in Sunday dress, and as cheerful in demeanour as if sleepless nights and toothache's "venom'd stang" were never known within the Irish capital.

A charming capital it is, and with an ancient and a stirring history. So long ago as A.D. 140, the place existed, under the name of Civitas Eblana, as recorded by Ptolemy Claudius, the Egyptian. The nations called it Drom-Col-Coille, or "the hill of hazel-wood," the original city occupying the summit of the ridge which forms its central portion. Another ancient name was Baily-Ath-Cliath-Duibhlinne, or "the town of the ford of hurdles on the black water;" and from this it seems likely that its present name originated. In the year 291, a battle was fought here between Fiacha Sraotine, the King of Ireland, and the inhabitants of Leinster, who were defeated. In 836, the Danes, in 60 ships, approached the city, and captured it, retaining it for nearly three centuries, in spite of constant attempts on the part of the natives to drive them out. In 1014, however, they were crushingly defeated at Clontarf by the the gallant Brian

Boroihme, who was slain in his tent at the close of the battle, as is mentioned in the next chapter. Still the Danish sway continued. In 1066, Godred Crovan, King of Man, commenced to hold the place; but on his death that sway revived, and it was not until 1095 that the Danes were finally defeated by Mortach O'Brien.

Shortly after the conquest of Ireland by the English, in the reign of Henry the Second, that monarch held a Christmas carnival here, in a pavilion of wicker work, at which the native chiefs were entertained with much ceremony. By him the city was granted to the citizens of Bristol. John honoured it with several visits, and he and his successors bestowed a series of charters upon it. It was in the reign of John that its inhabitants were attacked by the native Irish, on Easter Monday, whilst engaged in feasting, and fifteen hundred of them slain. Easter Monday is still known as Black Monday in consequence of this event. The place was, however, repeopled by immigrants from Bristol, and, in 1220, the castle which had been designed to defend it was completed. I may add that, early in the fourteenth century, Dublin was almost destroyed by a conflagration, and that, in 1646, it was besieged by the Irish. It is not necessary to allude to its later history. To-day, it may fairly claim to be

one of the finest cities in the Empire, with stately squares, and noble streets, and handsome buildings; with a river, crossed by nine bridges, running through the midst of it, and, round about, a ring of pleasant suburbs and delightful scenes ; whilst its quarter of a million inhabitants are perhaps as interesting, as amusing, and as *incomprehensible* as any population on the face of the globe.

Leaving the hotel, we first directed our steps down Sackville Street, the praiseworthy desire of some of the local patriots to change the name of which to O'Connell Street is a charming illustration of the freaks with which the Dublin Council amuses itself, periodically manifesting an unwisdom so glaring than one would imagine that it would suffice to make the most confirmed Home Ruler grow dubious ; minding everything except its own business ; as famous for its talk as it is notorious for its incapacity ; the laughing-stock of everybody except its own members ; and a standing illustration of the degrading effects of the introduction of politics to the civic chamber. The contrast between Dublin and Belfast in this respect is marked indeed. As was pertinently pointed out by Mr. Chamberlain, on the occasion of his historic visit to Ulster, in Dublin, which is governed by the Nationalists, the Mayor was receiving a salary of £3,000 a year, and

the rates were 8s. 3d. in the pound on one side of the city, and 9s 3d. in the pound on the other. In Belfast, the Mayor was satisfied to serve his fellow citizens without any salary at all, and the rates, instead of being 8s. 3d. and 9s. 3d. in the pound respectively, were only 4s. 11d. and 6s. 10d. Moreover, while the affairs of Dublin were grossly mismanaged, there was scarcely a town in the United Kingdom which was better governed than the citadel of Irish loyalty. And, unfortunately, the Dublin Corporation is by no means the only public body outside Ulster which is in the habit of making an exhibition of itself. These facts are worth considering. The men who cannot manage the affairs of a city with dignity or credit would probably be even more at sea in managing the affairs of a nation.

The street which has led me into this digression is, as we had anticipated from our glimpse of it on the previous evening, an imposing thoroughfare. The huge column erected to the memory of Nelson, the monument to O'Connell, and various other statues lend an unusual dignity to its broad and bustling area. The O'Connell Monument stands at the north end of the bridge by which we crossed the Liffey, and which also bears the Liberator's name. A little further on, we

came to College Green, where the old Parliament House is situated, now shorn of its former splendour, and transformed into the head office of the National Bank of Ireland, a less pretentious, but probably more useful institution. One could not help wondering, as he gazed at it, if ever again its walls would echo with the eloquence of a race who need not kiss the Blarney Stone to qualify for moving multitudes ; and who, if they could only govern as well as they can declaim, might establish an ideal commonwealth at once. Nearly opposite is Trinity College, with monuments of Burke and Goldsmith just in front ; and on the Green, are statues of William of Orange, on horseback, and of Grattan, in appropriate proximity to the chamber whose debates he had done so much to adorn. The external façade of the College is built of Portland Stone, in the Corinthian style, and is massive and effective in appearance. The centre is decorated with tall columns, let into the walls, and supporting a graceful pediment. The inner courts are extensive and of good proportions ; and the hawthorn bushes, which were now in full bloom, and the daisy-covered lawns, and the broad paths along which white-gowned students flitted at intervals, encircled by the stately outlines of the building, combined to form a very pleasant picture.

From hence we strolled past the Castle—that centre of English tyranny the very mention of which suffices to send Mr. O'Brien into hysterics, and causes him to exhaust the dictionary in his search for expletives which shall suffice to express his scorn and hatred of the portly old gentleman whose agents were mean enough to deprive him of:

"His only pair of—never mind!"

if, in our anxiety to respect the feelings of the ladies, we may be permitted to borrow an expedient from the *Laureate of Topsyturvydom. No doubt John Bull ought to tremble in his boots as he hears of the atrocities of which he has been guilty; but, somehow, he does not happen to be built that way, and has a provoking habit of treating the whole performance with contempt.

The Castle is chiefly constructed of brick, and its appearance is not attractive. As I have already mentioned, it was finished in 1220, and was intended for purposes of defence; but, at the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, it was fitted up as the residence of the Lord Lieutenant; and is still occupied by the vice-regal apartments, and various offices connected with the Government.

*See "The Perils of Invisibility," By W. S. Gilbert.

The streets in this vicinity, and on in the direction of Sr. Patrick's Cathedral, are poor, narrow, and anything but picturesque ; and the Cathedral itself, which has been recently restored, did not impress us very much from an architectural point of view. It stands on the site of a church erected by the saint whose name it bears, the present building being commenced by Archbishop Comyn, in 1190. A portion of it was destroyed by fire in 1362. Cromwell used it as a law court, and James the Second stalled his horses here. Within its precincts are the tombs of Swift, and of the "Stella" whom his pen immortalized ; and it also contains memorials of Richard Boyle, the Great Earl of Cork, quaintly designed in wood and marble, and representing the Earl and his lady surrounded by their sixteen children ; of the Duke of Schomberg ; and of Curran, and Lover, and Whately, and other well-remembered names.

After service, we mounted a tram for Phœnix Park, and passed right along the north bank of the Liffey, viewing all its splendid bridges to perfection, catching glimpses of the ships lower down the stream, and the spires and domes on the southern side, and gliding under the very walls of the Four Courts. Presently the trees of the Park burst into view, and, towering above

them, we could see the tall obelisk—something like a modern Cleopatra's Needle without the hieroglyphs—erected in honour of Ireland's warrior son, the Duke of Wellington. The Park is one of the finest I ever saw. It contains some very handsome monuments and public buildings; and, near the gates, there is an immense area railed off, and laid out in pretty flower beds, gay borders, and well-kept paths. This part alone is larger than the majority of the parks in our large towns. But it is a mere nothing when compared with the park proper, which stretches in undulating slopes, thickly studded with luxuriant clumps of trees, trod by the nimble feet of innumerable deer, browsed by countless cattle, far beyond the range of the eye. A nobler public domain it would be impossible to conceive. It is no conventional recreation ground—no narrow conglomeration of serpentine walks. A small county seems to be devoted to the use of the people, richly-wooded, well-grassed, and so completely rural that, within a mile of the city, you can fancy yourself fifty miles away. A broad road leads through the Park, with smaller roads branching off in various directions; and, rambling along this for perhaps a mile, we came upon the Viceregal Lodge, lying on the right, amid a thick screen of trees and

shrubs, and separated from the Park by a huge ditch or moat. Right opposite the front windows, and within call of the inmates of the mansion, we paused before two small crosses, rudely constructed out of the broken stones that formed the road; and a strange feeling crept over us as we realized that we stood upon the very spot where, two years before, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, in the full light of day, and in sight of several spectators, were suddenly pounced upon by a fiendish band of assassins, and, almost before they could utter an ejaculation, murdered! It seemed too horrible to be true! And yet, it was true, and here where we stood, their corpses lay rigid, and up the adjacent road the villains who slew them had made good their escape. It well-nigh stunned us to think of it! The deed was so sudden and so daring; the victims were so innocent and so full of good intentions towards Ireland; the hand of the murderers was so incredibly cruel! One shuddered for humanity as he gazed at those humble crosses. Policemen now patrolled the neighbourhood, and we could see them traversing, with measured tread, the gardens of the viceregal residence, in order to shield its inmates from the possibility of a similar fate. The lodges of the Chief Secretary and of

the Under Secretary were close at hand ; in fact, the murdered men had almost reached their homes when they were overtaken by the hand of the destroyer. Here also policemen were constantly on guard. It was a dark picture. Amid all the brightness and beauty of the locality, there was an element of tragedy, and one of the finest parks in the world was haunted by memories of a crime than which history records few more dreadful. But the tragedy was not unrelieved. The murdered had been avenged. The murderers had been brought to justice. Assassination was powerless to deter the Queen's servants from doing their duty, and others had been found ready to fill the vacated secretaryships, and, with life in hand, to fearlessly labour on for the welfare of Ireland. And Ireland's children, as a whole, repudiated the crime with abhorrence ; and signs were not wanting that some of them, at least, were at last beginning to look forward to a time when, all olden injustice abolished, the two nations might live together in unbroken peace and unity.

Strolling up to one of the policemen who kept watch in the vicinity of the Viceroy's garden, we heard the full details of the crime, and had a chat with him as to the present condition of the country. He said that the picture was black

enough even yet, and that he doubted if Dublin would ever again be the same quiet place which it had been before the reign of outrage came. He remarked that one of the chief difficulties the police had to contend with was the the fact that, in cases of disturbance, the sympathies of the mob were always against them ; and that, instead of coming to lend their aid to the cause of order, they almost invariably threw it into the opposite scale. He showed us, in his belt, his "sweetheart," in the shape of a revolver, which it was usual for the constabulary to carry, in readiness for instant use.

We passed on to the Phœnix Monument, surrounded by a carved representation of the fabled bird emerging from the ashes, and shaking its emancipated wings. It stands somewhere near the middle of the Park, and, beyond it, the road continues through the same sweep of rich grassy land, with its clumps of trees and herds of deer, until it is lost to view in the dim distance ; while, on the left of the road, the trees seem only to terminate at the foot of the blue line of mountains that shut in the view southwards. Returning, we sauntered over an immense polo ground. Then, rounding a pretty lake, we entered the Zoological Gardens, which occupy a pleasing position within the Park gates, and contain a very

considerable collection of wild animals, the bears being especially numerous. There were also some splendid specimens of the llama, the bison, and the yak. The keepers have been singularly successful in the breeding of lions, and many menageries and zoological collections have made their purchases here.

Arriving at the hotel in time for *table d'hôte*, we occupied the evening in riding out northwards through the city to the rustic little suburb of Glasnevin, where there is a charming cemetery containing the tomb of O'Connell; and southwards to Palmerston Park, a small, tree-covered space that had a very insignificant appearance after the magnificent pleasure ground in which we had discovered the two crosses on the road.

CHAPTER II.

WE CLIMB THE NELSON MONUMENT—THE RIDE TO CLONTARF—OFF TO GALWAY—WE TRAVEL WITH A CARRIAGE FULL OF DUBLIN GIRLS—THROUGH THE BOG OF ALLEN—MULLINGAR—THE STORY OF THE COLONEL—THE SHANNON—ATHLONE—BALLINASLOE—A POLITICAL FELLOW-TRAVELLER—THE EMIGRANTS—"THE DYING EXILE"—"IT'S A STRANGE WORLD!"—THE CITY OF THE TRIBES.

Before leaving for Galway the next morning, we ascended the Nelson Monument. It stands right in the centre of the street, and rears its fluted column into the air to an enormous height. On the top of the column the hero of Trafalgar proudly stands, gazing over the beautiful city that lies below him like a gigantic map. The view is indeed charming. In the north-east, the Hill of Howth rises towards heaven, guarding the entrance to the bay like a giant sentinel. Across its calm waters are the sloping hills behind which Bray nestles, and on which gleam the windows

of Kingstown. Right through the heart of the city the Liffey runs, thronged, towards its mouth, with shipping ; immediately beneath, is the roar of Sackville Street, with its line of monuments ; and all around rise domes, and spires, and the roofs of stately white edifices of every shape and size. The scene is closed in, on the south, by the blue undulations of the Wicklow mountains —elsewhere by emerald pastures and verdant trees, or by the glittering expanse of sea that broadens from the bay.

It was a general holiday. The city was full of happy, pleasure-seeking crowds as we rode towards Clontarf, the scene of that last great battle with the Danes at the conclusion of which the white-haired old monarch, Brian Boroimhe, was slain in his tent by some of the fugitives as he was returning thanks to God for the victory. Moore need not have told his countrymen to "remember the glories of Brien the brave." They are not likely to forget them. Owing to the crowded nature of the streets, the tram progressed in such a leisurely manner that we had not time to go the whole of the way to the scene of this famous encounter. Not that it was usual for the Dublin tram-cars, under the most favourable circumstances, to proceed in a

very expeditious manner. The best were slow, and the worst were simply wretched. Our ride to Glasnevin on the previous evening, for protracted discomfort, exceeded any other ride of this kind which either of us had ever had. If the reader can picture a tram-car indulging in a steeplechase, he will have some idea of the pitching and jumping we had to undergo as we tediously journeyed towards our destination. The line was single, and every five minutes or so we had to wait on a side line until another car drew nigh and passed us ; then came a fresh succession of intolerable joltings, followed by a descent from our position by an iron stair than which anything more uningenious and awkward it would be hard to conceive.

Rushing off to the Broadstone Station, we with difficulty procured a seat in the crowded train for Galway. For some miles we had the startling privilege of travelling with a carriage full of young ladies from the capital—six of them —and a lively party they were. Not one of the six could, by any stretch of the imagination, be called beautiful ; but what they lacked in loveliness they possessed in coquetry. They appeared to be "out for the day ;" their manners were extremely free and easy, and their conversation as witty as might be expected from a bevy of Dublin

damsels. One of them—the least attractive of the company—seemed absolutely unable to contain herself. Observing that neither of us seemed disposed to reciprocate, at any rate as far as she was concerned—I will not say much about the others—she promptly made the acquaintance of the guard ; and, as the driver was quite ready to wait his convenience, and some of the passengers had only a hundred and twenty-six miles to travel, she put her head through the window at every stopping place, and immediately entered into an animated conversation with that worthy, a rotund and rosy specimen of humanity with a short light beard, a light suit, and an eye as full of mischief as any maiden might desire. His gallantry was prodigious, but :

"Men were deceivers ever;"

and when, after a ride of nearly twenty miles, the ladies left us, he told us confidentially that this particular damsel had "a divil in her as big as an ass." I hope the reader will not be very much shocked at this observation. Mr. Richardson was.

Leaving the city behind us, we rode into a series of fertile fields and wooded domains, the Royal Canal running ever by our side, overarched with trees, and here and there an angler seated in

their grateful shade. After passing various objects of interest, we sight the celebrated Maynooth College, on our right, and, beyond it, the noble park of the Duke of Leinster—a broad vision of luxuriant vegetation extending for hundreds of acres. Forsaking the prolific lands that stretch out from Dublin for several miles, we enter the Bog of Allen, in many places barren, and poorly cultivated at the best, and begin to see something of the Ireland of the half-starved farmer, the Ireland of the agitator, the Ireland of miserable huts, and barren wastes, and hopeless poverty. The Bog of Allen is said to have once been a great forest, full of monster elks, and among its dark turf their bones are still occasionally to be found. Across the Boyne, with all its battle-memories, and past the Hill of Down, we glide slowly onwards, calling at every station, and much intested in the novel scenery, until we reach Mullingar, adjacent to Lough Emmel, which lies on the left of the line. Here the Royal Canal ceases to wind along through trees, and fields, and buttercups by our side, and bends off to Longford. Mullingar is a somewhat important town. It is the capital of Westmeath, and is noted for its fat cattle, its horse fair, and its trade in wool, frieze, and butter. Formerly, I believe, it also possessed the unenviable notoriety

of producing more beggars than any other town in the United Kingdom. I recently read that a certain regiment was once quartered here to one of the officers of which beggars were an abomination. For some time he remained in retirement rather than encounter the importunate crowd of mendicants who thronged the streets ; but at last this inactivity grew monotonous, and, emerging from his seclusion, he answered every request for relief by mentioning a day on which all the applicants were to punctually call on him at an hour he named. When the time arrived, the street in which he was residing was completely overrun with those who expected to participate in his bounty, and, as he appeared at the door, he was met with a regular shower of benedictions.

"Are you all here ?" he enquired in compassionate tones.

"All, yer honour—all, young and ould," replied a gigantic individual.

"We're all here, colonel dear," said a garrulous female, "but my poor man, Brieney Boccogh ; and he, the cratur, fell into the fire on Sunday night, and not a stir can he make, good nor bad."

"Ah, then," said the old officer kindly, "why should poor Brien be left out ? Run yourself and bring the cripple to us."

Off she went, and speedily returned with the unfortunate Brieney on her shoulders.

"Are you all here now?" he asked.

"Every single sowl of us," said an old woman in reply. "Och, that the light of heaven may shine on his honour's dying hour, but it's he that's tendher to the poor!"

"Silence," he cried, as he pulled out a small pocket book, bound in morocco.

"Whisht, ye sowls!" cried the big beggarman.

"Are ye listening?"

"Sure and we are, yer honour," was the reply.

"Then, by the contents of this book, I won't give one of ye a rap, ye vagabonds, if I remain a twelve months in Mullingar!"

The story speaks more for the old soldier's sense of humour than for his charity; but it must be confessed that, in some parts of the country, the beggars are a perfect nuisance, as we were not long in discovering for ourselves.

In due course we reach the Shannon, and stop at Athlone, a strongly fortified town in a pleasant situation. The river, at this point, is a broad, fine stream, but only navigable for small craft. Here Henry Plantagenet built a castle that stood many sieges; here, on an ancient bridge, the armies of De Ginkell and St. Ruth met in deadly encounter; and here the gallant Colonel Grace,

when called upon by De Ginkell to surrender, fired his pistol in the air, exclaiming : "Those are my terms ; and when my provisions are gone I will eat my boots !" Near the town, Lough Ree commences, and, eight miles to the north, lies "the Deserted Village" whose former charms the poet Goldsmith so sweetly sang. Beyond Ballinasloe, a town famed for its great cattle fair, which attracts purchasers from all parts of the continent, the land grows wilder and more barren, until Athenry, with its historical associations, is left behind, Oranmore fades into the distance, and, through continuous patches of rock, scarcely relieved, in places, by even a semblance of herbage, we glide into sight of Galway Bay, and, after a ride of over six hours, pull up at our destination, having crossed the country, and arrived at the nearest port to America in the United Kingdom.

From Mullingar we had travelled with a most intelligent Irishman, who had pointed out to us all the places of interest that we passed, and freely entered into conversation as to the state of the country. He had evidently a burning sense of the wrongs that Ireland has suffered, and a deep sympathy with the peasantry, whom he pictured as living in the most appalling poverty and wretchedness, and scarcely able to earn the barest livelihood from their miserable holdings.

He had a great admiration for the Nationalist party, though he spoke with much moderation and good sense. He appeared to think that, if the British Parliament were to continue to legislate for Ireland, it should be a *sine quâ non* of membership that all candidates should see the country thoroughly for themselves, a suggestion which I cannot too strongly emphasize. The greater part of the misery Ireland has undergone in the past he ascribed to the ignorance of her real condition which prevails among the generality of Englismen; and he seemed to think that, to secure her welfare, Home Rule must be granted, and Ireland governed by Irishmen, than whom, said he, there were no abler men in our senate. In fact, looking to the number of distinguished Irish soldiers, statesmen, and men of letters whose names have figured in our history, he might appropriately have vindicated his nationality by making a genuine bull, and remarking than some of the greatest of Englishmen have been Irishmen. It was not, he said, a republic that he wanted ; he did not clamour for independence ; but some such form of Home Rule as was advocated by the late Mr. Butt he considered essential to the prosperity of the country.

At Woodlawn—the threshold of Woodford and Loughrea, which district has since become

notorious as the very worst part of Ireland—a large number of sympathetic natives had gathered to bid farewell to a poor girl who was leaving home; and it was truly painful to hear her heart-broken sobs as she kissed the weeping crowd around her—girls, and youths, and strong men and women, and feeble old creatures on the verge of the grave, who wrung their hands with grief, and breathed their fervent blessings on her. All seemed moved with her sorrow, and pierced with her pangs. We learnt, on making enquiry, that she was an emigrant about to leave for America; and it was very touching to observe her grief, and threw strange light on the reluctance which these humble peasants feel to leave their poor squalid homes; and on the bitterness of exile, even though it be from the veriest mud cabin. It also tended to explain the hostility with which our emigration proposals are received in Ireland. Most of the people would far rather remain on their little holdings, however barren they may be, than leave the country, notwithstanding the fact that emigration would vastly improve their position, and, across the sea, they might procure abundance of the most fertile land at the cheapest possible rate. The tenacity with which they cling to them is amazing. "It quite takes the heart out of the people,"

said our companion, "to have to leave their bit of land!" and, wherever they go, they carry with them abiding memories of the hills and valleys where their kinsmen slumber and the shamrock grows. This feeling is touchingly illustrated in some verses by Lionel Sedley which I read recently, and which, as they will probably be new to most of my readers, I may perhaps be pardoned for introducing here :

*THE DYING EXILE.

"My heart will be always longing after my darling Ireland, and the ould tunes of her be ringing in my ears all day. Oh, but the shamrocks is close at my heart!"

LOVER.

"DRAW over the blind—sure it must be the mornin'!
Well, maybe 'tis fancy that's played me a trick:
Or, if it's a dream that has come as a warnin',
It's shaken the mould from my heart, avic!
I swear I was back in the West for a minute,
Just as I left it, so young and so smart;
The very thought has a healin' in it—
Oh, but the shamrocks are close at my heart!

"I leaned on the bridge that the stream ripples under
And down to our cot—sure there's joy in it's tone!
To a heart that change kills—God forgive me!—I wonder
Will heaven be as dear as that green spot alone?

*Reprinted by special permission of Mr. James Henderson.

"On the hill the old church in the sunset was beamin' !
To life, in its light, how old memories start !
There's the mound, and the cross—oh, I *couldn't* be dreamin!—
Old Ireland, your shamrocks are close at my heart !

"Oh, Erin, *aroon* ! your loved scenes, could I view them,
The green of your grasses, the blue of your skies,
The tone of your voices—my worn heart warms to them,
Forgettin' its pangs, to your bosom it flies.
Sure, Death would be friendly if only for bringin'
That minute we met, though he tear us apart ;
In my ears your old tunes all the daytime are ringin',
And ever your shamrocks lie close to my heart !

* * * * * * *

"I'm easier now since the day-dawn has brightened,
The priest, God bless him ! has given me rest ;
And, boy, some day you'll be glad that you lightened
The weight of the clay on an old man's breast:
'Tis a whim that is born of the love of my sireland,—
Oh, bury beside me the greenest part
Of the sod of earth that I carried from Ireland—
See that her shamrocks lie close at my heart !"

In spite of all this, however, the emigration movement seems to be gaining favour in the West, and in many places through which we travelled we heard of the people leaving Ireland in large numbers, in the hope of bettering their prospects. No, doubt, in some instances, emigration is requisite, if the people are to live in comfort ; but migration—the removal of a

portion of the inhabitants of the congested districts to localities less thickly populated—may do much to obviate it ; and the execution of public works of general usefulness, and the encouragement of Irish manufactures—a policy which we are at last beginning to adopt—would, to a large extent, render recourse to an alternative policy so unpopular, and, on many grounds, so undesirable, unnecessary. Emigration is not a remedy to be lightly recommended. The removal of a large class of the population from a country is a very serious matter ; and Goldsmith has well written, in reference to the circumstances of his own nation :

> "Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

When, however, emigration cannot be avoided, it seems to me that every effort should be made to turn it into colonial channels, rather than to complacently watch it drifting towards the United States, there to strengthen the resources of an independent power, which might, at any moment, become hostile to our interests ; and which certainly had not shown any remarkable degree of diligence in its endeavours to suppress the

dynamite faction who, safe within its borders, were then engaged in exhausting the resources of civilization in the attempt to intimidate our Parliament, and secure the disintegration of the Empire.

As we approached Galway, our friend was much affected. It was here, he said, that he had spent the happiest years of his life. Here he had experienced all the cherished incidents of "love's young dream;" here, two years since, he had found a wife; here he had been married; and now, two weeks ago, all his happiness had been blighted; his wife had died, and the sunshine had quite gone out of his life. "Ah! well," he said; "it's a strange world!" And indeed it is.

> "Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught;"

and every face we meet is but a mask to hide the secret heart-ache and the unshed tears. I have often thought that, if we could only realize this, there would be less of harshness in our dealings with each other: more of patience, of sympathy, of kindliness. Circumstances separate us from those we love; our dearest hopes are disappointed; "Death makes all things dark;" and, in our agony, we sometimes feel inclined to echo Shelley's plaintive cry:

"I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away *this* life of care;"

and were it not that Duty bids us

"Suffer and be strong,"

and

"Argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward,"

there are periods in the existence of every one of us when we should almost be disposed to give up the struggle in despair. Fortunately, however, these periods are but transitory; they are relieved by many gleams of consolation; and:

"To bear is to conquer our fate."

We proceeded from the station to Mack's Hotel, a curious and rather dingy establishment, overlooking a melancholy square, with grass and trees, enclosed by palisades, in the centre, and surrounded by wretched shops and houses; but the place was tolerably comfortable, and the worthy proprietor was a characteristic Irishman, and anxious to do all that he could to oblige us. Shortly after our return to England, this hotel was the scene of a terrible tragedy, in which, if my memory serves me, his niece was one of the actors. She had excited the jealousy of her lover,

who travelled a great distance to avenge himself, and shot her dead as she stood within.

There was a small theatre on the premises, and "Conn, the Shaughraun" was announced as the programme for the evening. This we had intended seeing; but, by the time our meal was ended, the room was crowded with the Celtic votaries of Thespis, and we could not gain admission. We therefore set out for a stroll through the City of the Tribes, as the quaint old port is called. It is thought to be identical with the Nagnata of Ptolemy, and derives the name of Galway, Sir William Wilde thinks, from Gailleamh, the daughter of Breasil, King of the Firbolgs, who, according to tradition, was drowned whilst bathing in the stream which flows through the town, and whose monument formerly stood upon its brink. It is called the "City of the Tribes" because, in the thirteenth century, Richard de Burgh captured it from its then possessors, "the ferocious O'Flahertys," and resided here with the thirteen families, or tribes, from which some of the principal houses in the county are descended. From very ancient times it carried on an extensive trade with Spain, and its merchants, visiting that sunny clime, returned attracted by many of its customs, and enamoured of its architecture, whilst divers Spaniards settled

here and intermingled with the natives. The result is seen in the tawny cheeks and brightly-coloured garments of the populace, and in the style of many of the buildings. "In the metropolis of the west," writes Kohl, the celebrated traveller, with whose opinions it is the lot of the tourist to be speedily made acquainted, he "will find a quaint and peculiar city, with antiquities such as he will meet with nowhere else. The whole town is, throughout, of Spanish architecture, with wide gateways, broad stairs, and all the fantastic ornaments calculated to carry the imagination back to Granada and Valencia."

In the main street, we came across the strange old mansion known as Lynch's Castle, a Spanish house with extraordinary carvings round its doors and windows. A remarkable story is told of James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, one of the former owners, who held the office of Mayor of Galway in 1493. It appears that he sent his son to Spain on business; and that, on the return voyage, the vessel being laden with a costly cargo, this worthy was accompanied by the son of the Spanish friend with whom his father traded. With a view to appropriating the property, the crew and he conspired to throw the young Spaniard into the sea. On their return, one of them disclosed the deed. With rigid justice such

as later times have sadly lacked in this wild land, the mayor condemned his son to death. The friends of the family, imagining that their intercession would suffice to save him, especially as he was an only son, besought the stern old man to overlook the crime. In answer, he requested them to come again upon a day he named, and he would then inform them of his decision. They came accordingly, expecting that the inflexibility of the judge would have yielded to the tenderness of the father; but, as they approached the paternal residence, with its square and heavy-looking outlines, they saw, to their horror, the dead body of the murderer suspended from one of the grimly-ornamented windows.

Through other ancient streets, of a curiously foreign appearance, and all extremely poor, we rambled down to Salthill, a tiny watering place upon the bay; and then, retracing our steps, we contrived to work our way in amid the crowd of humble citizens who thronged the theatre, and clapped and stamped and shouted their approval of the histrionic powers of Conn, who stormed about a tiny stage, with very meagre scenery, in a fashion sufficiently melodramatic to have aroused the enthusiasm of a much less emotional audience. And why should not people show their feelings?

It really is not funny to pretend that one's stock of tears is exhausted; that every joke you hear was made before the Flood; and that "vanquished villainy and virtue victorious" are themes which it is only becoming in the vulgar to applaud. It is quite true that "the loud laugh" sometimes "betrays the vacant mind;" but it is better to laugh too much than too little. "I am no lover of rain in a man's eyes; but now and again tears are very well-set jewels there."

CHAPTER III.

THE LAKE BEHIND THE TOWN—THE ENCHANTED ISLE—THE KING OF THE CLADDAGH—WE LEAVE THE CITY OF THE TRIBES—A WRETCHED COUNTRY—THE STAIN OF BLOOD — OUGHTERARD — THE NYMPH BESIDE THE WATERFALL—A JOCULAR COMPANION — WILD SCENERY—THE LITTLE LASSIE AND HER STOCKINGS —PADDY AND THE WHISKY—THE TWELVE PINS—THE HOME OF THE MARTINS—CLIFDEN—MOONLIGHT OVER THE ATLANTIC—"CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS OF US ALL."

Rising early, we rambled past the strange old church to the lake behind the town, Lough Corrib, 48,000 acres in area, and second only in dimension to the huge Lough Neagh. The lower end is almost destitute of islands, but towards the north it is so thickly strewn with them that it is said to have one for every day in the year. The morning was wet and misty, and we could only see a vague and

apparently interminable sheet of gray water, stretching away beyond the range of our vision, and, close at hand, the diminutive steamer which usually plies between the City of the Tribes and Cong, and on which we had hoped to navigate the broad expanse. But, unluckily, the tiny craft was lying idle, with her boilers burst, and we had been obliged to alter our arrangements accordingly. The lake finds outlet over graceful weirs and pebbly channels by a little river, which runs through the midst of the town to the adjacent bay—the largest in Ireland, and at the entrance to which are the famous Arran Isles, from whence —so the inhabitants aver — Hy Brysail, the fabled Irish Paradise, is sometimes visible :

> "That Eden where the immortal brave
> Dwell in a land serene—
> Whose bowers beyond the shining wave
> At sunset oft are seen."

"Whether," says the author of the "Ogygia," "it be real and firm land, kept hidden by special ordinance of God as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgment can sound out." This legend of an Enchanted Isle is common along the west coast, and curious stories of its mysterious appearances, and how it will

suddenly, "sinking, vanish all away," are still told by the peasantry.

By the brim of the gurgling river, gazing often at the fish that throng its limpid waters, we slowly wandered, passing several convents, and a stately Gothic edifice crowned by a cupola, and forming, in conjunction with the Colleges of Belfast and Cork, the Queen's University. Presently we reached the Claddagh, a portion of the city standing on the beach, and inhabited by fishermen, who live quite apart from the rest of the people of the town, and form a separate and distinct community. They number something like 5,000, and dwell in a series of thatched huts clustered together in the most confused and indiscriminate method imaginable. Whilst out fishing, they live on oaten cake, potatoes, and water, studiously abstaining from intoxicants; and they are very superstitious, and will not put to sea on a day which is regarded as unlucky. Strolling towards this curious quarter, we were quickly pounced upon by a host of barefooted lads who offered to conduct us to the hut of the King of the Claddagh, a kind of governor whom the fishermen have been accustomed to elect, and who was formerly called upon to settle all their differences and disputes. I am informed, how-

ever, that his jurisdiction has now ceased in most matters, though he is still much respected by the queer little community. Anxious to see His Majesty, we followed the lads into one of the most wretched buildings it is possible to conceive —four low white walls, about the height of a man, surrounded by a humble thatched roof; the door in two pieces, like the doors of our shippons in England, and the bare earth the only floor; no windows; the interior almost perfectly dark; in one corner a miserable shakedown that did duty as a bed, almost level with the ground; suspended from the rough rafters some nets and other fishing apparatus; grouped rudely about, a few stools, and several pieces of crockery—such was the abode of the individual whom we were told was the King of the Claddagh, and it may be taken as a fair type of the houses which are scattered over the poorer parts of Ireland—some perhaps a trifle better, the majority worse. Many of these horrible huts are destitute of chimneys, and such smoke as cannot escape through the hole that is left in the roof for this purpose, must find egress through the open door; while, as a great number are entirely windowless, this is often the only way by which the light can enter. Comparatively few have more than one apartment, and here the whole family reside, not to mention

the domestic animals which frequently find shelter beneath the same roof. If I were to say that I know pig-styes that that are preferable to some of the Irish huts which we saw during our journey through Connemara, I might possibly be accused of indulging in the language of hyperbole; but when I say that I have seen scores of stables that are palaces by comparison I am stating the simple truth. A large proportion of them are utterly unfit for human habitation. This deplorable state of things is largely owing to the fact that the tenant, until recently, had no security for the money and time he might expend upon his dwelling-place. If, by building a good house or otherwise improving his holding, he increased its value, his rent might be raised, or he might be evicted, and the result of his labours go into the pocket of his landlord. However, all this has at last been remedied; and now that the fruits of a man's energy are protected by the law, we may fairly hope that, in due course, a great change will come over the country, and that these squalid hovels will gradually be superseded by habitations of a more comfortable, cleanly, and healthy character.

But I am forgetting the King of the Claddagh. On enquiry, we learnt from a ragged youth inside his hut, that he was attending mass in the neigh-

bouring church, and, as we had but little time to spare before the public car for Clifden left, we were unable to await his return, and were reluctantly compelled to deny ourselves the expected pleasure of an interview with him, and start off back to the hotel at once. We were told by the crowd of lads who had gathered round us that, until quite a recent date, so acute was the division between the inhabitants of the Claddagh and those of the rest of the town, that if any of the latter had dared to cross over the bridge adjacent to the fishermen's quarter, they would at once have been hunted back into their own territory. Latterly, however, the old exclusiveness has been growing somewhat less rigid.

At half past nine we mounted the public car for Clifden. Leaving the town, our route, for several miles, lay near the brink of the lake. Through great arid stretches of rock, in many places scarcely producing a patch of grass, and yet thickly dotted with the low-roofed huts of the peasants, who had to wring the means of sustenance from an acre or two of this miserable soil—if soil it may, by a great stretch of courtesy, be called—we rattled along at a good speed, the roads, though hilly, being admirable. Indeed, in the very wildest districts we traversed, the main roads were well constructed, and a

credit to the country. Occasionally the ground would become more fertile, and we should ride through well-timbered defiles, laburnams stooping beneath their burden of golden blossom ; hawthorn, of a peculiar hue that was neither pink nor white, but a strange mixture of the two, perfuming the air ; primroses peeping forth from mossy banks ; yellow lilies blossoming luxuriantly in marshy hollows ; and ferns both beautiful and rare flourishing under the shadow of the trees. Scores of rabbits frisked about some of these plantations, apparently oblivious of our presence ; many prettily plumaged birds flashed from bush to bush, or paused to pour forth their song from the leafy branches ; and, at intervals a magpie would flit across our path. Sometimes flowers and trees would become scanty, and we should pass through miles of barren bog, only relieved by the rude stone walls of the people's homes, with their stacks of turf adjoining, and, growing around them, in a dark boggy soil, or amid a chaos of broken stones, plots of poor-looking potatoes, and, more rarely, pitiable little patches of corn. Here and there we saw a roofless, desolate-looking hut from which the tenant had been evicted. In places, flocks of fine healthy sheep were grazing, or a few cattle browsed the scanty herbage ; but the principal live stock

seemed to be the geese, that gabbled round the humble cottages with astounding self-possession; the fowls that often flew through the open doors quite coolly, and made themselves comfortable inside; and the pigs, that rambled about apparently "monarchs of all they surveyed," the house included. I am forgetting the donkeys. These were plentiful and bonny, and brayed upon us at frequent intervals. But donkeys are plentiful everywhere, and we need not go to Connemara to listen to asinine brayings. The people themselves are perhaps the worst fed of all. Potatoes and Indian meal—these are their constant food, varied perhaps, now and again, by a bit of bacon, but seldom, if ever, by a good feed of flesh meat. I could scarcely have imagined such poverty to exist, and, indeed, it would do John Bull good to see his other island for himself, and to learn how so many of her poor sons and daughters are compelled to live. As far as I could make out, it would be quite impossible for a large proportion of the inhabitants of these parts to make a decent living if they had no rent at all to pay.

It was into this barren province that the Irish were driven by Cromwell. They were forbidden to appear within ten miles of the Shannon, or four of the sea, and, if they evaded the stringent passport system which was established, they were

doomed to death without trial, although it was said with truth that certain parts of the province did not contain "wood enough to hang, water enough to drown, or earth enough to bury a man."

In the course of our journey, we paused several times to change horses. At our first stopping place, I had a chat with a constabulary officer, and, from the spot where we stood, he pointed out to me, beyond the broad blue expanse of Lough Corrib, a low dark hill behind which lay Maamtrasna, with its horrible memories of murder. At Cong, Lord Mountmorres was assassinated, and it was in the same vicinity that the two Huddys, bailiffs of Lord Ardilaun, whose beautiful demesne was visible away across the lake, were murdered, tied in a sack, and deposited in the waters of Lough Mask, which lies to the north of Lough Corrib, and is connected with it by a subterranean stream. The feeling with which these terrible agrarian murders are regarded in this locality has been recently illustrated before the Special Commission by Sergeant O'Connor, who stated that he saw five men "jumping and shouting in a circle, with their hands joined," around the spot which was red with the blood of the nobleman above mentioned. Another authority, who certainly

cannot be suspected of any bias in favour of the party of loyalty—the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan—wrote in "New Ireland": "A near relative of a young friend of mine owns a shop for the sale of general merchandise, in a large town in the County Mayo. One market-day the shop was unusually full of country people, when suddenly some strange stir was noticed among them. Every man in the throng was observed, one by one, to lift his hat, and heard to ejaculate in a low voice, quite reverentially, 'Glory be to God!' 'What has happened? What are you all praying for?' said the proprietress to one of them. 'Oh! glory be to God, ma'am, did you not hear the news?' he replied. 'The greatest tyrant in the County Mayo was shot this morning!'"

This was the region in which boycotting originated. Captain Boycott, agent to Lord Erne, and tenant of a farm of 500 acres on the shores of Lough Mask, being the first important victim of the odious system which takes its name from him, and which has since been so widely practised, in all its despicable details, upon men and women of every class who have had the hardihood to disregard the dictates of the League. But we gathered from our conversation with the policeman and others that the country on our side of the lake had been comparatively quiet; and

everybody seemed to say that, all over Ireland, a calm was fast settling after the recent years of dissatisfaction, disturbance, and crime.

Outside Oughterard we passed the ruins of Aghnanure Castle, and then we paused at the pleasant little village for refreshments. It boasts a barracks, and a bridewell, and a pretty church and chapel, and, in the neighbourhood, copper and lead have been discovered. Mr. Richardson and I were ready before the car, and so, in company with an agreeable young Irish traveller, we sauntered through the main street, and visited the church, and then approached the tiny river Feogh, and, inside an extensive garden, saw a beautiful cascade. From a pretty Irish damsel who resided here we learnt that the river was full of salmon, that often made their way beyond the fall. Whilst we were chatting with her in, I am bound to say, a very friendly manner, a female form appeared at one of the windows of the mansion which overlooked the spot where we were standing. By a simultaneous impulse, we at once proceeded to put our hands to our mouths, make the usual osculatory demonstrations, and direct them towards this second river-nymph, when, with a merry smile, the first interrupted us by remarking: "Mind ye don't be afther throwing a kiss to my mother!"

As we were laughing at this unexpected sally, and rapidly beginning to get convivial, we heard the rattle of the car. We wished the car to Jericho, but there was not any help for it, and so we had to utter a hasty "Adieu!" and take our places once again; but, as we rode past the house, two forms appeared at the upper windows, and handkerchiefs were waved, and the breeze was entrusted with quite a load of kisses, much to the amusement of a red-faced, stout and gentlemanly Irishman who sat beside us on the car. The reader will readily credit me when I say that we were loth to leave the village after this; and as for the young Irishman, he vowed that the next time he came this way—and he came, he told us, every three months—he should arrange to spend a week end in it, and see more of the river Feogh and the nymphs who dwelt beside the waterfall.

Oughterard is nearly opposite Cong, and the widest portion of the lake lies between them. For some distance further we caught glimpses of its vast expanse of blue away to the right, and could just descry Lord Ardilaun's magnificent demesne upon the further shore. Presently, leaving it in the distance, we came upon an almost continuous chain of lesser lakes, that, linked by streams lay on our left in comely out-

line until we reached Clifden, many miles away to the west. At Cross-Roads the highway from Cong merged into the one we were traversing, and beyond this point the scenery increased in grandeur until occasionally it approached the sublime. Right ahead of us rose the Twelve Pins, their pointed summits darkly towering towards a gloomy sky that enhanced their lonely splendour, and invested them with an awful charm. Along the road

"Lake upon lake interminably gleamed,"

now broadening into wide stretches of rippling water; now narrowing into the dimensions of a mountain stream. Houses were few and far between, and the land in many places lay for miles and miles unfenced. At intervals a few scattered hovels would be seen, and here and there a small white building was set apart for a school house. From these hovels groups of children often emerged, to follow the car for miles in the hope of gaining a few coppers. Barefooted as they were, they seldom lagged, and with amazing swiftness trotted in our wake, over the smooth highway, through dust and bog, across sharp, jagged stones—it was all the same. Their feet seemed impervious, and the difficulties of the task had no power to deter them from plodding

on in our rear. Fine, sturdy lads and lasses they were; and the mountain breezes, though combined with hardship and scanty fare, had lit their faces with health, and endued their limbs with wonderful vigour and activity. At least five-sixths of the women and children were barefoot; but use in their case had evidently become second nature, and they did not appear to feel any inconvenience from their lack of apparel. Some of the children carried woollen stockings which they had knitted, and, with sweet and pleading voices, importuned us to buy; and one little girl, at the request of our red-faced and portly fellow-passenger, handed him a pair. He at once set up the pretence that she had given them to him, and, after examining them carefully, retained possession; and, as she blithely trotted behind the car, he addressed her in this fashion:

"Oh, ye're a nice little gurrl! Sure, they're very well done!" And did ye knit thim yersilf? Ah, faith, and I didn't expect to meet with such kindness as this in the wilds of Connemara! Won't ye give this gintleman a pair?"—turning to me. "Wait till I be afther coming this way again, and it's mesilf that will bring ye a nice little prisent!"

At first, both she and her companions regarded him with answering smiles; but, as the car

still journeyed on at a rapid rate, and when they found that he still retained the stockings, and still continued to feign that they were intended as a gift, and to thank the giver profusely for her kindness, their smiles began to fade away, and to give place to beseeching looks, and then to plaintive cries on the injured maiden's part of: "Will ye buy a pair?"

"Ah, git away wid yer blarney!" said he. "Wasn't it yersilf that made me a prisent of them? Didn't this gintleman see ye do it? Run away wid yez, or I'll be afther getting the whip to ye!"

"Will ye buy them?" reiterated the plaintive voice behind the car, and still her two tiny feet tripped on along the stony road.

"Well, ye're a shtrange sort of a gurrl to make a gintleman a prisent, and then to be afther making him pay for it, isn't she?" said he, with mock sternness in his tone. "Run away home wid yez, now!"

Still she trotted on, and still he kept the stockings, with seeming sternness declaring his intention of taking them to his family, and asking her, at intervals, to "give this gintleman a pair." She had now followed the car for perhaps a couple of miles, never halting

for a moment, and keeping up with us with wonderful agility, two of her companions still accompanying her and seconding her solicitations with looks of mute appeal; and at last her little heart began to fail; her little feet grew sore and weary; the car was rolling on as rapidly as ever; the red-faced gentleman still persisted in maintaining that she had given him the stockings, and asked me to bear witness to the fact; and gradually the face that had shone with smiles became suffused with tears, and her friends shed tears of sympathy, apparently believing that she was to be robbed of the fruit of her childish labours. I began to think that our jocular acquaintance was carrying his joke too far, and to feel right down sorry for the little lassie, who sobbed as if her heart would break, too much exhausted to speak, and scarcely able now to keep up with the car; and still he kept her treasure and spoke to her with apparent harshness, and we journeyed for another half mile or so before he showed any signs of relenting. Then, with a final expostulation, he threw the precious stockings to the maid who wept for them; she caught them, and suppressed her sobs, and, with her two companions, each of whom had looked on in silent indignation, paused and turned away, and presently the

three were lost behind the undulations of the dusty road.

In one locality he specially called our attention to a spot concerning which he told us a story of a man who had been engaged in illicit distillation, and was observed by two or three of the local constabulary with a large bottle of "the cratur" under his arm. They at once gave chase. Over bog and brook and valley, and up the hills we gazed upon, he ran as if for very life; and over bog and brook and valley, and up the hills they followed him. The chase was long, and, for a time, he seemed to be outstripping them. But still they plodded on, never quite losing sight of him, and soon they perceived that they were slowly gaining ground. He redoubled his efforts; but he was hampered by the bottle, his breath was failing, the ground was difficult to traverse, and, inch by inch, and yard by yard, the space between pursuers and pursued was lessened; and still they all toiled on. But it was now rapidly becoming evident that only a miracle could save him from their clutches. They were within a few dozen yards of him by this, and drawing nearer every moment. The distance was decreased by half. In three more minutes, at the most, they would reach him. What was to be done? He was sure to be captured, but was

that any reason why the whisky should be captured also, and go to wet the thirsty throats of the accursed minions of the law? Not at all! Besides, the contents of the bottle would only tend to incriminate him. He would, at a stroke, destroy the evidence of his offence, and rob his captors of the poteen for which they were doubtless panting after their protracted run. He would baffle them in the very moment of their triumph, and, if he went to gaol, he would not lose his whisky; and so he raised the bottle to his lips and drained it to the dregs. Paddy, as a rule, can stand a fair quantity of his favourite beverage, but the best part of a bottle, taken raw, is more than sufficient for the most patriotic stomach in creation; and when the puffing policemen reached the point our friend had indicated, they discovered, to their great chagrin, the object of the chase lying senseless upon the ground, the bottle by his side, but absolutely empty; and in this condition they carried him from the scene of his potation to the place of his imprisonment, probably thinking that, for once, they had met their match.

The teller of the tale was, we found, in some way or other connected with the land, and was an ardent Loyalist. I gathered this from his reply to my enquiries as to whether he thought there

would be a large increase in the Nationalist Party at the next election.

"Is it Nationalist ye call them?" said he, in tones of irony. "Nationalist is too mild a term! "It's red-hot republican ye mane!"

He seemed to think that Mr. Parnell's following was certain to be largely augmented, and he evidently did not regard the prospect with much complacency. My impression that he was connected with the land was confirmed when he told us that he was going to Clifden to attend a sitting of the Land Commissioners in reference to the claims of some of the tenants of an estate in which he was interested. He also informed us that two of the gentlemen on the other side the car were Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act—one the practical man, the other the lawyer. He was extremely indignant with Mr. Gladstone and his Irish legislation, though he readily admitted that, prior to the Act of 1881, much injustice had been practised. He himself knew of cases, he said, where the Commissioners had reduced the rent to one-third of the original amount; and yet he could not say that the reduction was unfair. He was a singularly genial fellow traveller, and I much enjoyed a long conversation with him on the state

of the country ; on the beautiful scenery through which we were passing, and the various interesting places we sighted from the car.

After pausing at Recess, charmingly situated on Glendalough, and under the very shadow of the Twelve Pins, with its cluster of pointed summits, the loftiest, Bencorr, rising 2336 feet above the level of the sea, we passed the lake and castle of Ballynahinch, the latter the seat of the famous Martins, a feudal family who held the place for centuries, and owned an estate which extended for about forty miles along the road we were following, and covered an area of about 200,000 acres. Their power was once almost absolute in the whole district. On an island in the lake stands a ruined edifice originally built, it is supposed, to defend their possessions in times of unrest ; but used, I was told, by some of them as a prison for refractory tenants. The last owner had lived in princely style, and, as a result, he had been compelled to mortgage the entire property to a leading insurance company. The castle is situated at the southern extremity of the lake, amid an extensive plantation. On the right, not far away, are some famous green marble quarries. This, and all the lakes and rivers on the route, are swarming with fish, and, at the mouth of the Ballynahinch river,

is a salmon fishery which is considered to be one of the best in Ireland.

Some distance beyond the end of the lake, our drive of nearly fifty miles terminated, and, entering Clifden, we dismounted at Mullarky's Hotel. The town owes its existence to the action of the late John D'Arcy, who pointed out the advantages of the position, and, with a view to developing the district, offered leases of four acres of mountain land in perpetuity, at but a short distance from the proposed site of the town, at twenty-five shillings per annum. In 1815, it had only one house. It has now several hundred, and a court-house, prison, workhouse, and schools. It stands upon a ridge at the extremity of the beautiful Ardbear Bay, facing the broad Atlantic, in a position of unusual beauty; and we were charmed when, after dining, we proceeded along the elevated land which ran towards the sea above the sloping lawns and woods of Clifden Castle, which lay between us and the bay. Here the liberal-minded founder of the place had resided, and, just beyond the town, we had seen an unfinished statue in his honour. It is sad to think that the family were so impoverished by his generous exertions that the property had to be sold under the Encumbered Estates Act, and that the son was reduced to the

position of incumbent of the neighbouring parish of Omey, which the father founded.

After walking some distance, we came to a point where the road branched off in two directions, and, uncertain which to take, we enquired of a couple of Irishmen who appeared to reside in the cottages we had passed upon the way. One, a tall, careless-looking fellow, brusquely told us to take the upper road. Our object was to reach the bay, and we paused a moment to consider, instead of at once adopting the route he indicated. This did not seem to please him at all, for he turned upon his heel with a look of infinite contempt, exclaiming, as he did so, "Divil a bit do I care pwhich way ye go!" an illustration of the modern spirit of Irish independence which cannot be too much commended, and which made us both feel as if we ought to apologize. But we didn't. Really, the delinquencies of the Bull family are unbearable!

Continuing along the ridge, we presently reached a lofty headland overlooking the bay, whose elevated shores reclined in softened undulation at our feet. Right out in front lay the unfathomable Atlantic, the wash of its waters making weird music far below us on the pebbly beach—a solemn,

unending, awful voice, that seemed to hold mystic commune with the land and whisper strange secrets to the stars. No other sound broke the enchanted silence—a hush had fallen over the sleeping headlands : we stood abashed and awe-struck in the great temple of Nature, all sordid things forgotten ; and from the long, low murmer of the flashing waves ; from the silver splendour of the moon that bathed in gauzy robes of woven light the slopes of all the hills ; and from the wondrous radiance of the undimmed stars there stole a sense of ecstasy that lifted us to heaven.

On the way back, we left the road to enter the park, the spreading trees of which looked singularly tempting. But we entered with an uneasy feeling that we were wandering into forbidden paths ; and we were extremely uncertain as to which was the way out, and how we could best regain the town. Several times we were within an inch of returning, but our valour got the better of our discretion, and we kept pushing on, though the dim consciousness that we were trespassing increased with every step, and, in the Wilds of the West, at such an hour, it was quite possible that we might be mistaken for suspicious characters—poachers, it might be ; or moon-lighters, perhaps. We had entered in a surreptitious manner, and the further we rambled in the

shadow of the trees the less we liked the look of it. A spring trap, or a stalwart gamekeeper, or a member of the constabulary, deputed to protect the inmates of the castle, might await us at any corner ; or we might stumble unawares into the arms of the menservants, or flounder from a thicket into the garden. At last we left the woods and came upon a lawn, with clumps of trees about it, and, just below us, saw the mansion, itself, with lights gleaming in the windows. Anyone in the immediate vicinity would be able to see us quite plainly, especially as there were not any woods to hide us now ; and, though the night had fallen, every object in the park was plainly visible, so silverly the moonbeams shone. As we were looking out for the likeliest method of exit, we thought we heard a man's voice calling loudly, and then there came on the still night air a dog's bark, loud and clear and threatening. How true it is that "conscience makes cowards of us all." It at once occurred to both of us that we had been discovered, and that some of the inmates of the castle, with dogs to aid them, were in pursuit ; and, without waiting for further consideration, we set off at full speed towards a grim old stone gateway which we had just descried in the distance. Again we heard the barking, but we did not pause to look

behind us; and, in a very few moments, we arrived at the gateway. A lofty iron gate was swung across it, and the gate was closed. Nay, more, it was locked, and was too high to admit of our climbing over it. There was not any means of egress here. What were we to do? There was only one course open. The walls around the park were also very high, and on the other side we might stumble into greater perils still; but there was not anything else for it. Clambering somehow to the summit, we dropped into a dusky potato field. It was a long drop, and we nearly broke our necks in making it; but not a soul was visible, the barking had ceased, the voice was silent, and, in the distance, we could see a gray streak which looked like the road to the town. We scrambled across the intervening banks and fields and ditches towards it, and, gaining it, with weary feet we rambled back to the hotel. The hour was late, the town was sleeping, and the lights were gradually dying out; but, on an eminence immediately above it, rose the pointed spire of Clifden Church, mute watcher through the midnight silences; and close beside it flamed a dazzling star.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF TO WESTPORT—TRAVELLING BY CAR—A QUAINT OLD DRIVER—HOW THE LADY LANDOWNER JOURNEYED TO THE COURT—FOOTMARKS OF THE AGITATION—LETTERFRACK—KYLEMORE PASS—MR. MITCHELL HENRY—CURIOUS CONDUCT OF THE DRIVER—KILLERY BAY—WE LUNCH AT LEENANE—A GLORIOUS DRIVE—FIRST GLIMPSE OF CROAGH PATRICK—OUR SECOND DRIVER ON THE SITUATION—WESTPORT—"THE DAY IS DONE, AND THE DARKNESS FALLS FROM THE WINGS OF NIGHT."

THE next morning we made an early start for Westport by private car. Formerly public cars had run between Clifden and that place; but the traffic was so small that it had been found necessary to discontinue them. These Irish cars, notwithstanding the fact that the Baron E. De Mandat-Grancey has described them as "the strangest vehicle that an insane mind ever conceived," are by no means uncomfortable,

though a disadvantage arises from the circumstance that, as the travellers are seated back to back instead of facing the horse, when the fine scenery is all on one side the persons who sit on the other side miss the best part of it, unless they stand up and gaze over the heads of their fellow-travellers, which is apt to become slightly monotonous. They remind me of the Baron's story of the Englishman who drove on one of the old Swiss carriages with side seats for three days round Lake Geneva, and then enquired where it was. He had been sitting on the wrong side, and had not seen it, at least, so runs the story. The cars are used to a very great extent all over Ireland, and other vehicles are comparatively rare. Dublin is crowded with them, some got up in the best style, and remarkably attractive in appearance. The ordinary cars carry five, including the driver, who sits on a raised box in front. The public cars resemble them, except that they are considerably longer, and the space between the two side seats is generally piled up to a great height with luggage of various kinds. In such cases it is only by turning round, kneeling on the seat, clinging like grim death to the luggage, and peering over it that the unfortunate passenger can see what is transpiring on the other side of the car ; for, unless he do this, the view is quite

obstructed by the immense stack of goods that has been reared between the right and left hand seats. And, if the tourist be fastidious, and prefer ease and elegance to fine scenery, he is of course debarred from adopting this somewhat unæsthetic remedy.

We had a long drive before us, but it was through some of the loveliest scenery in all Ireland. Outside Clifden, we met a large number of peasants in their best attire, hurrying towards the town ; and our driver, a typical old Irishman, very communicative, and not wanting in intelligence, informed us that they were going to the Land Court, which was about to commence its sittings at Clifden. Further on, we saw a strange sight—strange indeed to us, but, alas ! only too common in this distracted country, It was that of a lady seated on a car, alone, except for the driver, but closely followed by another car on which were two policemen with loaded rifles, ready, at a moment's notice, to repel an attack, or to leap from the car in hot pursuit of the assassin, should he meet them on the way. This lady, likewise, was going to the Land Court, and was, I believe, no less a personage than Mrs. Blake, of Ryndvale, a local landowner whose dealings with her tenantry were anything but

harmonious ; and who, in consequence, was continually protected by the constabulary, unable to move about by night or day without two stalwart members of the force to keep her company, and save her from the fate which had recently befallen so many of those who were in any way connected with the land.

Her evidence before the Special Commission presents a curious picture of life in this part of Ireland during the recent years of disturbance. She declared that, prior to the agitation, she had been on the best of terms with her tenants, and that the family had lived some two hundred years in the district. After the commencement of the turmoil, her tenants declined to pay their rents without a reduction, and came to the house declaring that they would be killed if they did so, asking her whether, in that event, she would support their children. She refused to grant any such wholesale reduction as they demanded, but offered to treat each case on its merits. Afterwards, some of the tenants came secretly, and one old man was accompanied by a little boy who had the money concealed in his sleeve. The receipt was pinned in the sleeve in the same way, in case he might be searched on his return journey. Others knocked at the window, to avoid the servants, and paid there.

She added that the tenants declared to her that they could pay, but dared not. The sheep and cattle of several of them were thrown into the sea and drowned. The people used to drive their cattle on to her land to trespass; and scarcely any one could be found to assist her in driving them off. Even the most friendly feared to do so without the support of her presence. This happened constantly, often at midnight, and she had driven fifty sheep, sixteen head of cattle, and nine horses from a farm at once. She was badly boycotted in many ways; and, although she had sixty acres of meadow grass to cut, only one man stood by her and worked for her; so that eventually she had to keep an hotel to support herself. Asked if there had been a failure of the potato crop, she answered that she was taken to one of the farms to see for herself. But her conductor only showed her a number of small potatoes in a ditch. Someone gave her the hint to look on the other side of it, and there she found considerable quantities both large and good.

This region was notorious for the crimes committed in it, and when, reaching high ground, we caught fresh glimpses of the sea, with Shark and Bofin Islands darkly rising from its glittering

surface, and, obtained a first vague, unsatisfying glimpse of Croagh Patrick's distant cone, and, descending to Bernaderg Bay, reached the village of Letterfrack, we saw the very place at which, quite recently, a policeman had been boldly shot, although the barracks were but a few paces away, and there were houses all around, in spite of which the assassin managed to escape amid the darkness; and, only a mile or so across the hills to the right, the two Lydens had been murdered. The circumstances of these dreadful crimes have since been graphically told before the Commission.

Martha Lyden, the wife of one of the victims, said: "I remember some men coming to our house on the night of April 24th, 1881. A good while of the night had passed when they came. I cannot say how many they were, but there were a good many. Their faces were not disguised. They broke the door in. My husband was sleeping in the bed at the time, and my son was lying by the side of his father. My husband was about forty years of age, and my son was twenty-one. They took my husband out of bed and killed him. They dragged him out of the house, taking him through the kitchen and out of the door. When they had got him

"out they killed him with guns and pistols ; I think they had both. When they had killed my husband, they took out my son, who shrieked and hallooed . . . They fired at him, and he died a month afterwards from the wounds which he received. I saw a number of men, but, as the night was dark, I was not able to recognize them."

It was for securing the conviction of Walsh, the perpetrator of this terrible crime, that Constable Kavanagh, ten months later, was shot on the very road along which we were travelling, not more than forty yards from the police barracks, by Walsh's brother. There were six of the constabulary stationed at Letterfrack. To the wedding of one of them two of the others had gone on February 15th, 1882 ; two were left in charge of the barracks, and the unfortunate Kavanagh himself was on street duty. Entering Mrs. Noon's public-house, he remained for some time chatting with a Mr. Coyne at the counter. Soon afterwards footsteps were heard outside, the latch was lifted, and it was evident that some one was trying to gain admittance. However the door was bolted, and in spite of the fact that empty barrels were rolled about, and knocks given, in order, as it appeared, to induce

Kavanagh to go out, it was not until after ten that he and his companion departed. Kavanagh was walking some yards in front ; but he had scarcely got well on to the road when four shots were fired, and, calling out in agony to Mr. Coyne, he fell forward, shot through the heart.

Such are the tragic details of the three murders which had brought disgrace upon the name of Letterfrack ; and, unfortunately, they were by no means exceptional, not only in this wild western region, but in all parts of Ireland. In the four years preceding our visit over fifty had been committed. I append the appalling list. It is copied from "The Union," the plucky little organ of the Irish Loyalists, and it needs no comment :

1880.

Charles Boyd murdered at New Ross.

D. Feerick murdered at Ballinrobe.

Lord Mountmorres murdered at Cong.

Michael Boylan murdered at Crossmaglen.

Bryan Foley murdered at Ballintogha, County Galway.

Henry Wheeler murdered at Oola.

John Downey murdered at Cork.

1881.

The Lydons murdered at Letterfrack.

T. M'Laughlin murdered at Crossmolina.

Peter Dempsey murdered at Athenry.

J. Conners murdered at Loughrea.

Denis Collins murdered at Portarlington.

T. Lenehan murdered at Cork.

T. Farrelly murdered at Mullingar.

Mrs. Gleeson murdered at Fethard.

John M'Carthy murdered at Waterford.

Michael Curran murdered at Ballagh Cross Roads, County Westmeath.

James Brennan murdered at Ballyfarnon, Roscommon.

T. MacMahon murdered in Clare.

Peter Doherty murdered in Loughrea.

Martin Rogers murdered at Graigue Gaun, Queen's County.

Patrick Dunne murdered at Boley, Queen's County.

1882.

Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke murdered in Phœnix Park.

The Huddys (father and son) murdered at Lough Mask, Galway.

T. Connor murdered, at Dunmore, County Galway

J. Lennane murdered at Miltown-Malbay.

John Phelan murdered in Tipperary.

Constable Kavanagh murdered at Letterfrack.

Thomas Gibbons murdered at Clonbur.

A. E. Herbert murdered at Castleisland, County Kerry.

Mrs. Smythe murdered at Barbavilla, County Westmeath.

R. Roche murdered at Kiltealy, County Limerick.

Thomas Brady murdered at Coolaherty, County Longford.

John Keefe murdered at Kingwilliamstown, County Cork.

James Dunne murdered at Stoneyford, County Kilkenny.

Thomas Barron murdered at Ballina.

Mrs. Kelleher murdered at Drangan, County Cork.

H. East murdered at Curraghtrench, County Sligo.

Constable Hickey murdered at Castleisland.

Mr. Bourke and Corporal Wallace murdered at Rahasrane, County Galway.

P. Cahill murdered at Tralee.

J. M'Causlan murdered at Ballycastle, County Mayo.

J. H. Blake and J. Kane murdered at Loughrea, County Galway.

J. Doloughty murdered at Knockanane, County Clare.

Sub-Constable Browne murdered at Birr, King's County.

D. Leahy murdered at Killarney.

J. Hickey murdered at Gurteen, County Cork.

Henry Hunt murdered at Capse, County Roscommon.

J. Brown murdered at Castleisland.

1883.

Mr. Crotty, of Kilmurray Park, murdered between Westport and Castlebar.

Letterfrack itself is interesting as an illustration of what may be achieved by individual energy. "A few years ago it was a barren rock; it is now a crown of beauty," says a reverend writer. "It was a region of haggard looks and walking skeletons; it is now animated by a well-looking, a well-fed, and a well-paid peasantry." This is largely owing to the exertions of a praiseworthy Quaker of the name of Ellis, who was unremitting in his labours to improve the place. Nor must the name of Mr. Mitchell Henry be forgotten. By this, we were approaching his abode, and the driver paid a ready tribute to his good-

ness as a landlord, and told us that he had spent a tremendous sum in reclaiming and improving the neighbourhood; but that, in spite of his virtues, he had not been at all popular since the agitation. Many of the local owners of the soil, he added, were very harsh; and, in some instances, rent was even levied for the sea-weed cast upon the farms that bordered on the beach, which is valuable for manure and other purposes; but it struck us as singular that, in a district where so much had been done to benefit the people and to develop local resources, the stain of blood should be so vivid and the tracks of crime so terrible. The Land Act was, however, we were informed, doing a great deal of good, and the people were now perfectly quiet.

At the entrance to Kylemore Pass rises the lofty Diamond Mountain, which the children in the neighbourhood ascend in order to obtain the Irish diamonds that are found near its summit. The scenery at this point became very grand. The Pass itself is bounded on the south by the mighty Twelve Pins, on the north by Garraun, and on the east by Maamturk. Within this picturesque recess, the lovely Kylemore Lough extends for nearly two miles beneath the shadow of huge cliffs precipitous in contour and tremendous

in their altitude. The native wildness of the vale has been tempered by the hand of man. Trees thickly strew the margin of the lake, and the towering rocks upon the left are, in many places, screened with timber, as the road nears Kylemore Castle, the home of the generous landlord to whom we have just alluded—one of the most sensible of all the members who ever sat for an Irish constituency, by the way; but whose wisdom was as little appreciated by the well-paid "patriots" who succeeded him as his liberality appeared to be regarded by the people of the region where his stately mansion rose amid the trees. Passing through the gates at the entrance to his grounds, which skirt the lake, we are surrounded by the bloom of numberless rhododendrons; we ride under the shade of heavily-laden laburnums, and by a thick growth of pines, and firs, and larger trees; flowering shrubs and fuchsias environ us; grassy lawns spread out on either hand; climbing right up towards the sky are the foliaged cliffs; to the right, the gentle waters of the shining lough; and beyond, unending peaks and dreadful precipices. Nestling amid this veritable oasis is the castle, an imposing stone edifice overlooking from its terraced paths the neighbouring lake; a little further, the chastely beau-

tiful tower of the family church rears its graceful form from out the trees, and by the side of it the road winds on through leafy canopies and countless flowers, until the view is closed in the distance by the intermingling cliffs and sky.

Dismounting, we paused for a moment to revel in the unaccustomed richness of the scene, and to enter the church, not yet complete, but of strangely tasteful architecture, with its clustering marble pillars, and symmetrical roof. Resuming our journey, we had only proceeded a few yards when our driver suddenly began to yell and scream in the most incomprehensible fashion. Such a string of incongruous epithets uttered in such a grotesquely piercing voice I have never heard. The man might have been possessed of a demon—to put it mildly. For a moment or two we could not understand the meaning of the extraordinary vocal performance ; but gradually he began to pause between each of his amazing yells, and then we heard them repeated very distinctly by a distant voice among the hills, and realized that this was his method of evoking the echo that the lofty cliffs flung back for the benefit of those who apostrophized them in tones sufficiently loud. He was a most obliging individual. Almost immediately after this incident had occurred he spon-

tancously dismounted to gather us a bunch of a lovely heather that grows in these parts. If we questioned him upon any subject, he at once strove to the best of his ability to elucidate it to our satisfaction, speaking with the genuine Irish brogue, and plentifully loading us with expressions of respect. In answer to our questions it was always, "Yes, yer honour!" "No, yer honour!" "So he did, yer honour!" and, such is the weakness of human nature, that I am afraid we rather liked it, and tipped him in proportion.

Leaving this delightful valley, with its noble residence, we gained high ground again, and presently caught new glimpses of the distant sea, and saw the lofty Mweelrea, 2,688 feet in height, and, cloven in its mighty side, a huge recess that man's imagination had plausibly made into an armchair. The road now descended through a country almost destitute of houses, but grand in its far-spreading loneliness; and, at our feet, the famous Killery Bay ran up for miles into the land, a narrow chasm between the rocks, up which the Atlantic waters calmly came to nestle humbly in their shade. Beautiful as a Norwegian fiord or a Scottish loch was this winding stretch of blue and shining sea, that crawled in narrow, sinuous reaches right into the heart of the land. Terrible

grandeur was in the cliffs that looked upon it from the farther shore : infinite charm was in the quiet channel where its hushed waves calmly lay. Within the gloom of a black and weird ravine amid the hills which rose across the bay lay hidden the little village of Delphi, awful in the solitude of its situation. The scene was indeed magnificent as for several miles our road took us right by the side of this romantic inlet, affording an unbroken series of natural views that formed a perfect panorama of the changing loveliness of mountain, sea, and sky.

This charming region is the centre of the Joyce country. The Joyces were a family who settled in Ireland in the reign of Edward the First, acquiring an immense property in Yarconnaught ; and from whom descended a race of men reputed to be the finest in Ireland, and scarcely equalled by any race in Europe.

At last we reached Leenane, standing at the head of the bay, and, after lunching at the excellent little hotel there, which is built upon the very brink of the sea, and is backed by a line of almost perpendicular cliffs, we procured another car to convey us the rest of our day's journey. The route now led round the end of the bay, towards the point where it receives the waters of

the Erriff river, and for some distance traverses a beautifully wooded valley, up which we rode, our eyes lingering over the vanishing stretch of sapphire that sank behind the wonderful hills we were rapidly leaving in our wake. But, as we lost one hill another would spring up to take its place, and, if we had not the bay, we had the musical river; and, far as the eye could reach, rose misty crags and mighty moorlands on which strange shadows rested, and where the sun and sky and clouds played wondrous freaks, robing them in shifting hues of purple and gray and gold. Presently we caught sight of Croagh Patrick again, abruptly rising in the north; and, never losing his conical summit for long, we left the mountains for spreading plains and more fertile soils, until the houses began to thicken, and Clew Bay burst upon us, beyond which Nephin, from a kindred altitude, gazed across the intervening country at the giant mountain sacred to the memory of Ireland's greatest saint. Dashing down a steep hill, we entered the pretty little town of Westport, and, passing by the monument erected in honour of George Glendinning, a local banker, we crossed a dancing river, with a street on each side of it, and a line of ancient trees on either bank. In one of these

cool thoroughfares we found the Railway Hotel, a building which would not have disgraced Sackville Street itself, the shadow of the branches on its windows, and the ripple of the river at its very doors—a place as pleasant as the weary traveller will find in any portion of the Emerald Isle.

It had been a wonderful drive—a drive the length of which had been forgotten in its loveliness, and whose charm was a memory one would not willingly let die. Again I had seized the opportunity of conversing with the driver, who was quite as obliging and intelligent as the old gentleman we had left behind us at Leenane. But little disturbance had disquieted the dwellers in this locality, he said. Here also the Land Act was doing considerable good; and, although Mr. Parnell was very popular, there was no strong feeling in favour of Irish independence among the people. I felt inclined to congratulate my country as I heard this; but I soon learnt that, though independence was not desired, Home Rule was; and, though there was no very widespread desire for an Irish republic, there was an almost unanimous wish for an Irish parliament. All with whom I spoke talked with much greater moderation than I had expected. Nowhere did I find England or Englishmen denounced with

any great virulence; nay, they were often spoken of in terms of strong respect and admiration; and many of the landlords even came in for a kind word. Absenteeism, it is true, was strongly condemned, and there was a general opinion that the Land Act did not lower the rents sufficiently; but every one, though some rather reluctantly, admitted that it was doing good. There was not a word of sympathy with outrage, but many words of strong reprobation; and on all hands the prospect seemed to be distinctly hopeful.

As soon as the sun began to slope towards the west, we wandered into the beautiful park of the Marquis of Sligo, which lies within a few yards of the hotel, and runs for something like a mile between the town of Westport and the sea. The very finest old trees shaded its spacious paths, or dipped their long arms in the river, that ran in musical murmurings under massive stone bridges, and over a couple of weirs, towards the adjacent bay, broadening into a lake ere reaching it, where swans sailed softly in the golden light of evening, and the green leaves of many water plants coolly floated. In the ruins of an old church, perfectly shut in with gnarled trunks and twisted boughs, many jackdaws congregated; and from the tangled foliage, through which the sky was scarcely

visible, came the constant caw of innumerable rooks. The grass was wonderfully green, and tapestried with thousands of rich yellow buttercups and the starry blossom of the humbler daisy. As the sun sank lower, and the waters of the river gradually lost the influence of his gleam, they darkened into crystal mirrors wherein the delicate tracery of a myriad leaves and branches was wonderfully imaged, till the bird-songs were hushed, and the night descended.

CHAPTER V.

WE SET OUT FOR CROAGH PATRICK—THE COTTAGE BY THE SHORE—THE ONE-ARMED BOATMAN AND HIS JACKDAWS—THE "STAR OF THE SEA"—CLEW BAY—THE "WASP" AT ANCHOR—A TROUBLESOME ASCENT—THE SHRINE UPON THE SUMMIT—WRAPPED IN THE MIST—THE AFTER-VISION—WE SHOW OUR LOYALTY—WHERE IS THE BOAT?—AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT—A MYSTERIOUS HOST—EFFECTS OF A STORM—THE G.O.M.—AN ADVENTURE ON THE BAY.

NEXT day we set out for Croagh Patrick, which our guide book stated to be four-and-a-half miles from Westport. Traversing the park, and passing the fine white mansion that stands near its centre, we soon emerged upon the bay, which, from this point, had not a very imposing look, but few of its thronging islands being visible. Croagh Patrick lay on our left, apparently quite close at hand. But one's ideas of distance are apt to get somewhat confused in mountainous regions; and,

on making enquiry at a house which stood near the shore, we were told that, instead of being four-and-a-half miles from the hotel, it was about five miles from the spot where we stood, although we had already travelled nearly a mile; and so doleful a picture did the man who resided in the house give of the laborious nature of the ascent, when coupled with the walk to and from the mountain of nearly twelve miles, that our pedestrian ardour slackened very perceptibly; and when, with an eye to business, he offered to convey us to its base in his little yacht, we readily closed with the offer. The tide had not yet risen sufficiently to float the vessel, which was moored a short distance from the shore; and, in the meantime, he entertained us by producing a magnificent gull, which he had killed the previous day, and the beautiful skin of a fine seal, which he had shot within the borders of the bay. He had lost one of his hands many years before, owing to an accident in loading his gun; but the loss did not seem to inconvenience him much. Perched on the shoulder of one of his children were two young jackdaws, about as droll a couple of customers as ever I saw, that eyed you with a most knowing expression, and did not seem at all em-

barrassed by the presence of strangers. Whatever we threw them they would, with praiseworthy zeal, endeavour to devour: nothing came amiss, not even the end of my umbrella, which they seemed to think it quite possible to demolish with patience and perseverance. They would let you stroke their jet black feathers and fondle them without betraying the slightest anxiety as to your intentions; and, from their continuous croaking, seemed eager to enter into an animated conversation on things in general. The boatman's son, who also accompanied us to the mountain, informed us that they had only been caught two days ago. Above the door a large thrush was caged, and a room upstairs was occupied by a school.

We were so interested in the house and its inmates that the time passed very rapidly. Soon the yacht felt the rising tide and floated, and we put off to her in a small boat. She was called the "Star of the Sea." Both wind and tide were against her, but she answered her sails and helm remarkably well; and, by a series of tackings, we were soon out in the bay, now sailing within a few feet of a hidden bed of rock, then rounding some great island, beyond which extended other islands as far as the eye could reach. Close at hand, a gunboat was lying at

anchor. It was the "Wasp," that ill-fated vessel which, shortly afterwards, was wrecked upon the rocks of Tory Island, with the loss of every man aboard. Little did her crew imagine, as she floated proudly in the summer radiance on the glistening waters of this lovely bay, that, when the autumn came, their gallant bark would shiver into fragments, and that within the shadow of this rugged coast they were doomed to slumber till the sea gives up its dead. How merciful a thing it is that, between us and the future, there is drawn an impenetrable curtain, and that, behind it, we are prone to picture more of sunshine than of shade !

It was a delightful sail. The distance was short, but the adverse wind necessitated constant changes in our course ; and we were a long time before we arrived at a sheltered creek which ran in right to the foot of the mountain. Declining the aid of a guide, we set off with buoyant steps up the steep slope that ran to the very brink of the sea. At the back of a patch of moss that was plainly visible on the mountain side a path led, we were told, by many windings to the summit ; and this was by far the easiest mode of making the ascent. Accordingly we took the direction indicated ; but no road of any kind

could we discover. Underrating the difficulties of the climb, and overrating our powers of endurance, we decided not to prosecute the search any further ; but to make for the shoulder of the mountain by the straightest, if the steepest, route, and to scramble as best we could up its precipitous side, not doubting but that we should find the pathway there. We had set ourselves a somewhat awkward task. The shoulder stretches for some distance inland from the lofty conical peak of Croagh Patrick proper, which rises to an altitude of 2,510 feet, and is only about half that height ; but, long ere we had reached it, we were glad to pause and rest, and drink deep draughts of the clear water that trickled in places towards the sea. The higher we got the remoter did our goal appear. As we advanced the top of the mountain seemed to retire. Occasionally the ascent was easy, and sometimes our route was barely undulating ; presently it would dip into a boggy ravine ; anon we should have to scramble up an almost perpendicular wall of loose and shifting stones ; then steep slopes of damp and slippery turf impeded our progress, and for every step we took forward we seemed to take two backward, as the phrase runs, until, like the Irishman in the story, we felt

inclined to extricate ourselves from our embarrassment by turning round and going backwards. It was surprising to find such great heaps of turf right up the side of the mountain. But turf is the constant concomitant of travel in Ireland, and, having once fairly left Dublin behind, we were never long without it until we returned. By the side of the railway, stretching over nearly the whole width of the country, it lay in tremendous patches; by the roads along which we had travelled we never lost it for any appreciable length of time; it shrouded the valleys and the plains; and, as we now experienced, it even clothed huge mountains with its dark brown cloak. In it the people found an almost exhaustless source of fuel, and from it, in some places, the very huts were built. In the hue of every brook and the tinge of every river its presence was manifest. To its prevalence was owing, in no small degree, the penury of the land; for careful tillage and skilful cultivation were needed to transform it into fertile soil; and in many places the husbandman's art had failed to reclaim it, and it lay in great damp acres covered with yellow lilies or coarse rough grass. It certainly was not particularly conducive to the pleasures of mountain climbing. One

had a difficulty in finding secure foothold upon it, and woe to him who stumbled. His apparel was pretty sure to be covered with a layer of mud; oozy streaks of water would splash over him; and, in an incredibly short space of time, it was calculated to divest the veriest masher of his glories, and send him home with bedaubed boots and bespattered trousers, a sadder, and, let us hope, a wiser man.

At last, the first part of our scramble terminated, and panting, but triumphant, we stood upon the shoulder of the mountain, and paused to contemplate the broadening glories of the bay below, that every moment seemed to grow larger and more beautiful, and to be more thickly studded with islands.

A little breathing time, and off we started once again, and soon, succeeded in discovering the expected path. Along this we hurried towards the great cloud-crowned peak that still stretched skyward far away on our right. For some distance the road was good; but gradually, as we crossed the shoulder and came to the point where the loftier peak sloped from it far into the air, it became more and more difficult, until the vaunted path degenerated into a miserable heap of loose

stones, that were almost as difficult to clamber up as the bare sides of the mountain itself. It was no path. It was a wretched apology for the bed of a mountain torrent; and every step we took our destination seemed to shrink into remoter distance, and every foot that we ascended our limbs grew more and more weary. We were glad to make frequent stoppages, and cast our eyes over the great bleak waste of moorland and hill and valley that ran inland to the verge of the horizon, for we were now at the back of the peak, and had lost sight of the bay. But a small blue lake gleamed in the sunshine far below us, and from the shoulder we had caught sight of a quiet tarn embosomed in the hollows of the rocks. The air was delightfully fresh and bracing, and the day fine and cool. It was a pleasure to breathe the pure atmosphere of these altitudes; and again we pushed forward, over falling stones and round great boulders, until at last we stepped upon the lofty summit of the mountain, and found that its sharp pinnacle had broadened into a plateau nearly an acre in extent, on the highest point of which a rude little fane had been reared by reverent hands to the memory of the saintly Patrick, who, from this majestic elevation, is reputed to have spoken the

words which drove the reptiles from the Irish realm for ever :

"The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the hill of Howth, sir,
* But there's a hill much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint,
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.

So success attend St Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever,
Oh ! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
He bothered them for ever !

"There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap-dash into the water,
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter."

It is not to be wondered at that the scene of a performance so amazing should be regarded with reverence by the credulous Irish peasantry, and that, at certain periods of the year, they come in

---

* This statement is erroneous. Lugnaquilla, the loftiest of "the Wicklow hills," is 529 feet higher than Croagh Patrick.

multitudes, with many prayers and penances upon the way, to render homage to the memory of the man who had wrought it ; and one is not much surprized to find that other places also claim to be the scene of St. Patrick's most famous miracle. Two of these we were afterwards to visit—the Lower Lake at Glendalough, in County Wicklow, and the last of the lakes in the Gap of Dunloe ; but Clew Bay is now usually regarded as the true receptacle of the slimy tribes that, ere his coming, crawled with sinuous motion through the emerald fields.

It is one of the peculiarities of the country that the same story is often told of several places. We had another illustration of this in speaking of the islands in the bay. They really number about a hundred, I believe ; but the boatman asserted that there were exactly three hundred and sixty-five, or one for every day in the year, adding that an additional island is good enough to put in an appearance every Leap Year, and to vanish when the year is over. As the reader will remember, a similar tale is told of Lough Corrib ; and the same applies to Lough Erne. It is, of course, absurdly improbable that three sheets of water in one small country should each contain

exactly as many islands as there are days in the year ; and one is tempted, as he hears the story, to imagine that the Irishman who, when asked by his employer whether he had counted the poultry, replied that "he had counted thim all but one, and, sure, the little rashcal wouldn't shtand shtill while he counted him," may be taken as an illustration of a national incapacity to acquire the art of correct enumeration.

The view was somewhat dimmed by clouds as we stepped on to the plateau, and, almost immediately, great sheets of mist came sweeping in from the west until the earth and sea were quite obscured—nothing was visible but one dense mass of rolling vapour ; and we began to think that we had made the ascent for naught. We sat down to partake of a little refreshment, and, in the meantime, the shifting mists began to gradually pass away ; the rifts through which we caught transient glimpses of the bay, slowly broadened ; new visions continually unfolded themselves, and, at last, the clouds entirely disappeared, and our delighted eyes feasted upon one unbroken circumference of loveliness. At our feet the deep blue waters of the bay lay sleeping in the sunlight around delightful isles of every size and form and hue.

Green, level meads reclined in the arms of the sea. Wild, rocky crags reared their heads above its sapphire waters. Here were large cultivated islands ; there lay diminutive and shining areas of sand. Far off, the grim and frowning form of Clare Island guarded the lesser isles that lay within the shelter of the bay. This was the abode of the famous Grana Uile (Grace O'Malley). Upon the death of her father, she became the leader of his clan, and, by her deeds of daring, won the title, "Grace of the Heroes." She was married to O'Flaherty, Prince of Connemara ; and, on his demise, to an Englishman, Sir Richard Bourke, who called himself M'William Eighter ; and it is told that, by their contract, the marriage was to last only a year *for certain*, and if, at its expiration, either of the parties said to the other, "I dismiss you," they were free again, a privilege which the fickle Grana exercised, having first carefully garrisoned all the castles that were valuable to her. I am not sure whether a similar contract might not prove advantageous nowadays, in some instances. So many marry whose tastes are uncongenial, and whose love is weak and changeable, that oftentimes the golden ring is but a mark of bondage, and the legal tie a hollow mockery. In heaven, we

are told, "they neither marry, nor are given in marriage." Will this be so on earth when earth is heaven, as some of us intend to make it? Grana, by the way, was, according to tradition, invited to visit good Queen Bess; but, though one would naturally have expected considerable sympathy to exist between two women so strong-minded, and in many respects so similar, and though our virgin monarch is said to have treated her with the utmost graciousness, it all seemed lost upon this doughty daughter of the West.

Across the archipelago, gaunt cliffs arose, beneath whose shade the timid seals were wont to bask; and, beyond, we could descry the mountainous shores of Achill, the waters winding underneath their shade to sever them from the mainland, that jutted out in a huge promontory of gloomy rock. Round this a deep gulf crawled, the blue outline of which was faintly perceptible in the dim distance. In the northern corner of the bay, almost in the same longitude as Westport, but many miles of charming islands intervening, we could discern the white houses of Newport. In the southern corner, that nestled on our right, we saw the ships in Westport harbour, the rich mass of trees that overspread the Marquis of Sligo's demesne, and, inland, the

spires and houses of the town. Eastward, the land lay in gentler undulation—one boundless sweep of moor and field and lake, dotted here and there with white cottages, and backed by the giant cone of Nephin, rising proudly from the neighbourhood of far Lough Conn. South-east, great peaks arose in endless outline, and, between them, lesser hills and breezy plains; while, on the horizon's verge, there gleamed a line of blue that seemed to be the brink of another ocean. At first we were uncertain as to whether it were but the shadowy outline of a further mountain range, or the mystical effect of some drooping cloud ; but, as we continued to gaze, the conviction forced itself upon us that it must indeed be water, though it was long before we could realize that we were gazing upon the distant shores of Lough Mask. Seaward, the land spread out in noble expansion to the entrance of the bay ; and, beyond it, the Atlantic's boundless surface calmly lay, a wealth of shifting hues, and dotted with occasional islets, until, far off, it seemed to mingle with the azure sky. An awful quiet reigned, unbroken save by the whisper of a gentle wind, and the scarcely audible murmur of the hushed ocean, rippling over endless miles of pebbly shore—mysterious voices full of charm,

and strangely harmonizing with the "unutterable thoughts" that filled our souls as thus, in this high solitude, on sacred ground, we gazed upon a world that had lost its darker hues, and lay beneath us beautiful as the Elysian fields.

But time was passing, and, eager as we were to drink in more of the entrancing vision, we had to turn away. So, singing a verse of "God Save The Queen!" with a heartiness that has not, I am afraid, been very common in this part of the world recently, and giving further vent to our feelings by a stave of "Rule Britannia," we gathered a little of the pretty moss that grows on the top of the mountain, and reluctantly commenced the descent, pausing again and again to catch new glimpses of the wonderful loveliness of that wide-spreading stretch of island and mainland, hill and valley, sea and sky. The journey down the mountain was much more easily accomplished than the ascent, and we were not long in reaching the shoulder. As we got lower and lower, we began to look out for the masts of the yacht which we had left at anchor in the creek below. We could not see anything of her, though we scanned the locality very carefully. Still we pressed onward, and still we kept a sharp look out for the boat.

But it was of no use. She was not visible, and, as we neared the inlet, we noticed rocks and sand in places where the sea had lain as we entered. And now it began to dawn upon us that the tide had gone down, and that consequently our friends had been compelled to return to Westport without us. The prospect was not cheering. We were hungry and thirsty, and more than ordinarily fatigued; and we did not at all relish the prospect of walking. The owner of the yacht received his blessing, for we were of opinion that he ought to have told us the hour at which the tide would have ebbed to such an extent as to prevent his sailing, in order that we might have been back in time. Not that we could have been back much earlier, however, for we had not wasted any time on the journey, and our stay on the summit was far shorter than we could have wished. But grumbling at the boatman did not mend matters; so we decided to push on and obtain such refreshment as we were able from the poor little hovels at the foot of the mountain —this seemed to be our only expedient—and, after a short rest, to walk quietly to the town.

We had reached level ground again, and were reclining on a sunny bank, when suddenly

we heard someone calling us, and, looking up, we espied the boatman approaching at full speed. We hastened to meet him, and learnt that, as we had surmised, the falling of the tide had made it necessary for him to draw his anchor and set sail. He had not gone back to Westport, however, and the boat lay about two miles distant, awaiting us in deep water. Before we set off in that direction, he took us into a better class house that stood not very far away, and where a friend of his resided—a curious fellow with a curious story—a sort of local "ne'er-do-weel" who had inherited large possessions; but whose fortune had been so reduced, by his own extravagance, I understood, that here we found him in a house that was superior, certainly, to most of the hovels at the mountain's foot, but poor and unpretentious enough, in all soberness, for the heir to a fortune. He lived, the boatman said, a wild, free life of reckless dissipation, and on his face his character was plainly stamped; but he was witty, and as hospitable as the most hospitable members of a race proverbial for its hospitality; and was profuse in his offers of the "mellow" national beverage which is said to "bother the sorrows and gladden the heart" of our good friend Pat as nothing else can. Un-

fortunately, however, it sometimes muddles his head also, I am afraid. Even whisky has its drawbacks.

A brief chat with our singular and unexpected host, and then, considerably refreshed, we hurried on to where the "Star of the Sea" was moored. It was a longer walk than we had imagined, across flat, grass-grown sandbanks that spread for miles, and a portion of which had formerly been used as a race-course. But we were told that, in the previous January, a terrible storm had visited the bay. The tides had risen to an unprecedented height, deeply covering mounds that had for years and years been dry ; tearing great heaps of sand and grass and pebbles up bodily, and casting them down again far from their original resting place. The race-course had, in this manner, been dreadfully narrowed ; and enormous heaps of shingle lay beyond it, cast thither by the unwonted fury of the sea.

At last we reached the vessel, stepped on board, and, almost in a moment, her sails were run up ; she felt the favouring breeze ; her prow began to cleave the cool blue waves that frothed and hissed before her ; and, gracefully heeling over to the wind, she fairly flew between the

rocks and islands that severed us from Westport. The boatman was immensely proud of his little craft, and well he might be. "Isn't it grand?" he kept asking, as she gaily scudded along over the bounding waters; and we quite thought that it was. But we were much amused at the interminable squabble which was maintained between him and his son, a strong and active youth well in his teens, who appeared to hold a contrary opinion to that of his father on every imaginable topic, and, whenever the latter made a suggestion as to the navigation of the boat, at once put forward another which was diametrically opposed to it. The father told us that he and many others in that part of Ireland, who were largely dependent for their livelihood upon the tourists who visited the Wilds of the West during the months of summer, had been most seriously affected by the agitation; and that, since its commencement, the diminution in their number was something appalling. Several outrages, mostly of a minor character, had defaced the locality; and, the Agent of the Marquis of Sligo and of Mr. Clive, another local landlord, had, with his son, been fired at by men with blackened faces, in the middle of the afternoon, the son promptly returning the shot. He

stated before the Commission that, for years, he and his father had been in the habit of carrying arms whenever they went upon a journey. The boatman said, however, that things were now pretty quiet. He also told us, and I must confess that I was pleased to hear it, that Mr. Gladstone, instead of being hated in Ireland, as the Parnellites were constantly declaring, at the time, was greatly respected, and widely recognized as one of the foremost of her friends ; and that, if he were to visit Westport, bonfires would be lighted on all the hills to welcome him.

I must here explain that I am not an admirer of that statesman, "aged and most eminent" though he be. At least, I do not admire him wholesale. I can see the specks on the sun, the flaws in the diamond ; and, whilst others are engrossed in gazing at the head of gold, I cannot close my eyes to the feet of clay. Somebody will probably whisper in my ear that, even if these are my opinions, it were wiser to keep them to myself. I am obliged by his advice, but I shall not take it. There is too much of this kind of thing nowadays. The old English ways appear to be going out of fashion. I am acquainted with a regular batch of Liberal Unionists in my own

town who were convinced that Home Rule was dangerous and unworkable, but who refused to identify themselves with the local association, or to take any part in opposing the scheme, because they were afraid that such a step might interfere with business. There are scores of Radicals and Conservatives of the same calibre ; and, in a country which is supposed to be free, men dare not say what they feel, and act up to their convictions, in case it might lessen their takings, or alienate their friends. Personally, I am of opinion that if one can only thrive by winking at what he conceives to be wrong, he had better go to the Workhouse ; and that friends who will allow themselves to be alienated by your honesty are not worth having.

> "They are slaves who will not choose
> Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the truth they needs must think ;
> They are slaves who dare not be
> In the right with two or three."

Believing, as I do, that Mr. Gladstone has been the cause of unparalleled calamities in the past, and is a standing source of peril in the future, I claim the Briton's privilege of saying so. But I do not wish to be misunderstood. I fully recognize his

abilities. I yield to no one in my admiration of the ease with which he bears his burden of years; of his magnificent physique, his unrivalled intellect, his matchless eloquence, his amazing versatility. Equally at home with the gods of Olympus or the undergraduates of Oxford; swaying the axe with the agility of the woodman, and the senate with the skill of a Demosthenes; launching boldly on the billowy sea of Homer's music, or soaring skyward on the wings of Virgil's lofty muse; dreaming with Dante, or dogmatizing with Dr. von Döllinger; capable of discussing the Vatican Decrees with Cardinal Newman, or the Creation with Professor Huxley; alike familar with * "The Theses of Erastus," "The Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order," and the curiosities of Wedgwood crockery; an authority on everything from cabbages to Conservatism; an animated lexicon, a walking encyclopædia; versed in philosophy, saturated whith history, steeped in poesy; a classic scholar of pre-eminent accomplishments, a scientist of no mean order, a theologian greater than a whole bench of bishops, an orator without a peer, he towers above his fellows like a Titan, and constrains the homage of his foes.

* See his "Gleanings of Past Years."

But it is this very fact which makes him so dangerous. The realm has been bewitched by the splendour of his attainments ; and, although he has left the paths of honour and of safety, and has led us into quagmires of doubt and difficulty, the wizard has not lost his cunning ; the wine of his eloquence is still enchanting ; the spell of his silver tongue still operates ; the net of his sophistries can still entangle ; and the whirlwind of his denunciations suffices still to lash the populace to storm.

It was, I admit, delightful to have a Premier who could talk for any length of time at any place on any subject. But it is possible to talk well and rule badly. It must have been eminently gratifying to multitudinous mamas to feel that the destinies of the nation were entrusted to an individual who was ready to kiss their babies and enable them to put their liquors in the grocery bill ; and it is certainly good of him to grasp the grimy hands of the free and independent voters who crowd the platforms and keep the trains waiting whenever he makes a journey. But this is not statesmanship. Unquestionably the man who reads the lessons in the church at Hawarden must be a man of the very best intentions. But performances are more solid and substantial. It is extremely con

soling to be told that his proposals are a sure specific for the Irish malady. Yet he has been telling us the same story for twenty years, and the last state of that country is graver than the first. It is beautiful to hear him prove conclusively that the policy of his late administration was dictated by unerring wisdom; but the Transvaal is lost, and Kartoum has fallen, and Gordon is dead, and the sands of the Soudan are crimson with the slain. To raise the national expenditure until it reached one hundred milions; to pass two coercion acts of the most drastic character, and three land acts which have failed so egregiously as to prompt him to make an unqualified surrender to Mr. Parnell; to involve us in enterprizes which he himself declared to bear the taint of "blood-guiltiness," and, when our prestige has been shattered by his precipitancy, and the bones of our warriors are bleaching unavenged, to suddenly retreat from a position which he ought never to have occupied; to bombard Alexandria and banish Arabi; to alienate France and make the Egyptian "confusion worse confounded"; to butcher thousands of dusky warriors "struggling to be free"; to send a hero to a distant city on a bootless errand and leave him

there to die : these are only a few of the achievements which are due to the beneficent sway of "the greatest man who ever lived." A continent contemptuous, a hundred native tribes distrustful, an empire murmuring at the mother's shame, an increasing burden of taxation, the guilt of aimless quarrels, the stain of endless blood, the horrors of war without its advantages, and the perils of peace without its compensations—this is what we owe to Mr. Gladstone. And now, to complete our catalogue of obligations, he has enlisted under the banner of a leader whom he announced to be marching "through rapine to the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire," and surrendered in a moment the cause of a century. It may be that he *is* "the greatest man who ever lived ;" that not only are all living geniuses pigmies by the side of him, but that in no land, and in no age, would it be possible to discover an intellect so keen, or a personality so commanding. But, unfortunately, this stupendous genius is for ever blundering. Endowed by his disciples with a more than papal infallibility, he has made as many mistakes as Mrs. Malaprop. Gifted by Nature with untold capacities, they have run to seed and ended in a crop of thistles. In language, in

literature, in learning, in physical and mental equipoise, in tireless energy and indomitable hope he stands alone ; but in politics—disguise the fact as we will—he is a failure : impulsive without courage, wordy without wisdom, explanatory without elucidating ; a lover of peace who is usually fighting ; an economist who cannot save ; a reformer who makes things worse ; a prophet who is not able to see an inch before him ; an "old parliamentary hand" whose boasted experience has satisfied him that the truest prudence is to lead the nation blindfold ; a statesman who has missed his calling; a "grand old man" who cannot govern ; the prince of quacks, the king of conjurors, the paragon of whirligigs.

And yet men worship him, and the probabilities are that he will win the next election. And, if he advocated the abandonment of India and the dissolution of the Empire, I do not doubt that Master Herbert, and Mr. Schnadhorst, and Sir William Vernon Harccurt, and, of course, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, with Earl Spencer, probably, and "dear old Scotland" and "gallant little Wales" — I have still some faith in England—would proclaim that he was perfectly right, and at once proceed to prove that those who did not emulate their somersaults

were doomed to political extinction. I have spoken strongly, but the occasion requires it. And I have only spoken the truth. It is time that the veil should be torn from this metropolitan Mumbo-Jumbo, and that the nation should see that the worship of Mr. Gladstone is a silly superstition which has cost us dear enough already, and which may land us, before we have finished, in troubles which will shake the Empire to its foundations.

In spite of all this, however, I repeat that I was pleased to hear the boatman say that he was very much respected in the district. I was pleased for two reasons. In the first place, I am not going to deny that, in what he has done for Ireland, he has been prompted by a desire to serve her, whatever may have been the issue of his efforts. To accuse him of a deliberate attempt to make mischief, and a premeditated resolve to wreck the Empire, may do for a Primrose peroration—anything will—but it can scarcely commend itself to the intelligent student of politics. And much as I deprecate the results of his action, I am not going to dispute that, in all his * innumerable changes,

* I once began to make a list of Mr. Gladstone's inconsistencies; but I had to abandon the task. Life is too short.

he has been animated by a sort of prismatic sincerity. In the second place, if the Irish people were so callous as to speak of him in the tone which was, at this period, adopted by their representatives, it would have argued a lack of gratitude so glaring as to make one almost hopeless; for his chief occupation, for many years, has been to legislate for their benefit. And I was glad to think that it was not Ireland which was ungrateful, but Ireland's representatives who did not speak the truth.

Our sail across the bay had been delightful, and we were positively enchanted with the beauty of its many isles, and all the wonder of the hills which girded it. But we were specially favoured. The air was balmy and the sky was blue. The sea was scarcely ruffled, and the wind as gentle as an infant's breathing. But it was not always so. Two or three weeks later, a brother and a cousin of my own, attracted by our description of the charms of the locality, set out from Westport at seven o'clock in the morning, passed through the park, fell in with our friend the boatman, and hired the "Star of the Sea" for a cruise to Achill Island, darkly visible beyond the northern outlet of the bay. They had not brought provisions with them, for they expected

to land at the island for lunch, and to return early in the afternoon. The day was just as fine as the present, the water just as calm, the hills as beautiful, the isles as fair; and they were fascinated with the loveliness of this marvellous water-maze. In about three hours they drew nigh to Achill; but suddenly the tranquil surface of the deep was lashed to fury, and the winds were loosed, and on its shore the billows broke in thunder. The boatman and his boy, agreed for once, declared that it was quite impossible to land; and so they straightway turned the vessel's head towards Westport. But every moment the waves rose higher and the blasts grew fiercer and more contrary. Once she ran upon a rock. "Git out into the say!" roared the boatman to his son; and, awed by the peremptory command, he sprang over the bulwarks, and, thigh-deep in water, pushed with might and main, his father and the others helping him as well as they were able; and at last the keel was heard to graze the rock, and presently the boat slipped off again. He sprang aboard, and once more they faced the fury of the elements. But slow and perilous they found the way. They had to tack incessantly. It was one continuous stratagem to baffle Eoreas, and, in his very teeth,

to fight a passage back towards home. To the drenched and hungry travellers, Croagh Patrick looked as distant as ever, and Achill Island almost as close at hand as when they had left it. Every moment the huge waves came leaping over the sides and well-nigh swamping them, and almost every moment they had to crouch down at the bottom to avoid being struck by the boom, as the sail was hauled from side to side to take advantage of the wind, as far as might be ; and the dizzy motion of the boat, now upon the crest of a billow—now deep in the trough of the sea—brought on, to add to their anxiety, a violent sickness.

Soon the gale became so boisterous that it carried away the jib-sail, and the difficulties of navigation grew greater than ever. And it was not merely the force of the wind and the wrath of the waves with which they had to grapple. Around them, on all sides, were multitudinous rocks and isles, many of them hidden just beneath the surface of the water, and to avoid which, in the calmest weather, was a matter of no small difficulty. Every other boat upon the bay had long since put into port ; and the captain of a large yacht which was lying at anchor had found it necessary, at the commencement of the

storm, to land all his passengers upon an island close at hand, where they had to remain, finding such shelter as they were able, through the whole of the night. The eyes of the boatman and his son were set in grim determination, and upon the face of each there was a look which plainly indicated that this was a struggle between life and death. So dark the prospect seemed that all began to think that peradventure they would never reach the town again; and my friends were so doubtful as to the issue that one of them, who was of a melodramatic turn, remarked to the other: "Well, if we are to die, we'll die like Englishmen!" And thus they resolutely sat, prepared to meet their fate.

Still the struggle with the wind and waves went on. The strain was terrible, but the boat was staunch, and her crew were skilful. She answered to her helm, the jib-sail gone, with wonderful celerity; and hour after hour glided slowly by, and still the strife continued. But now, the weary voyagers began to realize that the huge cone in front of them was growing huger, and the rocky isle behind more dim; their hopes revived, and, with added ardour, each assisted in whatever way he could to guide the sturdy craft to haven. Ten hours the battle

lasted, and then, exhausted by their exertions, and almost famished, they shot into the quiet harbour, the boat as taut as ever, and their lives secure ; but with memories which nothing would ever efface of a gale which the boatman himself declared to be the worst he had experienced for thirty years. It was ten o'clock at night when they regained the hotel ; and, since seven in the morning, the only food they had tasted was a fragment of dry bread which happened to have on board.

We ourselves were hungry and fatigued enough after our mountain climb ; but the brief sail homeward, with the wind directly favourable, ended, notwithstanding, far sooner than we could have wished. We had intended running across the bay to the spot where the seals resorted, on our return ; but the ascent had absorbed so much of the day that we found it necessary to deny ourselves this pleasure. Had we been able to stay in Westport longer, we should certainly have taken care to see more of the yacht and her owner, and should probably have spent some time with him in exploring "the wonderful scenery of Clew Bay," as he was never tired of calling it. Among the attractions of the locality are the ruins of Murrisk Abbey,

which lies at the base of the mountain near the sea. It contains some ancient tomb-stones, and is still used as a place of burial; and tradition asserts that it was honoured by a visit from St. Patrick himself.

CHAPTER VI.

BY RAIL TO BALLINA—A TOWN OF BEGGARS — CURIOUS DIET—OUR LILIES, AND WHAT THE PEOPLE THOUGHT OF THEM—IRISH NEWSPAPERS—BY CAR TO SLIGO —KILLALA BAY—THE CORONATION CHAIR OF THE KINGS OF CONNAUGHT — A ROADSIDE FAIR — THE CRIMES OF ST. PATRICK—SLIGO BAY—DONEGAL BAY —"THE BEAUTIFUL CITY."

On the Friday, we left Westport by rail for Ballina, a somewhat uninteresting journey, through the usual routine scenery of the less picturesque parts of Ireland—patches of bog, plots of cultivated ground, white huts, occasional hillocks and lakelets, poor little stations thronged with gesticulating peasants, and—a circumstance which we had also noticed on the line to Galway—at every stopping place, the trim figures of the Royal Irish Constabulary—a splendid force: splendid in their physique, splendid in their usefulness, and splendid in their loyalty to the crown

duing a time of almost unexampled disturbance. Passing within a short distance of Castlebar, we arrived at Manulla Junction, and changed for Ballina. The greater portion of our railway travelling in Ireland was upon single lines ; our progress was slow, and our accommodation by no means of the best. It must be an up-hill struggle for a company to become remunerative in the poorer parts of the country, many of which are entirely without railway communication. At Foxford we sighted Lough Cullen, lying amid fields that were thickly strewn with stones of all sizes, and many appearing from out its own shallow waters. The number of stones that cover the ground, in some localities, is simply amazing. They are almost as plentiful as the everlasting turf. Beyond the lake the land was elevated, and attained a weird grandeur where * Nephin, black with the shadows of a lowering sky, reared his venerable crest to heaven. Lough Cullen is connected by a small channel with the larger area of the huge Lough Conn. The two lakes are sometimes spoken of as Upper and Lower Lough Conn, and it is a curious fact that there is occasionally a reverse flow of the waters

* The height of this fine mountain is 2646 feet.

of the latter into the former, a circumstance which cannot be accounted for by tidal influence, as the lake is forty feet above the level of the sea. Lough Conn is said to have been formed by the rising of a fish-pond, to make room for which it had been necessary for the owner of an adjacent castle to depopulate the vicinity. "One of the evicted knelt on the ground," says D. R. McAnally, Jr., in his admirable book of "Irish Wonders," which I cannot too strongly recommend to the reader, "and cursed the chief with 'all the seed, breed and gineration av him,'" praying that the pond would prove his Nemesis; and indeed it did, for no sooner was the water turned into it than it rose and rose until this ancient prototype of modern landlord tyranny was swept from the summit of his loftiest tower.

Arrived at Ballina, we could see nothing near the station but a few wretched houses that scarcely deserved to be called a village; and we began to think that the place was a delusion until, after a short walk, we came across a pretty town with a good main street, that wore a brisk air of business, and several lesser streets branching off to the right and left. Having secured a seat on the public car for Sligo, we had time, before it started, for a ramble to the

quay, about a mile lower down the river on which Ballina is situated, the Moy, another splendid salmon stream, which is here crossed by two good bridges. Sauntering over the lower of these, we followed its course as it winds round a rich tree-covered park that lies on the opposite shore, and is entered by an imposing gateway. Curving to the left, by meadows overgrown with yellow lilies, and across a small tributary stream, we reached a deeper portion of the river, where small vessels were able to find accommodation, catching a glimpse of the hall that was embosomed in the adjacent park on our journey. Some five miles from the quay, the river enters Killala Bay, celebrated as the spot where a body of French soldiers, under General Humbert, landed, in the autumn of the year 1798, and, marching up to Ballina, seized and held it for three weeks, when General Trench and a number of Loyalists attacked them, and compelled them to retreat.

Returning, we had a peep at a Roman Catholic Church, situate in Ardmaree, a village on the right bank of the Moy. There are, I believe, no churches in Ballina itself, and the inhabitants have to cross the river to worship at the two churches in Ardmaree. Between the two are

the ruins of an old abbey; and, beyond it, the higher bridge spans the river, which, just above this point, sweeps down a stony slope in its broad but shallow bed.

On entering the town again, we speedily became the objects of very general attention, and of sundry remarks the reverse of complimentary. We were greatly puzzled, at first, to know the meaning of it all; but we soon perceived that the public gaze was fixed upon our button-holes, in which we had unthinkingly fastened some of the lilies which we had plucked as we wandered by the meadows to the quay, forgetting that they might be taken as types of Orangeism, and that, in the Wilds of the West, an Orangeman was hated only less than the devil himself. However, the populace contented themselves with scoffing.

We were struck with the number of vendors of an edible sea-weed who were grouped along the footways. In appearance, it resembled pickled cabbage, and it was apparently much appreciated, for it met with a ready sale. At every turn, we were besieged by beggars, some coming under the pretence of selling oranges, or even the sea-weed, for which we

had no very particular craving; others, as they phrased it, "for sharity" pure and simple. There was a regular army of them, that multiplied with every gift we bestowed. As an Irishman who was watching the scene remarked, if we had taken a hat full of coins expressly for the purpose of distributing among them they would not have been satisfied. And, really, some of the poor creatures needed alms, for they looked miserable enough.

We learnt that Ballina, with a population that would barely compare with that of some of our large English villages, supported three newspapers. We did not purchase any of them, but if here, as in another Irish town we visited, threepence were charged for a tiny sheet of foggy advertisements and stale news, this was not, after all, very wonderful. Galway, by the by, had five newspapers, I heard; or, as the portly gentleman who had travelled with us from Oughterard to Clifden had put it, was "Vindicated," "Expressed," "Heralded," "Piloted," and "Observed." Education seems to be progressing on every hand, and we were surprised to find such an amount of intelligence even among the lowest classes. Beyond the local prints, the principal Nationalist newspapers

circulate largely through the country, and publish coloured cartoons, which seem to be mainly devoted to the laudable object of holding up to ridicule England, and the English government and all its works. We noticed that the bitterness which was displayed by these papers, and which was imitated by a section of the Irish leaders, found but a faint reflex in the breasts of the people. True, there was an almost unanimous feeling in favour of some form of Home Rule in local matters; yet the desire found moderate and reasonable expression, and seemed to bear no trace of that violent hatred of the "Saxon oppressor" of which we hear so much at home. During the ride from Ballina to Sligo, I had a long conversation with a most intelligent Irishman, and from him also I heard warm words of respect for Mr. Gladstone as a true friend of Ireland, but coupled, with the expression of that disbelief in his capacity for managing our foreign affairs which is doubtless shared by all who have candidly followed the events of the last few years. This gentleman participated in the wish for Home Rule, subject, he said, to the control of the Imperial Parliament. I was, however, somewhat taken aback

to learn that not only Mr. Parnell, but all his following, were moderate men ; and that a more chivalrous soul than Michael Davitt never breathed. I am rather fond of Davitt, but I think that Bayard might possibly have had a look in.

We were favoured with another glorious drive of nearly thirty-six miles, dashing along, in the breezy afternoon, through pretty valleys, and over fertile moorlands and sloping hills ; now catching a glimpse of the deep blue sea, now of some distant mountain ; tearing through a quiet village, or hurrying by the side of some verdant park. The car on which we travelled carried the mails between Ballina and Sligo, and stopped at the post-offices along the road to pick up or leave letters. It had, I was told, formerly belonged to the celebrated Italian, Charles Bianconi, who came over to Ireland many years ago, and commenced trade as a small picture dealer. Saving a little money, he began to run a public car, and gradually increased the number until he had them running in almost every part of the country, and, by skilful management, made a considerable fortune. On his death, his cars had passed to other owners, and still ran in many localities.

Our driver had been in his employ, and, on the harness of the horses, his initial, the letter B, was marked.

Soon after leaving Ballina, we reached higher ground, and had a magnificent view of Killala Bay away on our left. Far behind us, old Nephin's hoary head was plainly visible, and, farther yet, we caught a last glimpse of Croagh Patrick, on the very edge of the horizon. Soon a mountain somewhat resembling a great cheese in shape, burst into view on the north, a dark pile rising in its centre, apparently a mound of earth or a heap of stones. We were afterwards informed that it was the latter; that the mountain was formerly used at the coronation of the kings of Connaught; and that the pile of stones—many feet in height—had been their coronation chair. Just behind it, the city of Sligo lay, miles to the north-east. The country through which we were driving was much more fertile than the regions we had left between Galway and Westport; and, although the houses, to English eyes, were very poor, and the land by no means of the best, still, by comparison with other portions of Ireland through which we had passed, it bore quite a cheerful

aspect; and the people had a prosperous and satisfied look that contrasted strangely with that of the inhabitants of the ruder districts. On our way we met many of them in their best attire, looking quite festive, and several driving cattle before them; and presently we came to Dromore, where a fair was being held in a large, enclosed space containing a number of horrible, long, low tents, resembling gipsy tents, but much larger. In these, many of the women were sitting, enjoying a bit of gossip, and, as the Irish gentleman on the car remarked, possibly a drink of whisky; whilst others stood watching the operations of the strong men and youths that were grouped among the herds of cattle outside, or surrounding the booths of the itinerant vendors of drapery and the other wares so dear to the female heart who were established upon the ground. A little further on, we arrived at the village, and paused to change horses. The grog shop here seemed to be doing a good trade, and the inevitable whisky was flowing freely. In nearly all the villages we saw, these whisky shops were prominent. Other articles might be conspicuous by their absence; other drinks might be scarce; but there was always a good supply of whisky. St. Patrick,

with all his virtues, has much to answer for. "No wonder," says an Irish poet,

> "that those Irish lads
> Should be so gay and frisky,
> For sure St. Pat, he taught them that,
> As well as making whisky;
> No wonder that the Saint himself
> Should understand distilling,
> Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
> In the town of Enniskillen."

As we advanced, we drew very near to the sea, that ran inwards in a mighty opening to form the famous Sligo and Donegal Bays, and a lesser inlet, Ballysodare Bay, situated on the south of the hill already mentioned, which rose finely in our front, now clearly visible in its whole outline. Behind it lay Sligo Bay, and, out to the north-west, Donegal Bay ran up into the land amid rocks and peaks innumerable. Beyond the cheese-like hill that rose suddenly from a flat surrounding country to form the peninsula that divided the two southernmost bays, a range of mountains towered, of a most peculiar shape, and of singular beauty, ending in two abrupt cliffs that were each shaped exactly like the ram of an ironclad. Gradually the remoter of the two was shut out by

the nearer, which rose in stupendous majesty across the country to the rear of Sligo.

As we approached the city, the car made a longer halt at one of the post offices than was usual; and, in company with the Irish gentleman to whom I have referred, we dismounted, and walked on until we came to a beautiful fall in the river Owenmore, which had been yoked to human service, and made to work some mills in the vicinity. The volume of water was small, but the view was charming, the ruins of the Abbey of St. Fechin overlooking the stream. The salmon, we were told, frequently leapt up the fall, though the water descended from a considerable height, and one could scarcely conceive such a feat possible. It was in this neighbourhood that the French, after landing at Killala Bay, were attacked by Lord Gort and a small force of yeomanry and militia, but without success. The land between here and Sligo was, in many places, quite rich, and bore crops that sometimes approached abundance; and the local rents had not been lowered much under the Land Act. Everywhere there seemed to be a reasonable prospect of a good harvest, and the whole country was settling down wonderfully.

At last we drove into "the Beautiful City of

Sligo," and certainly it deserves the name. I was surprised to see a place so neat, clean, and well constructed, and with so many fine churches and public buildings. It was late when we arrived at the Imperial Hotel, pleasantly situated on the river Garrogue, which conveys the waters of Lough Gill to the sea ; but we had time to have a ramble through the picturesque and crowded streets before dusk.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL—LOUGH GILL—THE ABBEY—BACK TO THE CAPITAL—BOYLE—THE LEGEND OF LOUGH KEY — CARRICK-ON-SHANNON — LONGFORD — EDGEWORTHSTOWN — AN IRISHMAN ON HOME RULE—RESULT OF THE JOURNEY—ITS MOONLIGHT CLOSE.

Prior to breakfasting on the following morning, we set out for the noble new Roman Catholic Cathedral, which had just been built at a cost, we were told, of about £50,000. It is a handsome stone structure, with a very striking interior. We were desirous of attending mass in this splendid edifice; but, as we had to leave Sligo at eleven, and, before that hour, were wishful to inspect the famous Abbey, and have a peep at Lough Gill, we contented ourselves with a brief glance at its glory of coloured windows, its noble green pillars and lofty roof, its remarkable oaken carvings and magnificently

decorated altar. The old Cathedral stands in another part of the city, and is itself a good building.

From hence, we rambled up the river until we reached Lough Gill, about a mile above the hotel ; and, entering a park that was overgrown with vegetation, we walked along the brink of the lake through the clustering green branches for some distance, until, emerging upon an open space, we had a good view of the lower portion, its banks delightfully wooded, gentle and beautiful mountains rising around it, and, here and there, a tree-covered island receiving the ripple of its bright waters. Some tourists consider that this lake vies with Killarney itself, not in wildness or grandeur, but in a certain soft, rich beauty that is undoubtedly very charming. We much regretted that we had not time to take a boat and row to the top, by a succession of sloping lawns, and tiny islets, and rustling woods, and thick shrubberies, where the laurel, the bay and the arbutus flourish, with a luxuriance which is certainly suggestive of the more famous lakes of the south.

Returning, we went over the Abbey. It stands in the city, near the river, and the tower and a fine window in the choir are still almost per-

fect. Near the window, there is a quaint old monument to one of the royal O'Connors, dated 1616. The Abbey was founded about 1252. It was burnt in 1414, but was shortly afterwards rebuilt. The cloisters and chapels and dormitories were now, however, in a state of great dilapidation. In a gloomy chamber lay a heap of human bones, including an immense thigh bone which, it was calculated, must have belonged to a man over seven feet in height. The Abbey and grounds are still used as a place of interment, and nobody need wish to be laid to rest in a spot more peaceable, and more in harmony with Death's calm summons and the last, long sleep.

A few minutes after leaving it, we were in the train and on our way to Dublin. Near Sligo, the line runs through a district dotted with Druidical remains, and extremely attractive to the antiquarian. Lough Arrow is passed upon the left, and Ballinafad, with its dismantled castle, is reached ; and presently, descending the Curlew Mountains, and running very near to Loughs Key and Boyle, we came to the little town of Boyle, lying in a pleasant valley. There is an abbey in the vicinity with a stirring history, and, close at hand, is the cemetery of Kilbronan,

where one of Erin's latest bards, the celebrated Carolan, was buried, and who is said to have died in 1741, "at a very advanced age, notwithstanding that he had been in a state of intoxication during probably seven-eighths of his life." Lough Key, like Lough Conn and other Irish lakes, has a legendary origin. It is said to have been made by the fairies, in revenge for the interference of the people of a city the ruins of which are reputed to be visible at low water with their raths and mounds, the fairies having allowed the city to be built on the condition that these were to be undisturbed. At length, however, the citizens encroached upon the belongings of "the good people," and, on the following night, one of the former saw * "more than a hundherd t'ousand little men in grane jackets, bringin' shtones an' airth an' buildin' a wall acrass the glen," and, running home, had just time to escape with his wife and family before the waters rose and overwhelmed it. The fertile region round about is well known in Ireland as the "Plains of Boyle." A few miles further on, we came to Carrick-on-Shannon, a mouldy, drowsy, stagnant sort of place, of small size and little im-

* McAnally's "Irish Wonders."

portance. The Shannon, even here, is a fine, wide stream, curving boldly through acres of flat grassy land towards the north. We crossed it at Drumsna, and, at Dromod, had a peep at its enlargements, Loughs Bofin and Boderg. The next town of importance through which we passed was Longford. Its ancient name was Athfada. St. Idus, a disciple of St. Patrick, founded a monastery here, and, in the year 1400, a Dominican abbey was established. The strong old castle was the scene of many exciting occurrences. Longford has a good trade in agricultural produce, and altogether is, I believe, in a thriving condition. Beyond it, at Edgeworthstown, lived Maria Edgeworth, whose "Tales," I am afraid, are too "Moral" for a generation which has forgotten some of the follies and most of the virtues of its grandmothers. Near Multyfarnham, we caught sight of Lake Deraveragh, and, in the town itself, there are the remains of another interesting abbey. It is astonishing how numerous these lakes and abbeys are all over Ireland. Probably no nation in Europe has so many in proportion to its size; you meet with them at every turn; and they add very materially to the attractions of the country.

At Mullingar we joined the line on which we had journeyed from Dublin, and once more crossed the Boyne; passed through the wild bog of Allen, with its miserable huts; emerged upon the bounteous and beautiful land that encircles Dublin with a rich girdle of fertility; and, gliding on through fields aglow with buttercups, and more than green enough to justify the island's name, we reached, at last, its ancient capital, and saw, conspicuous upon our left, in the cemetery at Glasnevin, the lighthouse-like tomb of the Great Liberator.

It had been a pleasant journey—nothing very striking in the scenery, especially before we came to Mullingar: a monotonous area of bog, sometimes cultivated and fertile, sometimes extremely barren; the white huts of the peasants, a few built of turf, some of mud and pebbles, and the majority of loose, rough stones; all with thatched roofs, and nearly all presenting a deplorable picture of poverty, though mostly superior to those we had seen in the remoter parts of Connemara. But the poorest of the scenery is interesting to the English traveller, for it is all so utterly unlike what he sees at home, and does so much to explain the condition of the people. Once more I had a long

chat with an Irishman on Irish matters, and yet again did I hear a strong plea for Home Rule.

"Not separation?" I asked.

"Separation? Nothing of the kind," he replied. "Scarcely any Irishman desires separation. Do you think we are such fools as, after helping to build up a great Empire with our blood and treasure, to sacrifice our share in it? No; all we desire is the power to manage our own local affairs. If we want a new railway or canal, let us be able to get the necessary Acts of Parliament in Dublin. Why should we go to London for them?"

This sounded plausible enough; but he let the cat out of the bag later on when I began to question him about the state of Irish trade, and to ask him how it was that there were still so few manufactures in the country. He answered that we had got the start, and all the appliances of modern science to help us; that Ireland could not, under present circumstances, hope to compete with us, and for a long time her manufactures would have to be protected, or assisted by Government bounties, if they were ultimately to flourish. And, in reply to my further queries, he had to admit that one of the principal acts of the new Irish Parliament which

he desired would be to exclude our commerce and establish a system of protection. It was also quite clear that he proposed to allow it to buy out the Irish landlords at practically its own price. As doubtless Mr. Parnell and his party would hold the reins of office, it is more than probable that the unfortunate land-owning class—many of whom are already on the verge of bankruptcy—would be compelled to surrender their possessions at whatever price those apostles of prairie rental might see fit to offer. This local self-government, which sounds so well, has some remarkably ugly features about it; and, as we were soon to discover, Home Rule is not to be interpreted as merely meaning the power to make canals and railways.

Still, the general impression which we had derived from our visit was that the difficulties of the Irish problem had been exaggerated; that the Irish people were more reasonable than their representatives; that a steady continuance in the path of honest and moderate reform would, in due season, meet with its reward; and that a respite from agitation and a few good seasons would be of truer benefit to the

country than any hasty and sweeping constitutional change. The desire for Home Rule, though widespread, was not, to our judgment, very deeply seated; and everybody appeared to be more concerned about the dearth of industries than about a Parliament on College Green. I am bound to add that, in the whole course of our journey, we did not meet with a single person who professed himself in favour of Irish independence; and we were satisfied that, if the peasantry were left to themselves, and the national prosperity furthered by judicious legislation, they would soon become tranquil and prosperous, and, in the enjoyment of their practical advantages, forget their sentimental grievance. When next we visited Ireland, the conditions of the problem had changed. How the views of the people were affected by the great surrender we have yet to ascertain.

The time at our disposal, on reaching Dublin, was too brief to allow us to undertake any sight-seeing; and, driving past the Rotunda and other fine buildings, we soon found ourselves on board the "Violet." A dull, cold mist and a drizzling rain came on as we left the river; and nothing was distinctly visible from the bay except the lofty outline of the Hill of Howth. Gradually, as darkness began to approach, the weather went

finer, and the soft yellow moon lit the rolling waves. Speedily the vessel clove their foaming crests, and, almost before we could realize it, the South Stack beacon flashed its rays across the sea, and, beyond it, flared the brilliant electric lights that illuminate the harbour at Holyhead. Landing, we found a midnight train drawn up at the platform, within a few yards of the steamer; and, in a little while, the whistle shrieked, the engine puffed and snorted, and the last stage in our journey had commenced. The hills of Wales were bathed in moonbeams, as, beneath the shadow of their cliffs, we hastened home.

End of Part I.

ASHTON AND CROMPTON, EAGLE PRINTING WORKS, WARRINGTON.

John Bull and His Other Island.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

PART II. (bound in Orange) will be ready on the first of June. It will deal with the Loyal North, and will describe a journey to Gweedore, in the wildest part of Donegal, where some evictions were witnessed, and the acquaintance of Father M'Fadden, one of the most notorious priests in the whole of Ireland, was made. It will also be found to contain some startling particulars as to the Belfast riots, which were in progress at the time of the visit, and much information as to the scenery of Ulster and the opinions of its people.

PART III. (bound in Crimson) will be ready on the first of August, and, together with Part IV., will be devoted to the Rebel South. It will include particulars of a journey to the home of Mr. Parnell, in the heart of the Wicklow Mountains; of a night in the Trappist Monastery at Roscrea; and of a voyage down "the lordly Shannon" to Kilrush, the centre of much agrarian trouble.

PART IV. (bound in Pink) will be ready on the first of October, and will conclude the series, conducting the reader through the worst parts of Kerry to the beauties of Killarney and Glengariffe; and thence, through "the Rebel City," and up "the Rhine of Ireland," to Mount Melleray, where another night was spent among the mysterious monks of the Trappist order. The volume will close with a Valedictory Chapter, summarizing the result of the information obtained during the three visits, and its bearing on the problem of the hour.

Each volume may be obtained either in cloth (price 2/6), or in paper (price 1/-); and the set will be forwarded, post free, immediately on publication, on receipt of the requisite remittance.

Secretaries of Associations desiring to arrange with the author for lectures on Ireland and the Irish question, or other subjects, political or literary, are requested to communicate with him at the office of

The "SUNRISE" PUBLISHING Co., Upper Bank-St., Warrington.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR :

THE MUSIC OF MY HEART.

(PRICE 3s. 6d.)

PRESS NOTICES.

Mr. William Sharp, General Editor of "The Canterbury Poets," Author of "Romantic Ballads," "Children of To-Morrow," &c., writes :—

"'THE MUSIC OF MY HEART' is a handsome volume of 176 pages... It must be evident to all lovers of poetry that Mr. Bennett's verses are markedly above the average . . . A spirit of ardent patriotism and of sympathy with what is noble and worthy in the national life animates the volume; but, though several of the best poems owe their being to this sentiment, there are others of lighter impulse which are technically as good, and sometimes superior. One of the most noteworthy productions is that founded on Garibaldi's last words, '*Quanto è allegro!*'—'How joyful it is!'—as he lay dying in his simple house, and watched, in the sunset light, a little bird, which had alighted on his window-sill, and there stayed and burst into song . . . 'Soul-Solace,' 'In Phœnix Park,' and 'On Croagh Patrick,' particularly the last, are poems of exceptional merit. 'The Battle Of Hastings' is a stirring poem in stanzaic-ballad metres, and equally good, though in a different way, are the stanzas on 'The Olympian Picnic.' There are considerable point and skill in the interesting series of 'Trifling Triplets,' and the Old Forms (Ballade, Rondeau and Triolet) are excellent."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.

"The volume shows the author to be a ready rhymester, whose capability of suiting himself to circumstances should never leave him destitute of a subject to charm him into poesy . . . Some of the titles, because of their honest simplicity, are quite as delightful as the pieces over which they appear—as, for instance, 'Lines Addressed To A Young Lady Who Said That She Did Not Like Kissing, By A Young Gentleman Who Did'nt Believe Her.'"

MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

"Unpretentious, pleasant in spirit, and unexceptionable in sentiment."

WARRINGTON ADVERTISER.

"The Preface has the true ring of manly and patriotic sentiment and the contents of the volume justify the author's claim to impartiality in his treatment of current events...We commend Mr. Bennett's poems to public attention. The man has our sympathies who can write as he did in 'The Crisis,' in May, 1885, when another war with Russia was anticipated...Doubtless it was the knowledge Russia possessed that this was the spirit which animated our people generally that induced her then to respect our rights and to restrain her own rapacity, and so ensure the maintenance of peace."

THE LANTERN.

"There is something of good work and more of promise in this volume."

THE BRITISH MAIL.

"Mr. Bennett has distinct talent... He scores a success by the force of fresh and wholesome feeling...and the volume contains much that the public will feel better in heart and mind for reading...It is bright, vivacious, and, if anyone be a lover of his country, he will find in the author a kindred spirit, whose inspiration is of the class of Dr. Charles Mackay, with whom he shares the capability of occasionally touching upon deeper themes...There is much that will be permanently pleasing in poems so unpretentious, and at the same time so delightful as 'If The World Were Ruled By Love,' the 'Ballade Of Apple Blossoms,' and 'The Message Of The Stars.'"

FROME GREETING.

"If we mistake not, some of the poems included in this charming little volume have the breath of life in them, and will minister sweetness and strength to a wider circle than the group of personal friends to whom Mr. Bennett modestly inscribes his lays...There is no monotony either of style or subject. Scattered throughout the book in pleasant variety are poems of patriotism, pieces grave and gay, heroic, sentimental, fanciful and didactic. The author's political opinions are not hidden: and yet (as surely every poet's ought to be) his heart is ever open to what is noblest and best in all endeavours, plans and creeds for the commonwealth. He is no pessimist. Indeed, there is a noble ardour and healthy optimism in all his serious pieces, not absent even from his frolicsome and airy nothings, which will endear him to all who believe in a good time coming! He is like the husbandman who walks joyfully into his fields, knowing that he has plenty of living seed to sow. We detect no morbid symptoms in Mr. Bennett's heart, and we shall be glad to hear more of its music."

THE BOOKSELLER.

"The thought and expression in this volume are often thoroughly' meritorious, and rise above the ordinary level."

WARRINGTON EXAMINER.

"It is a pleasure to be able to say that 'THE MUSIC OF MY HEART is a very satisfactory production. Mr. Bennett is possessed of genuine poetic feeling, and displays no mean skill in giving expression to his inspirations...The poems which, presumably, are the latest, reveal evidence of really good workmanship...The author runs 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' and he shows some aptitude for society verse (see 'The Young Philosopher.') The poems vary in metre as in mood; there is the light lilt of the Hiawathian measure, the steady tramp of blank verse, and almost every movement between....Two poems we ought to mention as being amongst the best in the book are, 'Ballade Of Apple Blossoms' and 'Ballade Of The Heart's Winter.' The volume is many-sided; it has in it 'the promise of spring;' and we congratulate the author on its production."

GLASGOW HERALD.

"The book is characterised by a sound manliness of spirit."

MANCHESTER COURIER.

"There is a distinctly pleasing ring about Mr. Bennett's poetry. His verses are always thoughtful, polished and vigorous, and they frequently contain a true note of inspiration."

THE LITERARY OLYMPIC.

"The heroic couplets on 'The Inexplicable Sex' are, for the most part, excellent, and the author shows something both of wit and poetry. With greater polish and concentration, the poem might well have passed as the production of an accomplished versifier of the school of Pope. Good sense and good verse are combined in the spirited poem entitled 'The Heart's Unbelief.' 'The Young Philosopher' is possessed of much gentle humour, and its end is almost delicious in its naturalness. 'On Croagh Patrick' is a poem full of promise and of no inconsiderable accomplishment. The 'Ballade Of Apple Blossoms' is a very good ballade indeed: motive and treatment are here combined in true union; and its sequel, the 'Ballade Of The Heart's Winter,' is charming, and creditable in all respects. 'In Doubt' shows that the author has a genuine faculty for the sonnet, as well as for the irregular lyrical measures he has frequently affected. In the 'Proem' written for the first issue of 'Sunrise,' he sings of no ordinary daybreak, but of that sunrise which poets and prophets have foreseen and prayed for from of old. The lines are musical and are animated by a fine feeling...Mr. Bennett, we are glad to say, is one of our poets who does not sing for the mere sake of sound, but because they have something to say, and find it easiest and worthiest to say it in verse."

The above volume may be obtained from

PALMER & HOWE, 73, 75, and 77, Princess Street, Manchester;

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LD., London;

The "SUNRISE" PUBLISHING Co., Warrington;

or through any Bookseller.

SUNRISE

A Weekly Paper for the People.

This paper is devoted to the promotion of the cause of progress. Its editorial policy is absolutely independent, and articles advocating the views of all parties are admitted. Its aim is to uproot error, to further truth, to show people how to be healthier and wiser and happier, to "make Utopias real," and to help men to believe in and to labour for "the good time coming." The co-operation of all who are in sympathy with this aim is cordially invited. The paper will be found to contain, at intervals, among much miscellaneous matter of an entertaining character, the following

SPECIAL FEATURES:

Songs of "The Good Time Coming."

Signed Leaders on the Problems of the Hour.

Contributions under this head must not exceed 800 words.

Tips from Utopia.

Bits for the Book-Lover, including reviews of the latest publications.

A column of Curious Gossip.

How to be Healthy.
A series of articles to prove disease to be preventible.

Sunbeams:
To be multiplied.

Vapours:
To be dissipated.

Moonshine:
To "drive dull Care away."

1,000 copies of any issue will be forwarded for private distribution to persons desirous of assisting in the accomplishment of the objects of the paper, on receipt of 16s. 6d.; 5,000 for £3 3s.

The same quantities will be supplied to advertisers, in lieu of handbills, with the whole of the front page reserved for their advertisement, on the same terms.

Advertisements, if for not less than a quarter, inserted at 1/6 per inch.

Specimen on application, enclosing stamp.

A copy of each issue for twelve months will be forwarded to any address on receipt of Postal Order for 5/-

"Sunrise" Publishing Co.,
UPPER BANK STREET, WARRINGTON.

JOHN BULL

AND

HIS OTHER ISLAND.

BY

ARTHUR BENNETT.

"You do not understand the Irish," said O'Grady.

"Und'stand!" exclaimed Furlong; "I pwonounce the whole countwy quite incompwhensible!"

Handy Andy.

II.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LIMITED,
4, STATIONERS' HALL COURT, E.C.
WARRINGTON: "SUNRISE" PUBLISHING CO.
1890.

PRINTED BY ASHTON & CROMPTON, EAGLE PRINTING WORKS,
UPPER BANK STREET, WARRINGTON.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

On board the "Voltaic"—The mystery of the boat—Donaghadee—The Maidens—Paddy's Milestone—A charming coast—An Atlantic Liner ashore—Fair Head—A curious illusion—The Paps of Jura—Giant's Causeway—An intelligent Nationalist—Dunluce Castle—Portrush—The entrance to Lough Foyle—Two Loyalists on the situation—The spire in the distance—Boom Hall—The Maiden City and the story of its heroism—"In shadowland"—We interview a Dissentient Liberal in a whisky shop—The walls by moonlight... ... ... 1—23

CHAPTER II.

"A terrible asthmatic"—The rival flags—Politics at the door of the Cathedral—A Catholic Unionist—An impressive service—A Catholic farmer on the prospects of persecution—"Home Rulers to a man"—The new Lord Leitrim—On the shores of Lough Swilly—A rude pathway—We shelter in a fort—A wild outlook—The skeleton forest—Buncrana—We discuss Home Rule—Alarming prospects—The German waiter—The Irish Society... ... ...24—42

CHAPTER III.

We visit the Cathedral—We see the Lady Day procession—Off to Gweedore—Our fellow-passengers—Letterkenny—The girl on the car—"Lots of loyal people in Ireland"—The other girl on the car—Barnes Gap—Mulroy Bay—Sheep Haven—An awful scene—Dunfanaghy—Difficulties in our path—Off again—McSwine's Gun—A weird ride—The legend of Will-o'-the-Wisp—The lights in the distance—What became of us ... ...43—63

CHAPTER IV.

An evicting party on the war-path—We follow them—Our driver leaves us—A suspicious public and a surly priest—On the look-out—A wretched home—The approach of the police—The history of the red-headed man—Gweedore Bay—Musing — We witness the evictions, and make the acquaintance of Father MacFadden—The good sheriff—An Irish Darby and Joan—Two stories of oppression—A Nationalist cock—Father MacFadden on the evictions—The reminiscences of Sheelah MacBride ... ...64—101

CHAPTER V.

Back to Letterkenny—Glorious scenery—The shoulder of Errigal—Singular mountains—The tragedy of Glenveigh—Where the missing man was found—A boycotted driver—How the system is worked, and what the Judges thought of it—By the cabin fire—A silent town... ... ...102—127

CHAPTER VI.

A boycotted shopkeeper—Derry again—Coleraine—Portrush—Travelling by electricity—The ruins of Dunluce—The Banshee Chamber—The cave beneath the Castle—We reach the Causeway—In Portcoon Cave—Dunkerry Cave—Guides and guide books—An Irish-American on Home Rule—The Pleaskin—Spanish Bay—The Armada mixed—The Giant's Amphitheatre—The Causeway itself, and the origin thereof—The wonder of it—The Giant's goods and Chattels ... ...128—148

CHAPTER VII.

We start for the Loyal Capital—A Drive of sixty miles—The rebel carman—The bridge of ropes—Carrick-a-Rede — Ballycastle—"God Save Ireland!"—A churlish driver—"The sweetest village in Ulster"—The daughter of the kirk—News of the riots—Garron Tower—Glenarm—Larne—A disgusted Gladstonian—Belfast—"My Sweetheart" is fired at—The muster-roll of the Orange Army... ... ...149—174

CHAPTER VIII.

I indulge in retrospection—My visit to the Mourne Mountains—A new solution of the Irish difficulty suggested—Antrim—Round Towers and their origin—The home of Viscount Massereene—The largest lake in the Kingdom—Shane's Castle—The mysterious passage—The Bloody Hand—Anecdote of the last of the O'Neills—A plea for the landlords—Back to Belfast ... ...175—198

CHAPTER IX.

The Loyal Capital—We visit the largest flax mill in the world—Through the region of the riots—The battle-ground—The struggle at the Tramway Depôt—The Queen's Islandmen, and the weapons with which they fought—A sullen populace—How the riots commenced—The three Colleges—The Botanical Gardens... ... ... 199—214

CHAPTER X.

I am warned by a policeman—I visit Shankhill—My conductor—Effects of the rioting—The battle at the Brickfields—The crowd in Falls Road—The Black Watch appear—— How the police were hated—The opinion of the Commissioners—A modern Reign of Terror—Our final ride—"Balfour, Balfour, and more Balfour!"—Nightfall—A town in suspense—On board the "Dynamic"—Will Ulster fight?—We pass out into the darkness ... ...215—240

JOHN BULL

AND

HIS OTHER ISLAND.

—:o:—

CHAPTER I.

ON BOARD THE "VOLTAIC"—THE MYSTERY OF THE BOAT—DONAGHADEE—THE MAIDENS—PADDY'S MILESTONE—A CHARMING COAST—AN ATLANTIC LINER ASHORE—FAIR HEAD—A CURIOUS ILLUSION—THE PAPS OF JURA—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY—AN INTELLIGENT NATIONALIST—DUNLUCE CASTLE—PORTRUSH—THE ENTRANCE TO LOUGH FOYLE—TWO LOYALISTS ON THE SITUATION—THE SPIRE IN THE DISTANCE—BOOM HALL—THE MAIDEN CITY AND THE STORY OF ITS HEROISM—"IN SHADOWLAND"—WE INTERVIEW A DISSENTIENT LIBERAL IN A WHISKY SHOP—THE WALLS BY MOONLIGHT.

At eleven o'clock on the night of the 13th of August, 1886, Mr. Richardson and I set forth upon our second journey to that Other Island in

which John Bull is so deeply interested, and of which we retained so many pleasant memories. But, on the present occasion, we expected to see it in a new aspect, for our destination was the Loyal North. We were bound for Derry. Amid a crowd of passengers, we stoood together on the deck of the "Voltaic" as she slipped from her moorings in the Clarence Dock, and, under the light of a misty moon, glided out into the Mersey. Silently we floated down the silent stream and past the silent vessels, the masts and spars of which looked ghostly in the gloom; and watched the twinkling lamps on either shore grow gradually less; or, standing at the stern, looked down upon the silent boat which followed in our wake, its occupants as silent and as motionless as blocks of stone. We passed the docks, and left the lightships and the land, and clove our pathway to the open sea. The mighty city had faded into the dim distance, and the heaving waste of waters was forsaken. But still the little boat flew on behind us. When and how she had been attached, and why she followed us was a mystery we could not fathom. But when we reached the bar the silent figures seemed to come to life again, and presently we saw them try to loose the rope that bound them to the ship, and finally succeed;

and then, with a sudden jerk, the tiny craft was free; and oars were plied, and all at once they mystically fell behind, and rapidly receded, as, with throb of engines and with flash of foam, we ploughed our pathway through the deep. And now we learnt that they had journeyed hither in the hope of meeting some vessel and guiding her to port, and that the river pilots were in the habit of availing themselves of this easy method of getting out to sea. We did not envy them their weary interval of waiting, and, as soon as they had vanished I turned aside, for the wind blew coldly and the hour was late, and in the shelter of my cosy berth lay musing till I fell asleep.

We passed the Calf of Man in the early morning, and when I awoke and peered through the porthole I found that we had not yet sighted Ireland. Accordingly, I indulged, for a time, in that half-dozing, half-waking reverie which is such a pleasing prelude to the duties of the day. But, when next I glanced outside, I discovered that we were sailing along the coast of County Down with its green and cheerful slopes, dotted here and there with human habitations, and resting peacefully beneath the shadowy morning sky. We rose and went on deck, and, keeping close to

the shore, came to Donaghadee, with its ancient rath, and vague traditions of a University which is said to have formerly stood upon the level piece of land to the south of the town, and to have been destroyed by the Danes. To the north, was Copeland Island; and in the rear of this the sea ran inland to the northern capital.

Another stretch of coast, gradually getting more hilly and picturesque, and we descried, ahead of us, the Maidens, two low, white rocks which rise abruptly from the water side by side, in a position so dangerous that on each of them a lighthouse has been erected to warn the mariner away. To the left of these, the land curved westward a little, and here the gulf begins at whose mouth the town of Larne is situated. And now the coast increased in beauty every moment. Away to the east, we could see the dim outlines of Wigtown and Ayr, with Ailsa Craig, the grim rock-sentinel that stands like a giant, half-submerged, but lifting, unsubdued, his rugged brow to heaven—a steep where multitudinous sea-birds throng, and rend the air with cries and clamour indescribable. This striking islet lies about midway between Glasgow and Belfast, and is popularly designated "Paddy's Milestone." Directly north were the low hills

of the Mull of Kintyre. And then the elevations on our lee fell back from the shore somewhat, and we could see Glenarm, embowered in foliage, and nestling at the foot of a semicircle of smiling slopes, bathed in sunshine and kissed by the wavelets. The further cliffs were more precipitous, and cloaked in trees; and on their crest rose Garron Tower, the residence of the Marquis of Londonderry, the then new Viceroy, whose term of office was destined to mark a fresh departure in Irish politics, and to inaugurate a régime of firm government as novel as it was necessary. Passing Garron Point, we reached Red Bay, encompassed by delightful hills; and, leaving Cushendall amid its foliage, we came to Cushendun, where, right ashore, a huge Atlantic liner lay, surrounded by a crowd of smaller craft, which belched into the air a continuous cloud of sooty smoke, while, from the larger vessel's side, a stream of water poured. It was the "Lake Champlain," of the Beaver Line; and the story ran that she had accidentally gone ashore in the attempt to land some stowaways. The steamers that surrounded her were now engaged in pumping out the water she had shipped, and strenuous efforts were being made to get her afloat again, and into such a state of repair as was

possible, looking to the serious nature of her injuries.

Next we passed Tor Head, the Scottish coast growing ever more and more distinct; Arran, with its lofty mountain, Ben-na-ghoil, upspringing in the distance, and the Mull of Kintyre now quite close at hand. And at last we neared Fair Head, 636 feeet in height, and one of the finest objects on the coast. Sloping a little from the sea, it suddenly rises in a great, perpendicular wall of rock, singularly even in its outline, with no projections or ravines to mar its regular proportions, a solid bastion that guards the coast as if some fabled architect of old had planned it, and summoned to his aid the genii to execute the vast design.

Approaching Rathlin Isle, we were struck by the contrast between its white cliffs and green fields and the dark rocks of the mainland. We sailed between the two. A portion of the island consisted of a succession of crags so curiously formed and so quaintly intermingled that, in the distance, they looked exactly like the houses of some important seaside town. The resemblance was palpable to everybody, and I never saw a natural object that more nearly approximated in appearance to the handiwork of man. As this

strange spectacle was passed, the Hebrides stood out with ever increasing boldness. In the north-east, I could descry the conical Paps of Jura, and, to the left of them, the gentle hills of Islay. When last I had beheld them, it was in the early morning, from the deck of the "Clansman." We were moored in the narrow strait between Islay and Jura, over whose lofty mountains the sun was rising, touching them with fingers of silver, and lavishing an equal kindness on the narrow neck of water where we lay. They were now remote, and could only be seen in outline, whilst the hour was mid-day and the sunlight golden; but still the sister islands had a charm that was all their own; and something of the feeling which had possessed me when first I viewed those distant peaks from amid the shadows which they flung revived as once again I gazed upon their purple majesty.

The sail was a thing to be remembered. The glistening surface of the sea, in itself beautiful, was broken in every direction by glimpses of the land, sometimes in misty undulations on the horizon's verge—sometimes so near that every object on the shore was visible to the naked eye. And here every object seemed interesting. Pretty villages and sunlit slopes would be

followed by treeless cliffs, or rugged rocks, or curious islands. Almost before we had ceased to think of Glenarm, we gazed on Garron Point ; and Garron Point had hardly faded from our view when our attention was concentrated on Fair Head ; whilst Arran and Kintyre were promptly suceeded by Rathlin, and Jura, and Islay. As we were surveying the latter, our attattention was suddenly directed to Carrick-a-rede, a tiny island bound to the land by a bridge of ropes which looked like a thread in the distance—an ærial footway whose perils we were soon to test for ourselves.

We were quietly contemplating a series of bold, precipitous cliffs, of uniform elevation, and semicircular in shape ; when someone remarked that we were opposite the Giant's Causeway. Although we had been eagerly expecting it all morning, we could scarcely realize that we were almost within a stone's throw of a phenomenon which has excited the wonder of the illiterate, and half-baffled the surmises of the philosopher, and given rise to all manner of queer legends, and attracted pilgrims from a score of realms ; and which is universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest natural wonders in the world. We had read and heard that first

impressions of the place were often disappointing, and that it was only on closer acquaintance that the marvel of it was fully manifest; and I must admit that, as we sighted the world-famed rocks from the deck of the "Voltaic," we were both inclined to endorse this view. It is true that the coast had a bold and imposing apppearance; but we were somewhat inclined to apply to it the word imposing in another and less complimentary sense; for the basaltic pillars which had been so often portrayed by photography, and depicted on canvas, and described by the pen, looked as if they had much in common with the other rocks we had seen, and in point of grandeur were altogether surpassed by the massive outline of the less famous Fair Head. But, as we moved along, I entered into conversation with an Irishman who knew the locality, and was able to show me its most noticeable features; and, with his assistance, I soon succeeded in tracing a distinct columnar formation on the face of the cliffs, which, if, to all appearances, much less regular than is represented by art, or stated by the enthusiastic compilers of the guide books, was still sufficiently extraordinary, even when viewed from the deck of a passing vessel. And, as I looked at the Pleaskin, which projected

boldly into the sea, its face unmistakably divided into pillars, clearly defined ; and at Spanish Bay, and the Giant's Amphitheatre, two mighty indentations the lofty shores of which bore evidence of a very unusual formation ; and saw the Giant's Organ, and the curious Steukans, with everywhere a glimpse of lofty columns rising towards the summit of the cliffs, I began to think more of the scene, and to anticipate with much interest the opportunity which we expected of returning by the coast and examining the place in detail. Of the actual Causeway little or nothing was visible from the steamer.

The Irishman with whom I was conversing intermingled his information concerning the coast with ardent arguments to prove that all the objections which had been raised against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill were absolutely devoid of foundation ; and that it was in every sense satisfactory, and those who opposed it must be totally ignorant of the circumstances of the case. But I was doubtful whether his own knowledge of them was as extensive as he seemed anxious to make me believe; for he had, he told me, lived in Liverpool for many years, and only at intervals did he pay a brief visit to Derry, in the neighbourhood of which his relatives resided ; and

certainly the information we subsequently acquired did not tend to confirm his assertion as to the practical unanimity of the people of Ulster in its favour. He was, to all appearances, a working man ; but he was well-read, and could refer with facility to the history of the Grattan Parliament, and to Irish history generally in support of his arguments.

From politics, however, we now turned to Dunluce Castle, which rose from the steep sides of a large isolated rock as if its walls were a continuation of the same, and the ruins and the rock inseparable. Viewed from the sea, the latter might have been a lower platform protruding from the loftier cliffs that formed the shore ; but, in reality, it stands apart from them, and, as we found when we afterwards visited it, is only connected with them by a narrow ledge which crosses a deep chasm. Beyond, we saw the White Rocks, which are riven with multitudinous caves; and further still, the town of Portrush on its promontory ; and, right before us, in misty outline, for the sky was now slightly overcast, a reach of hills that might have been mistaken for another of the Hebrides had it not been for the fact that we were nearing the mouth of Lough Foyle, from whence the Irish mainland itself runs far

away to the north, to terminate, at Malin Head, in the most northerly portion of the coast.

Again there was land on each side of us, and, passing Green Castle, the dilapidated stronghold of the O'Dohertys, and the Dunagree Lighthouse, we sailed between Magilligan Point and the famous Inishowen Head into the placid waters of the Lough, and paused at Moville, its white houses and churches dotting the gentle green undulations which extend upon the right as far as Derry, gradually becoming more elevated and barren, and usually terminating in heather-covered hills, which gave us a delicate foretaste of the wilder hills beyond that throng the lonely heart of Donegal. At this little watering place the vessels of some of the great American lines are accustomed to call. It is the principal centre of the emigration from the north, whilst its attractions as a seaside resort are by no means inconsiderable.

As soon as the narrow entrance to the Lough was left behind, the inlet expanded to the eastward until it resembled a huge lake of rudely triangular form, its western shore, near which we sailed, fertile and hilly, and, in many places, specked with houses, or covered with trees ; its eastern side apparently less undulating, and but

dimly visible by reason of the distance and the vagueness of the day.

I now had the opportunity of hearing the opinion of another Irishman on the Home Rule question, and it was diametrically opposed to that of my acquaintance of the morning. He was a resident of Derry, and, according to his version of the case, practically all the respectable inhabitants of the Maiden City were hostile to the late scheme, and, throughout the whole district, its supporters were in an almost hopeless minority. I was likewise much interested in talking to an agreeable young native who told me that his relatives owned the best part of the land in the vicinity of Red Castle, which we were now passing; and that his ancestors had themselves erected White Castle, a little further on, and an adjacent mansion now in ruins. He informed me that the principal landowner in the district had not received any rent for quite a lengthy period. Naturally, he was strongly antagonistic to Home Rule; and he took a great pleasure in chaffing an old sailor with ardent Nationalist proclivities and a genuine Irish brogue, telling him that he was an Irish-American, and one of the worst enemies of his country. The old man heard him with reciprocal good-humour. He proudly admitted

that he *was* a naturalized citizen of the United States, and "hailed Columbia," with some emotion, as "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

As the afternoon progressed, the Lough began to narrow again; and we presently caught a far-off glimpse of the spire of Derry Cathedral. In course of time, our track dwindled to a river, with a deep channel, and fertile banks, which gradually grew closer and closer together as we approached the city, and were studded with parks and mansions; and soon the city itself appeared, covering a hill, on the highest part of which the spire rose quaintly skyward, with other spires arising from the jumble of curious streets and time-worn houses, which sloped in regular gradations up to meet it, and carried the imagination back to Camelot, the mystic city of the blameless king.

As we sailed up the narrowest portion of the stream, where the banks converge and the rigging of the vessel and the foliage on either hand were almost intermingled, we saw the small yellow house known as Boom Hall, and were informed that it was at this point that the besiegers of the city had constructed their celebrated barrier. I do not envy the man, be

his politics or creed what they may, who could approach the scene of this historic siege without enthusiasm. Cold indeed must be the bosom that has not been fired by the story of the gallant 'Prentice Boys: how, when the inhabitants were in despair and were making ready to surrender, and just as a throng of soldiers were hastening up to take possession of the place, they seized the keys from the guard, locked the Ferry Gate, and hoisted the bridge, the opposing forces being now only sixty yards away; how the rest of the populace applauded the deed, and, fired by the exhortations of the Rev. George Walker, whose monument, poised upon a lofty fluted column, overlooks the city which he saved, and is visible for miles and miles, took steps to organize their resources, and, behind the shelter of their walls of stone, resist the enemy to the last; how the besiegers threw a boom across the river, and the vessels which the citizens had expected to relieve them sailed away; and how provisions grew gradually scarcer until all the bread and the meat were gone, and they had to subsist on dogs and cats; how, in process of time, even these failed, and they resorted to hides and tallow; how, shrunk to shadows, they still held boldly out, and, urged on by the heroic Walker, vowed that they

would never surrender, though still no welcome masts appeared in the river, and, as they daily strained their eyes and scanned its waters, they still discovered no deliverance there, and round them swarmed the armies of the foe, growing ever more exultant, and ever more certain of success ; how, finally, they beheld two provision ships and a frigate approaching, and saw one of them charge the boom, but only to rebound and run ashore; how the enemy went wild with joy and sought to board her ; how the crew fired a broadside, and, under the influence of the shock, she floated once again ; how the boom was forced, and to the skeleton remnant of the defenders of the town the ships conveyed the supplies for lack of which they had daily died in multitudes, but never faltered in their stern resolve to guard it to the bitter end. For 105 days, foodless, and apparently forsaken, they had maintained the struggle ; and, at last, their heroism met with its guerdon ; and the 'Prentice Boys and the Maiden City became the glory of the North, and the story of their bravery one of the grandest in all the annals of warfare.

Some such thoughts as these stole through my mind as we glided quietly up the river, the maze of houses and streets and monuments

and spires enlarging every moment, till the iron bridge which unites the city to the suburb of Waterside appeared, and we were safely moored along the quay. Stepping ashore, we sauntered through the lower streets, and presently we reached the nearest gate, and passed beneath the walls. Everything seemed peaceable enough now, and, as we ascended the steep slope of the main thoroughfare, towards the square Town Hall, with its adjacent monument, and, continuing our course in the same direction, drew near the Cathedral, and paused at the Imperial Hotel, it was difficult to realize that this seemingly quiet locality had once been thronged with famishing soldiers, experiencing all the horrors of a cruel siege ; that, even now, a spirit of antagonism lay smouldering in the breasts of the rival populations who inhabit it ; and that, only two days before, on the anniversary of the Relief, the curate of the Cathedral had been wounded by a heavy stone, and a bottle containing gunpowder, with a burning fuse attached, had been flung in the track of the procession which had been organized to celebrate the event. And, though everything looked so peaceful, the streets were paraded by a large number of soldiers; and an exceptional force of constabulary had been drafted into the city until the Relief

Processions and the Catholic festivities in honour of Lady Day were over. Much as we both admired the courage of the people of Derry in the days of old, having regard to all these circumstances, we could not but regret that their posterity should see fit to commemorate it by party displays which, however innocent in themselves, were,to some extent, of the nature of an insult to the local Catholics, and provocative, not merely of rival demonstrations, but of dastardly outrages such as those I have described.

In the evening we strolled across the bridge to Waterside, and were astonished to discover, in the vicinity of the best houses, a large number of absolute hovels. From a distance, the whole suburb looked well-built, and almost luxurious. We were on high ground here, and had a rare view of the city, as the sun set and slowly folded it in shadow, which spread and spread until all was dusk except at one solitary point; and here the Cathedral spire uprose amid the ruddy light which vividly contrasted with the gloom that swathed all else, and, to the right, where the hills were loftier and the the river broadened, grew almost black, while from the dimness loomed some ghostly mansions

and a shadowy tower. But, to the left, the river curves abruptly round the city, and here the sunrays were only partially obscured, and fell upon the leaden waters, and were reflected in a dull red glare as if the flood that rolled beneath the bridge were intertwined with fire ; and, just below us, in the very foreground, a forest of masts and spars and rigging was weirdly visible amid the prevailing murkiness, as if a phantom fleet had anchored in the silent stream. And then, as the mysterious afterglow left the western heavens, a light began to twinkle here and there beyond it, and within the windows of the houses at our feet; while from the city came the music of a band that, softened by distance, stole thrillingly over the water and added to the general witchery.

Returning, we passed the prison, sufficiently handsome to have served a nobler purpose, and entering, I grieve to say, a whisky shop—of course in search of information—discovered that its owner was equally communicative and intelligent. He was not many seconds in making it evident that he was an ardent Protestant, and bitterly hostile to Home Rule. He had formerly, it seemed, been one of the leading Liberals in the town, and, in previous elections, had played an important part in the endeavour to return a

Liberal member, being officially connected with the Liberal organisation, but, on his discovering that Mr. Gladstone was about to espouse Home Rule, he transferred his allegiance to the opposite camp, and had since been equally diligent in promoting the interests of Mr. C. E. Lewis, who was the member at the time, the smallness of his majority being attributed to the unexpected defection, at the last moment, of a body of Liberals whose support had been relied upon. The owner of the whisky shop denounced Mr. Parnell and his coadjutors in unmeasured terms, declaring that nearly all the respectable inhabitants of Derry were dead against him and his proposals, and that his supporters were almost exclusively confined to the least reputable section of the community. He told us much about the city and its member, and spoke very intelligently, if somewhat partially, as to the evils which would follow the adoption of Mr. Gladstone's scheme; and he much amused us by his description of some of the Nationalist members, with several of whom he was personally acquainted; and notably by an anecdote concerning, if I remember rightly, the late Mr. Biggar, who had called upon him to solicit his services in the Nationalist cause, and who, in answer to his request to define Home

Rule, had told him that "Home Rule was Home Rule," a reply which had naturally provoked a somewhat scornful rejoinder. Does anyone know what it is? Its main exponent fails to enlighten us upon the subject.

The principal streets were crowded, especially with the younger portion of the community, of both sexes. Evidently the good folks of the city were addicted to an evening promenade and, in fact, as there are no regular places of amusement in it—for the citizens are "unco' guid," and somewhat heavy—their only resource was either to sit indoors or go for a ramble, the latter of which alternatives, on this beautiful August night, they very naturally preferred. I noticed that the mashers of the Maiden City, unlike their prototypes in England, did not appear to consider that tobacco was essential to their adequate equipment for the conquest of hearts. Rarely did we meet a fellow with either a pipe or cigar, or even a cigarette in his mouth; and yet, strange to say, the Derry girls appeared to appreciate their attentions, and to imagine that "a man's a man for a' that."

To escape the bustle, we repaired to the walls, which, curiously enough, were well-nigh deserted, although a lovelier promenade it would be

difficult to picture, for they are, in places, as wide as the streets themselves, and afford delicious glimpses of the river. The city which they enclose dates back for centuries. So long ago as the year 546, an abbey for regular canons of the Augustine order was founded here by St. Columbkille; in 1218 Furlogh Leinigh instituted an abbey for Cistercian nuns; and a Dominican friary was established in 1274 by the request of St Dominick. The walls are about a mile in circumference, and have six gates, one of which is a triumphal arch erected in 1789 to commemorate the centenary of the raising of the siege. It was a treat to tread the spacious paths which crossed the gateways, and to pause above them and survey the laughing crowds that filled the sloping streets; or to stand in the shadow of the few sickly-looking trees that still survive out of the thirteen that were planted on the walls in 1689; or look at the cannon which surmount them, prominent among which is Roaring Meg, said to have played an important part in the struggle, and the Memorial Hall, and the Cathedral, with their several relics of the same eventful time; or to gaze upon the lofty Doric column on the top of which the statue of the Rev. George Walker stands, with an arm extended over

the city he had saved, an arm which grasped a sword that is said to have fallen on the very day of the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill. The scene was fascinating to-night, for the moon was almost at the full, and, beneath her consecrating beam, the meanest object assumed some form of beauty ; and the irregular roofs of the quaint old houses, and the spires of the city, and the noble monument were steeped in the glamour of Fairyland ; while, as we stood at the base of that mute reminder of the past, a thousand lights were twinkling just below us in the humbler homes that lay beyond the walls, and, on the broadening river, further still, a silvery lustre shimmered as it softly rippled to the sea.

CHAPTER II.

"A TERRIBLE ASTHMATIC"—THE RIVAL FLAGS—POLITICS AT THE DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL—A CATHOLIC UNIONIST—AN IMPRESSIVE SERVICE—A CATHOLIC FARMER ON THE PROSPECTS OF PERSECUTION—"HOME RULERS TO A MAN"—THE NEW LORD LEITRIM—ON THE SHORES OF LOUGH SWILLY—A RUDE PATHWAY—WE SHELTER IN A FORT—A WILD OUTLOOK—THE SKELETON FOREST—BUNCRANA—WE DISCUSS HOME RULE—ALARMING PROSPECTS—THE GERMAN WAITER—THE IRISH SOCIETY.

THE next day was Sunday, and we had purposed attending service at the Cathedral in the morning; but, as we strolled along the walls, we met a chatty citizen who informed us that it was undergoing a thorough repair, and that it would be closed for some time to come. Observing that we were strangers, he added that, as he was himself taking a constitutional, he would walk with us a

little, "that is," said he, "if you don't object to my company." We were not long in ascertaining that he was a Scotchman, and he soon observed that he was also "a terrible asthmatic"; but he was extremely kind, and, under his guidance, we saw most of the principal buildings of the city. He was not a very ardent politician, and told us that, as regarded Home Rule, he did not think it would have either the good effects that its supporters, or the evil effects that its opponents respectively predicted. His views were Liberal, but he had voted for Mr. Lewis; not, however, because of any hostility to Home Rule, but simply out of personal admiration for that gentleman, and because he had done much for the good of the district. In the course of a long conversation, we learnt that his native place was Paisley, and that he was a baker. I may remark, in passing, that we came across several other out and out Scotchmen in our subsequent rambles, and everywhere in the north there is abundant evidence that a large proportion of the population are of Scottish origin. May the number multiply!

Having directed us to the Catholic Cathedral, this "terrible asthmatic" bade us good-morning; and, descending into the hollow which lies on this side the city, without the walls, we passed through

the poorest part of it, the streets crooked and disorderly, and the houses of the lowest class. It was, we found, the Nationalist quarter ; and its slovenliness and poverty confirmed the opinion which, from our talks with various people, we had already been induced to form that, in Derry, at least, the men who were against an Irish Parliament were those who had a stake in the country, and the men who were for it were those who had practically none. Near the monument a Union Jack was waving, to commemorate the Relief ; and we observed another flag, of a vastly different significance, its colour green, and inscribed upon it in white letters the words "Home Rule," which floated triumphantly, as if to bid defiance to the flag upon the walls, from the classic roof of a slaughter-house, an arrangement in which some people would doubtless have discovered a certain appropriateness. Passing the latter, we reached the Cathedral, a large and handsome building, but sadly lacking a tower and spire. The tower had, it is true, been commenced, but never completed, principally, we understood, because it was considered that the foundations would not bear the weight of the superstructure. We were rather early, and, as we waited for the door to open, we chatted with some of the people assembled

near it, among whom was a young man who did not hesitate to avow his belief that Home Rule would not benefit the working classes; and that, so long as things were being continually unsettled, as of recent years, good trade was quite impossible, an opinion which, coming from this quarter, somewhat surprised us, for we had been led to believe that the whole of the Catholic inhabitants of the city were in favour of the scheme, an assertion true, no doubt, in the main, but subject to more exceptions than the Parnellites are willing to admit.

The interior of the Cathedral is spacious, and, though not very gorgeously decorated, has a solid and graceful appearance. Large as it was, it was crowded in every part; I was much impressed, not only by the size of the congregation, but by their devout behaviour. Unmistakably, to them, religion was something more than a matter of custom, and church-going something far higher than a conventional habit which it would have been bad form to neglect. Everybody seemed to feel the presence of a sacred influence, to which the distant thunder of the organ, and the lights upon the altar, and the ascending incense administered; and to realize

that this was "none other but the house of God" and the very "gate of heaven."

After service, we strolled through the streets of this quarter of the city until we reached the trees and fields outside it; and, entering into conversation with a young Catholic who was returning from the Cathedral, we walked along with him, at a leisurely pace, up a gentle hill, at the top of which he resided in a picturesque and well-built farm-house, not far from the Cemetery. He was intelligent, strongly attached to his creed, and, though studiously moderate and courteous, profoundly convinced of the virtues of Home Rule. He utterly scouted the idea that, if the measure had passed, the Protestants would have been in any danger of persecution, and much regretted the intolerant spirit of the Orange party, a spirit which did not seem to exist in his own mind at all; and his great wish seemed to be that, while the religious liberty of everyone should remain inviolable, men of all shades of thought should unite in promoting the welfare of Ireland. He thought, however, that, much as such a course was to be deprecated, the Unionists of Ulster would probably fight if Home Rule were granted.

After dinner, though it rained in torrents, we took the train to Buncrana, a pretty watering-

place on the shores of Lough Swilly. The train was crowded, and it was clear that Buncrana is a favourite Sunday resort of the people of Derry. We found ourselves in a carriage with four young Irishmen from one of whom we speedily elicited the information that the people of Donegal were "Home Rulers to a man;" and that, if we closed our eyes anywhere in the county and put out our hands, the first object with which they came in contact would be a Home Ruler. The single line of rails over which we journeyed followed, for some distance, the left bank of the Foyle, passing the site of a ship-building yard, which had already been commenced, and from which great benefits to the commerce of the city were anticipated. Recently, business had been in a state of extreme depression, almost amounting to stagnation. The principal local industry is the shirt manufacture, for which Derry is, I believe, the chief centre in Ireland.

Leaving the Foyle, we presently had a good view of the Greenan Hill, on the loftiest point of which is the Grianan of Aileach, the remains of a royal palace which ranks among the oldest in the country, and which some have supposed to be a temple dedicated to the worship of the sun. Soon we approached a stretch of

water which gradually expands until it becomes a gigantic gulf whose outlet is invisible, and we learnt that we were gazing on the broad surface of Lough Swilly. Away to the west, the masts of a British cruiser rose above the leaden waves; and, far beyond, although, to us, the lough appeared, at this point, to narrow to its end, it still runs inland to receive a stream which flows to meet it, and finally break upon the smiling slopes below the town of Letterkenny. Presently we pass Fahant; from whence a ferry boat plies to Kerr's Bay, on the opposite shore. It was, I believe, to this ferry, that the ill-fated Lord Leitrim was driving when he was assassinated in a gloomy wood some miles away, an incident which, as the reader will remember, was one of the earliest scenes in the carnival of blood that has since stained the green fields and darkened the fair fame of the sister isle. While no one gave the murdered nobleman a good name, the opinion of the district was unanimous in acknowledging the admirable qualities of his successor, who was said to be doing his utmost to develop its resources and promote the welfare of the population. Hence he had won "golden opinions from all sorts of people."

At last we arrived at Buncrana, where the

line terminates ; and, sauntering past the Lough Swilly Hotel and the lighthouse, we reached the shore. We had not been here long before the sky, which, though the rain had cleared off as we left Derry, had been dark and threatening during the whole journey, began to relieve its over-charged feelings by shedding tears again ; and, as we were looking about for a place of shelter, we came across the young Irishmen with whom we had travelled hither. They seemed disposed to make themselves agreeable, and so we accompanied them, they undertaking to show us what there was to be seen in the neighbourhood. Accordingly we left the shore, and, crossing a fine, well-built stone bridge over a darky, turfy river, and leaving a large house, to which the road led, just in front of us, we turned abruptly off to the right, into a thick wood, and found ourselves before a great square tower, the remains of an old castle of the O'Dohertys. A mark was shown to us upon the walls tower which tradition reported to represent the height of one of the family. He certainl exceeded the people of this degenerate age in stature, if not in wisdom. And I have my doubts as to the latter.

Emerging from the wood, we crossed a field

or two, and found ourselves again upon the shore ; and, following a path that led to a stone fort a short distance ahead of us, we were soon stumbling over immense boulders which almost blocked the way, the track terminating in a sort of diminutive chaos ; and, the rain at this moment coming down in torrents, we skipped from stone to stone with a speed which rendered it extremely probable that some of us would celebrate the occasion by dislocating our ankles. Fortunately we managed to avoid this catastrophe, and presently arrived at the entrance to the rude little fort, and knocked at the door, with many misgivings as to the reception we should receive from its inmates. It was opened by a soldier in a very *undress* uniform consisting of a shirt and a pair of trousers, and we were warmly welcomed; partly, no doubt, with a view to a prospective tip, and partly because of the probability of our patronizing the beverages which were dispensed within for the benefit of the thirsty traveller. In a little chamber near the entrance, we found quite a crowd of good people sheltering from the storm. After noticing the few cannon that were mounted in front of the building, we were conducted by our military friend up a dark stair to a long, dark room, at the

end of which he and the man who was, so far as we could see, his sole companion in arms had fitted up their berths ; and where a few rifles and other professional appurtenances lay in sundry nooks and corners. Continuing the ascent, we reached the highest portion of the fort, from whence we had a grand outlook over the Lough. In front of us the last struggle between the forces of the Crown and those of France, which had been despatched to assist the Irish in the rebellion of 1798, had taken place. It struck us both rather forcibly that if, at the present time, an invading fleet were to sail up Lough Swilly, it would not have much to fear from this tiny fortress from the roof of which we gazed upon the scene of the former exploits of the rival war-ships. And a grander scene than that which met our eyes this afternoon it would have been difficult to imagine. For now the whole heaven was swathed in driving clouds, and every hill as black as if a blight had breathed across it. To the left was a wide expanse of dark and hissing water, into which the cheerless rain poured constantly ; and, far away beyond, the waters met the dismal hills, with nothing to relieve their lonesomeness except the solitary vessel, that looked blacker than all else as it floated, motionless, upon the

brine. Before us was the same wide waste of water, agitated at the contact of the rain, and, over it, the same desolate slopes, that only ceased to meet a desolate and awful sky ; while, to the right, the liquid inkiness stretched further still, until we lost it as it wound amid the land to mingle with the open sea ; and, in the rear, were fields that shared the universal gloom, and, just below the roof on which we stood, skirting the Lough, and almost hiding every house from view, and, shadowing the rocky path by which we came, a stunted, bent and sea-swept wood, its trees all bowed to the earth by the fury of the winds, and well-nigh leafless, the very branches bleached and shrunk as if the life had left them, and the wood were but the ghostly skeleton of some strange forest of the past.

The outlook was entrancing in its very sombreness, and we were long before we turned away. No sooner had we reached the outside of the fort again, however, than the rain renewed its violence ; and, rushing to a huge bank, we scrambled over it, and found shelter underneath a hawthorn bush which it protected from the sea, and which, in consequence, possessed unusual vitality, and had been specially favoured by Nature with a garb of leaves. When at last

the elements abated their fury, we strolled on to the village. Save for the fact that there were a few good residences in the vicinity of the lighthouse, Buncrana was much like the generality of Irish villages—one long street, with poor-looking white cottages on each side of it sparsely interspersed with provision, and plentifully with whisky shops, and, close at hand, a church or two. In one of these cottages we made merry until the rain finally cleared off, and then we rambled slowly towards the station. And now the clouds caught up their dusky skirts and commenced to trail themselves away, while, right in front, a vague and misty rainbow flung a doubtful radiance on them; and then the sun began to reassert his strength, and glimpses of blue were visible; and from every hill the dim shroud that had haunted it rolled off, revealing yellow cornfields and sweet "spots of greenery" where all before had borne the marks of barrenness, and looked, beneath the lowering atmosphere, as dark as death. To every place alike the sunshine sometimes comes, and nowhere in the world or out of it need men despair.

Our admiration of the landscape had been varied by a long and interesting conversation with our Irish companions, one of whom was an

ardent politican, and as intelligent a Home Ruler as I have ever had the privilege to meet. With him, the question had nothing to do with the land, which is, I think, in the majority of cases, at the root of the evil. He was a tailor, and frankly stated his opinion that the small farmers were thoroughly selfish, and had, in joining the Home Rule party, an eye to their own interests rather than to the good of their country. He looked at the matter from a wider standpoint altogether; and, though I had to demur to many of his premises, I was bound to admit that, assuming their accuracy, his conclusions were singularly logical. I was equally struck with the moderation of his tone and his transparent sincerity in declaring that he believed that Ireland had no desire whatever for separation, and that it would be absolutely ruinous to *her*. "Then why not accept the principle of federation?" I suggested, "under which the country might have a large measure of local freedom with less danger to the integrity of the Empire, and the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament?" Because, he argued, federation is impossible until you have something to federate. The creation of local parliaments should precede the organization of an Imperial Parliament. To endeavour to

federate at the present time would be like tryingt to rear the walls of a house before laying its foundations. Moreover, Ireland just now required all her talent for the purpose of remoulding her local institutions, and starting her on the road to prosperity. Meanwhile, she was quite content to leave imperial affairs in British hands, without for a moment relinquishing her title to an ultimate voice in their management. I then twitted him as to the peculiar way in which a portion of the Irish nation illustrated their loyalty to the crown and their devotion to the Empire; and asked him how it was that, if they loved us so much, they rejoiced at the successes of the Mahdi, and gloried in our tribulation; how it was that, if they believed in unity, Mr. Parnell had declared that he would not be satisfied until he had *"destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England"; and that his compatriots hissed the National Anthem and flaunted before the world

* Mr. Parnell disputed having used this expression, but the Judges on the Special Commission state that "the evidence leads us to the conclusion that Mr. Parnell did use the words attributed to him, and they certainly are not inconsistent with some of his previous utterances." And we must not forget that he himself admitted before them that certain other words attributed to him must have been used with the deliberate intention of misleading the House of Commons. It is well to recall these things when we are asked to accept his word as his bond, and, on the strength of it, to hand over to him Government of Ireland.

a flag that bore the emblem of a crownless harp. I told him that Englishmen distrusted "the uncrowned king" and his coadjutors; and that they could not understand the sudden change in the men who, only a little while ago, had abused us with unmitigated virulence, and vented their spleen in repeated attempts to dishonour the House of Commons and cast a stain upon the English name. How the late scheme, even if it were accepted in good faith by Mr. Parnell, would never satisfy the Irish Republican Brotherhood, for instance, or the dynamitards beyond the sea; how, if I were an Irishman, I should protest against the inferiority to which the project would have consigned the nation; how the men who had execrated landlordism upon a hundred platforms would be be unwilling to allow their communistic instincts to be thwarted by a propertied order in the Dublin Parliament; and how, moreover, if rumour were to be relied upon, the passing of the measure would be the signal for the outburst of a dreadful civil war. He answered these objections well and plausibly, but the gist of his argument, after all, only amounted to this: though the scheme might not be the best conceivable, and though it might not altogether meet the wishes of the Irish people, Mr. Parnell

had promised, in their name, that it would be accepted as a final settlement, and the nation would abide by the engagements of its leaders; that it was not fair to hold them responsible for every assertion which they had made in the heat of the controversy; and that the manifestations of disloyalty to which I had referred were prompted by the irritation which was inseparable from "centuries of wrong," and would disappear as soon as the legimate requests of the people were granted. As to the Orangemen fighting sooner than submit to the scheme, he pooh-poohed the idea; and another of our companions told us of an Orange friend of his who had laughingly admitted that the cry of civil war was all humbug, though very useful in England.

The train by which we returned was packed, and many people who were staying at Buncrana came down to the station to see their friends off. We found, in the carriage we occupied, an Irishman who, though a strong Home Ruler, believed that the question ought to be settled on federal lines; but I am bound to admit that he was the only person we had met in our rambles thus far who seemed to look upon such a solution of the difficulty as preferable to that aggregation of

absurdities euphemistically known as the Bill for the Better Government of Ireland.

Before retiring for the night, we arranged to start, the next morning, for Gweedore *via* Letterkenny, thus seeing some of the finest portions of the Donegal Highlands, first, however, witnessing if possible, the procession which was expected in honour of Lady Day. We had almost completed our arrangements when a gentleman who had overheard our conversation informed us that he himself had, on the previous afternoon, arrived at Dunfanaghy, with the intention of proceeding to Gweedore, when he learnt that the hotel at that place was crowded with the constabulary, who were carrying out a large number of evictions in the district ; and that, if he went, he would find that there was not any accommodation available. But, on hearing of the evictions, we became doubly anxious to carry out our intention, and from him we turned to the waiter. He was a German, newly-imported, and only just beginning to acquire the art of speaking intelligible English, and he was not able to vouchsafe us much further information, though he was extremely civil, and, in real intelligence, about as much superior to the ordinary English waiter as that in-

dividual is superior to the orang-outang. He was acquainted with Schlegel, and Heine, and Schiller, and Goethe, and his eyes fairly sparkled with appreciation at the mention of their names. In fact, the poets and philosophers of his own country were, to him, apparently as familiar as the alphabet. After talking about the beauties of Schiller, I mentioned Wagner, and he immediately exclaimed, "Ah, Wagner! Yes, he was the tone-poet,—the music-poet!" a singularly apt definition of the great composer. I wonder what effect the mention of Shelley or Keats would have upon the average English waiter? The odds are ten to one that if, by any chance, an enquiring foreigner were to name them to him he would stare into vacancy and conclude that his querist was an idiot.

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;"

but thou art lamentably ignorant, and, unfortunately, this ignorance is not confined to thy waiters!

We found that several members of the Irish Society, the Corporation to whom Derry was granted in the reign of James the First, were staying at the hotel; and, during our visit to the city, the papers were full of particulars as to their proceedings. They are the principal local

property owners, and pay an annual visit to the place. To them everybody with a grievance appears to resort, and one little item which we noticed in the next morning's papers was a modest request from the Derry Council that they would kindly contribute £10,000 towards the cost of the new ship-building yard which I have mentioned.

Ere we fell asleep, we decided to go, in spite of the warnings we had received, at least as far as Dunfanaghy the next day, and shape our after movements according to the news we might obtain on our arrival, each mentally resolving that, though the adventure should involve our sleeping in a mud cabin, we would, by some means, get to Gweedore, and witness the evictions.

CHAPTER III.

WE VISIT THE CATHEDRAL—WE SEE THE LADY-DAY PROCESSION—OFF TO GWEEDORE—OUR FELLOW PASSENGERS — LETTERKENNY — THE GIRL ON THE CAR—"LOTS OF LOYAL PEOPLE IN IRELAND"—THE OTHER GIRL ON THE CAR—BARNES GAP—MULROY BAY—SHEEP HAVEN — AN AWFUL SCENE — DUNFANAGHY — DIFFICULTIES IN OUR PATH—OFF AGAIN—MC'SWINE'S GUN—A WEIRD RIDE—THE LEGEND OF WILL-O'-THE-WISP—THE LIGHTS IN THE DISTANCE—WHAT BECAME OF US.

We were up betimes, and, after a peep at the Cathedral, which was built in 1633, and which we found in a state of complete confusion owing to the alterations and extensions that were in progress, and seeing the ball which, it is said, was fired into the city during the siege with a message inside, this being about the only relic recognizable amid the general dust and disorder,

we ascended the tower, up a long flight of dark steps and an awkward ladder; and were rewarded for our trouble by a beautiful view of the city and the stream which half encircles it.

Although we had not been able to learn anything definite in reference to the Lady Day celebrations, it was evident that something was in the wind, for, at every corner, were stationed small groups of constabulary, and a Highland regiment had just gone down the street with swinging tread, as if they meant business. The "Derry Journal," the local Home Rule organ, had strongly discountenanced the processions, as being likely to lead to disturbances; and all the better class inhabitants, of both parties, seemed to be of the same opinion, for the place was still in a very excited condition, and the incident which had occurred on the day the Relief was commemorated was fresh in everybody's mind. Descending from the tower, we at last succeeded in ascertaining that, to avoid the chance of conflict, it had been decided that the Catholic bands should not parade the city, but should march directly down to the railway and take the next train for Buncrana. Now, our great fear had been that, by having to leave early, we should miss the procession; but, as we had ourselves

arranged to go to Letterkenny by this very train, we found that we should have an opportunity of seeing it to the best advantage; and so we hurried to the station, where already a considerable crowd had assembled in order to watch the start.

We had waited for perhaps ten minutes when we caught the distant strains of a band. The music grew gradually louder, and at last we discerned a number of men and youths attired in showy uniforms, and followed by a ragged multitude, turning the corner of the nearest street and making towards us. The procession was headed by an enormous flag, bearing the motto "Erin-go-bragh," and, on each side of this, marched a man with a flag that bore the American stars and stripes, the Union Jack being conspicuous by its absence. Among the various insignia which were held aloft by the processionists was a golden harp without a crown, in curious confirmation of my words upon the previous day. There was no disorder, and the procession was not nearly so large as we had expected, though this was doubtless chiefly owing to the feeling that, at the present juncture, it would be unwise to do anything calculated to rouse the passions of the rival sections of the populace.

The processionists having been conducted to special carriages, these were attached to our train, and, some fifteen minutes behind time, a matter, however, which, in this part of the world, is apparently an every day occurence, we started for Letterkenny. At Burnfoot the special carriages were detached and proceeded to Buncrana, whilst we diverged to the left, passing some interesting ruins, and riding through a fertile district where oats were largely grown, and where the farms appeared to be of a good size and the people moderately well off. This district is called the Laggan. Lough Swilly was visible during the greater portion of the journey, but we lost sight of it for a little while as we crossed the Inch peninsula, and, as we approached our destination, it receded and rapidly narrowed to its end. Among our fellow-passengers was an old farmer who looked prosperous and contented, and was dead against Home Rule, maintaining that the people who wanted it were those who, were too lazy to work, and that their poverty was largely owing to their indolence. Home Rulers were, he said, in a minority in this part of Donegal, an opinion that was confirmed at the next station by another respectable farmer who, joined us, and was acquainted with the first. The

latter voluntarily offered, if we would leave him our addresses, to send us a Derry paper occasionally, in order to let us know how things were going on in that part of the world.

Letterkenny is a pleasant place with a population of between two and three thousand. It is one of the principal agricultural centres in Donegal, and in and near the long winding main street there are some good buildings, including several banks, a Clock Tower, and a Catholic Cathedral. We found, on making inquiry at the hotel at which we lunched, that we could either take a private car across country direct to Gweedore, or proceed, in the course of a few minutes, by public car, to Dunfanaghy, from whence we should probably be able, by not losing any time, to reach Gweedore at a late hour in the evening. A through car runs to Gweedore from Letterkenny, *via* Dunfanaghy; but it starts in the early morning, and returns at a similar hour the following morning. Now, if we had taken a private car by the direct route to Gweedore, we should not have arrived until long after the day's evictions were over! and should either have had to leave again at about six on the following morning, and thus lose our opportunity of seeing the next day's proceedings, or else to

return in the afternoon by private car along the same route, thus missing the scenery *via* Dunfanaghy altogether; whereas, by journeying thither in the first instance, we should, if we were fortunate enough to get on by private car to Gweedore immediately on our arrival, have ample time to witness the evictions in the morning, and, by taking the shorter route, arrive at Letterkenny again on the following evening, which our subsequent arrangements rendered imperative. We accordingly decided to adopt this course, and, soon afterwards, drove away, well satisfied with ourselves and things in general, while, to add to the exhilaration of the prospective drive, I had the good fortune to obtain a seat beside a pretty Irish girl.

Leaving Letterkenny to the south, we passed the huge County Asylum, on a slight elevation to the right, the road slowly rising, and passing through a prolific district thick with corn and flax and potatoes, which sank behind us into a rich green basin that lay below the town in the vicinity of the mouth of the Swilly; and which, in retrospection, seems doubly fertile, as I think of the arid hills and dreary dales through which we journeyed later in the day. Here and there the honeysuckle bloomed, while the copses were, in many

places, gay with wild-flowers; and, now and again, the pretty blue flax flower, by this time almost over, would deck the fields through which we drove. I also noticed a plentiful growth of shamrock by the roadside. I was struck with the scarcity of birds in this locality. In the Wilds of the West the roads had been quite gay with bright feathers and graceful forms, but here it was seldom indeed that these charming children of the air were visible. My fair companion was extremely agreeable, and conversed with intelligence on a variety of topics. I do not propose to gratify the reader's curiosity by giving a detailed account of these. Suffice it to say that they were of an interesting nature, and my friend evidently regretted that he could not apply to the present position the rules of arithmetic and multiply her by two. But I may safely divulge the fact that we did once or twice degenerate into politics; that I ascertained that her father had been a tenant of the late Lord Leitrim; and that she good-naturedly resented my insinuation that the people of Donegal were "Home Rulers to a man," and declared that there were "lots of loyal people in Ireland," but that they had to suffer for the acts of others, who had brought the whole country into ill-repute. After

a long ascent, we commenced a descent equally long; and, crossing the Lanna at Milltown Bridge, and catching a glimpse of Lough Fern, with Fern Hill to the west of it, passed a ruined abbey, founded by St. Columb, and entered the village of Kilmacrenan, and here we parted.

Another Irish lady, neither so young nor so good-looking, but not a whit less agreeable, was now my companion. She also was strongly hostile to Home Rule, declaring that the landlords were, on the whole, kindly disposed, and that the reason the tenants could not pay their rents was not because of the oppression of the owners of the soil, but because they gave their money to the League, and spent their time in attending meetings, and in idling, instead of endeavouring by their industry to fertilize the soil. She said that the great want of the country was capital; and that Home Rule, instead of remedying this want, would only tend to drive away even such capital as it already possessed.

We drove through Lurgy Vale, with Lough Keel upon the right, and crossed the little river at Drumbrick Bridge, where the direct road to Gweedore branches off to to the west, and, leaving in the distance Lough Salt Mountain,

and its adjacent lakelets, each about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, we entered the narrow and rugged pass known as Barnes Gap. After leaving Kilmacrenan, the weather had got gradually gloomier, until the lowering clouds that restricted our outlook more and more as the day wore on began to expend themselves in a drizzling rain, accompanied by a biting wind; and by this the sky was dark with driving vapour, and we could only see a few yards before us; whilst, on either hand, rising directly from the road, were dreary rocks and crags, absolutely sterile for the most part, and, in places, destitute of a single sign of human life. It was only once or twice that we met any of the people; and, once, a little band of ragged and half-starved children followed us for some distance begging, their importunity increasing with every gift. The Gap is lengthy, and dismal in the extreme; though undoubtedly the wild scenery was doubly wild to-day under the influence of the leaden sky and the ceaseless drizzle of the melancholy rain; and, when we left the crags behind us, and drove out into the open again, the hills that rose in the distance looked terrible indeed beneath their shrouds of mist.

Our route now led across an extensive moor-

land, crossing the Owencarrow, and we caught vague glimpses of Mulroy Bay, and then of Sheep Haven, away to the north; whilst, as we rode through Creeslough, with the lofty Muckish on our left, and Doe Castle, an ancient stronghold of the McSwines, where "a gallows is still preserved for unwelcome visitors," on the right, though invisible, we saw the wild waters of the latter to perfection, and, nestling on their brink, the beautiful domain of Ards, on a well-wooded peninsula. Further still, the great dark rock known as Horn Head shut in the view, and, piled in horrible confusion at the mouth of the Haven to the east of it, and visible again beyond it to the west, were great heaps of sand, flung hither by the fierce sport of the Atlantic, and rising like small mountains in every direction, more lonely in their seeming than all the rocks and moorlands we had passed. The awful aspect of the sky; the gloom that haunted all the plains and wrapped the hills and vales in sombre robes; the black waters of the Haven, flecked with multitudinous flakes of foam, as the wind swept madly over them, and breaking angrily upon the shore; the rugged, inky head, with its throng of sea-birds, spirits of the storm—these alone formed a picture seldom equalled in its solitude

and desolation ; but when to these were added the endless mounds of shifting sand, piled yonder by no mortal power, and barren as Sahara's self, the whole combined to constitute a landscape more wild and weird and mournful than anything I ever gazed upon, and filled me with a sense of awe that was overwhelming in its intensity. But, in spite of the grandeur of the outlook, we were not sorry when at last our drive of twenty-six miles terminated, and we rode into the wretched little village of Dunfanaghy. However, there was no time for rest. Far as we had journeyed, there still lay before us another journey longer still ; and, though already it was considerably after six o'clock, our first business was to enquire from the hotel-keeper whether it were possible to get a car to take us on to Gweedore, and whether, if we got there, we should be able to obtain a bed. His answer to the first question was an emphatic negative, and he expressed grave doubts in regard to the second. Evidently he desired us to put up in his own hotel for the night, and then to hire a car the next morning, which was business-like, but not what we wanted. We were not to be deterred by trifles, and were determined to see the evictions on the following day ; and, finding that we persisted, he at last imformed us

that he would order us a car, which would be ready in a few minutes; and so, having in the meantime bought a few biscuits and some cheese —the only fare available—at a poverty-stricken shop in the village, to eat upon the way, we found ourselves, shortly before seven o'clock, mounted on a car again, and off for a further drive of thirty-three miles, the sky being as gloomy as ever, and the night rapidly approaching.

Our spirits were high, for, in spite of all difficulties, we had succeeded in fulfilling the plan we had mapped out for ourselves, and, late as it was, were off to Gweedore. The possibility of our not being able to find shelter when we reached our journey's end was almost overlooked in the general feeling of satisfaction that possessed us as we ate our cheese and biscuits, with appetites that would not have disdained the rudest fare; and we laughed and joked in a manner which appeared to considerably astonish the boy who drove the car. Passing the Workhouse, the road for some distance skirted the sea, which ran up amid the interminable hills of sand in narrow, mysterious creeks which seemed to have no outlet; and ever in the background was the dark Horn Head, linked to the land by a sandy peninsula, and rising in isolated grandeur, a

solitary mass of black amid a wilderness of yellow. Upon the western side of it, white sheets of foam leapt up to an enormous height, clearly visible above the huge and lofty rocks that intervened ; for, just at this point, lies the famous cave known as McSwine's Gun, into which the grim Atlantic breakers dash with a roar resembling the discharge of artillery, and, when the wind blows in from the sea, rush up the rocks in great sheets of foam that rivet the attention miles away.

For a long distance we continued to follow the sandhills and keep near the sea ; then, running inland a little, we passed the Heathfield estate, and saw, at rare intervals, a few scattered huts, or a church or chapel ; and presently we skirted the beautiful Ballyconnell Park, the daylight gradually leaving us, and the roads becoming more and more deserted, until, in a dim half-light, for the sun had long since set, and the moon, though almost full, was hidden behind the thick clouds that stretched across the sky in every direction, we followed, for some distance, the intricate windings of Ballyness Bay, which creeps far up into the land, and becomes ever narrower and narrower as it winds along by the road, itself as narrow as a river, until, at last, a little river

joins it, and, soon afterwards, we strike directly south.

Ballyconnell House is the residence of Mr. Olphert, and the adjacent village of Falcarragh was the centre of the evictions which were soon to furnish politicians in search of an argument with a text from which to preach to a gaping English public some of the most senseless sermons which have ever fallen even from the lips of the English philanthropists who have suddenly taken to expounding the gospel according to Parnell. The land is very poor, and the people are, doubtlesss, badly off; but Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, the distinguished American to whom we are indebted for "Ireland Under Coercion," one of the most scathing exposures of the hollowness of the Irish agitation which has yet appeared, says that Mr. Olphert is a kindly man of pleasant manners, who has lived for fifty years among his tenants; and that the whole difficulty was due to the interference of Father Mac Fadden of Gweedore, and Father Stephens, the curate at Falcarragh; and that the parish priest, Father Mac Fadden of Glena, thought the quarrel "unjustifiable and silly." The estate consists of 18,133 acres, and is only valued at £1802 a year; and Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., who carefully investigated the question upon the spot,

tells us, in "Disturbed Ireland," that the whole quarrel arose because Mr. Olphert declined to accept a 20 per cent. all round reduction, and offered instead 25 per cent. to the non-judicial and 10 per cent. to the judicial tenants. He adds that there was not any doubt as to the capacity of the people to pay; that they were getting tremendous sums for their tenant-right; that the deposits in the local Post Office Savings Bank had gradually risen from £62 in 1880 to £494 in 1887; that every Protestant upon the estate had paid; and that, despite their poverty, the people were in a much better position than the unfortunate dwellers in the east end of London. He considers that "no more cruel act was ever performed than when the Plan of Campaign was launched in these bleak regions." The trouble, however, was still in the future, and our recollections of the vicinity are principally confined to a fleeting prospect of a wind-swept park, and of that phantasmal gulf by whose dim brink we journeyed as the darkness fell.

Leaving Bloody Foreland on the right, with Tory Island and its famous tower out amid the darkness to the north, we drove through hills and dales and fields that seemed well-nigh endless, and were only just discernible on

either hand, a shadowy, ghostly twilight shrouding everything, with here and there great tracts of mist on lower lands, and, higher up, the vague outline of some lofty hill; while, although we had left the sea behind, and were getting further and further away from it with every revolution of the wheels, we still imagined that, amid the gloom, we beheld its white waste of waters, and again and again were induced to believe that we were following some curious inlet, or traversing the shores of some mountain lake, though, in reality, the seeming stretches of water were hazy moors, or yellowing cornfields swathed in sheets of mist. The hills seemed haunted, and the valleys vague and lonely, and the plains as treacherous as the awful swamp beside the sea across whose dark expanse Sir Galahad went to find the Holy Grail. But no rose-red vision flashed athwart *our* path, and all the host of heaven had hid themselves, and men had left the busy world; and, if a house were seen, it seemed to loom from shadowland, and to be the home of noiseless ones who vanished with the day and left the world to spirits and to silentness.

We did not wonder that our driver believed in banshees, and could appreciate the superstitious shudder with which he answered my question as

to whether he had ever seen Will-o' the-wisp in these parts. "No, sor!" he replied, "nor I shouldn't like to!" But we did not learn until afterwards that, in Ireland, the mystical marsh-light is associated with a wild legend in which, strange to say, many of the people profoundly believe. It appears from this legend that Will was a terribly wicked fellow who, on being turned away from the gates of heaven on account of his sins, proceeded to another locality, more suited to his evil habits, and demanded entrance there. But, bad as were the occupants of that dreadful region, they were not so bad as he who clamoured for a place within; and they also absolutely refused to listen to his requests. With all that audacity, however, which one would expect in him with whom the very fiends refused to associate, he declined to leave the place unless the inmates would provide him with a light; and he persisted in his demands so long and so vehemently that at last they handed him a flaming wisp. And now he nightly sallies o'er the world, and bears the delusive light aloft, and flies from place to place until the weary traveller, toiling on behind, and dreaming that he sees amid the darkness the evidence of some friendly mortal presence,

is lured into some foul quagmire or lonely pool and lost.

Hearing such tales as this repeated by the old folks in the red light of the turf fire, and amid the solitude of some mountain waste ; living far away from any town, and, at times, almost entirely cut off from human intercourse., it is not to be wondered at that the people are superstitious, and that our companion dreaded even an ordinary natural phenomenon, and shuddered as his fancy pictured it the light that led the footsteps of a fiend.

The hours wore on, and the night grew colder and colder ; and our spirits were somewhat influenced by the temperature and the surroundings. Both Mr. Richardson and I were, by this time, almost silent ; and, really, though I am the reverse of superstitious myself, I should not have been much surprized had a banshee wailed across our path ; or had Will himself appeared, no simple phosphorescence, dancing o'er the moors, but dark and terrible, with fiery eyes. The journey seemed as if it would never end, and the further we went, the more lonely grew the landscape. At last we saw ahead of us a huger shadow-form than any we had passed as yet, and learnt that the dark outline, with mist at

its feet and about its shoulders, which seemed a thing impalpable, was the lofty Errigal, and that our gloomy ride was approaching its close. We were now only about a mile from our destination, said the driver, and glad indeed were we to hear the news. Naturally, we began to consider the lot that awaited us on our arrival. Was the hotel indeed crowded? and should we fail to find within its walls the rest we craved? And, if so, was there any other house in the vicinity, beneath whose roof, however humble, we might at least escape the icy atmosphere which, as the moaning wind subsided, grew more frigid still? The mile seemed as if it would never end. The minutes crawled away by slow degrees, but still we appeared to be as far off as ever; and it was long before we caught a distant glimpse of two brilliant lights, that shone cheerily amid the universal darkness, and noticed, on our left, a larger patch of white than any of those which, amid the general mistiness, we had previously mistaken for water, and found that this *was* water —that we were following the shore of Lough Nacung; and that the nigher light was the light of the hotel, and the remoter that of the constabulary barracks. But, beyond these, not a glimmer was visible whichever way we gazed, and

the whole land seemed utterly deserted. Our prospects were not cheerful, for these seemed to be the only available places of shelter in the district; and we could only wonder how many of the constabulary would be billeted at the barracks, and how many it would be necessary to find room for at the hotel; and whether, assuming that each were full, and even the shelter of a hut denied us, we should be able to repose, for the nonce, in any of the outbuildings.

Our suspense reached its climax when we drove into the yard. There seeemed to be a great bustle indoors, and it was some time before we could discover anyone except the domestics, who were running about in all directions, while, from sundry well-lighted rooms, provokingly loud laughter resounded, and merry jests were heard. And then the wife of the hotel keeper made her appearance.

"We have just got in from Dunfanaghy. Have you any room?" I asked, with some anxiety.

"No, sir; we're quite full!" she exclaimed. "In fact, we've just sent two gentlemen away!"

"Where have they gone?"

"To a house about a mile away!"

"Is it an hotel?"

"Oh, dear no! They will have to be content with whatever shelter they can get!"

Well, we were not at all particular. Could they not give us two or three chairs each, or provide for us in some way or other? Sooner than return to Dunfanaghy, or run the risk of not being able to find room elsewhere, we were ready to sleep in the buildings. Accordingly she promised to see what she could do for us, and then left us, in a state of mingled amusement and apprehension; and, in the meantime, we settled with the driver, gave him a hot drink, and found that, as soon as he had fed his horse, he was going to start on the long midnight ride back to Dunfanaghy. And presently, the good lady of the inn returned, to inform us that she and her husband would contrive to provide us with a stretcher in a tiny room on the ground floor; and, grateful for her kindness, and much gratified by the lucky turn affairs had taken, but thoroughly weary, we were able, in a little while, to fling ourselves upon our extemporized couch and fall asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EVICTING PARTY ON THE WAR-PATH—WE FOLLOW THEM—OUR DRIVER LEAVES US—A SUSPICIOUS PUBLIC AND A SURLY PRIEST—ON THE LOOK-OUT—A WRETCHED HOME—THE APPROACH OF THE POLICE—THE HISTORY OF THE RED-HEADED MAN—GWEEDORE BAY—MUSING—WE WITNESS THE EVICTIONS, AND MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF FATHER MAC FADDEN—THE GOOD SHERIFF—AN IRISH DARBY AND JOAN—TWO STORIES OF OPPRESSION—A NATIONALIST COCK—FATHER MAC FADDEN ON THE EVICTIONS—THE REMINISCENCES OF SHEELAH MAC BRIDE.

We rose soon after six, and proceeded to order breakfast at once, with the intention of taking a car immediately and following the force of constabulary, which, we found, had not yet left the hotel, though already a large number of cars were drawn up outside in anticipation of the start. But there were difficulties in our way. In

the first place, we found that there was not any chance of our breakfast being prepared until the sub-sheriff, who was superintending the evictions, and the constabulary officers, of whom there were a considerable number, had appeased their appetites; and that, secondly, we should not be able to procure a car until later on in the morning; so there was nothing for it but to accept the situation, and, like Mark Tapley, be cheerful under difficulties. Lamenting the appetites of the officers, yet anxious to follow their example, we paced about the hotel and grounds and endeavoured to ascertain something more definite in reference to their movements. There were in the locality, at the present time, about two hundred of the constabulary, a portion of whom were housed in the barracks just across the river, and others in the buildings; and the yard was full of them, some lounging about the stables, others watching the process of attaching the horses to the cars that were about to convey them to the scene of operations; but none of them seemed to know much about the day's programme; and it was only when, at last, the sub-sheriff and the officers appeared, and the cars turned out, and, in a long string that stretched right past the hotel and far away up the road,

and the men marched up and mounted them, two on each, with the driver in front, that I learnt from the sub-sheriff himself that first they were going up into the mountains, and would probably not be back for several hours ; that upon their return they proposed proceeding to Bunbeg, a village on the brink of Gweedore Bay at which several people had incurred the penalty of eviction ; and that our best course would be to follow them thither in the afternoon. This did not quite meet our wishes, as we had arranged to return to Letterkenny in the evening, and, if we waited to see the afternoon evictions, should probably not be able to get a car for so long a journey. However, we watched the procession, which consisted of nearly forty cars, set forth, and found that another body of men would follow on foot. The preparations were imposing, and the authorities were evidently too wide awake to undertake their unpopular duties without a sufficient force to keep the people in check in case any resistance shouldbe offered to the mandates of the law. All the cars had come from a distance, some from places as far as Dunfanaghy ; for it was, we heard, impossible to procure them from the inhabitants of the district where the evictions were to take place. Every-

thing we noticed made us the more determined not to miss a spectacle so novel, in a region so romantic; and we resolved to follow them, as soon as we could obtain a car, with all speed, and see the first evictions among the great hills across the river, if by any chance we could manage it.

But breakfast was still unready, and no car was to be had for love or money; and we chafed like caged lions to think that, while perhaps the most exciting incidents of the day were transpiring, we were doomed to saunter idly about the hotel.* It was built by Lord George Hill, the father of Captain Hill, the present proprietor. He was in the army, and being stationed at Letterkenny, he had many opportunities of visiting this part of Donegal. Charmed by the scenery and the sport which the region afforded, he gradually bought up the small and scattered properties of which it consisted, built the hotel, came to reside there and devoted himself to the development of his new estate. It was then in a condition of the most abject poverty, and the wretched holdings were being continally subdivided as the various families grew up and claimed their portion under the old Irish "randale" system. Nearly nine thousand

* I am indebted for these particulars to "Ireland Under Coercion."

people lived upon it paying their rents to the nominal owners when and how they pleased; they possessed among them one cart, one plough, eight saddles, two pillions, eleven bridles and thirty-two rakes; and the farms were so small that from four to ten could be harrowed in a day with one rake. There were only two feather beds among the entire population, and not a bonnet in the whole community. Lord George having acquired some twenty thousand acres, set himself to change all this. At first the people regarded him with suspicion, and his attempt to consolidate the farms and abolish the old system of infinitesimal subdivisions provoked considerable hostility. But, undeterred by difficulties, he persevered until he had effected a revolution. He erected storehouses, built a small harbour at Bunbeg, imported a doctor, advanced money to tenants who desired to improve their holdings, and introduced weaving and other industries among the women. A corn mill, a saw mill, and a flax mill were started; waste lands were reclaimed, roads were formed, and no effort was spared to encourage the people to make the best of their holdings and to co-operate with the landlord in developing the resources of the locality. It was poor enough and wretched enough yet in all

soberness, as we were soon to see for ourselves; but it clearly owed whatever was best in it to the energy and wisdom of this nobleman. His son was Captain Hill, the present owner, who had left the management to agents; and, at the time he succeeded to the inheritance, the Land League was beginning its operations. From this period the people appear to have been getting more and more unsettled, and to have gradually fallen back to their old habits of idleness, though evidence is not wanting that their poverty has been exaggerated; and that, if the subsequent troubles were partly owing to the vacillation of the landlord and the indiscretion of his representatives, they were perhaps more largely due to the influence of the priest and the remissness of the people.

At last breakfast was announced, and we proceeded to do it ample justice. In the meantime, the wife of the manager of the hotel had undertaken to send to a man who lived some distance away to ascertain if he would place himself and his car at our disposal. But the meal was ended long before the messenger returned, and for another hour or more we were doomed to wander about the hotel, afraid that we should either be too late to see the evictions,

or be compelled to start for Letterkenny before we had succeeded in discovering the sheriff. Our patience was rapidly becoming exhausted when we were at last informed that the expected car was ready. The next minute we were driving along the same road as that taken by the constabulary. We had journeyed about a mile in this direction when we saw a large number of them lounging ahead of us; and, pulling up, we entered into conversation with them, and found that the cars had gone into the mountains to the left to a place called Tor some five or six miles distant, and to get to which a long and steep defile had to be traversed. Hence it was that only two men had gone on each car, and that a portion of the force had followed them to this point on foot, and were here awaiting their return or the summons to hasten to their assistance. The rest of the force were expected back shortly, and, as soon as they arrived, the whole party were going on together to Bunbeg. It was consequently too late to think of proceeding to Tor, especially as we learnt that only one eviction had to be accomplished there. Hence we were inclined to loiter here awhile, chatting with those who remained. But our driver, who who, during the entire conversation, had looked

extremely ill at ease, here interposed with the remark that we had better drive on, as, if we were observed with the evicting party, it was possible that we might be maltreated ; and that he himself would not be seen in their society for £50, for, if he were, he would probably be "shpited" for ten years afterwards, whereas, if we went on to Bunbeg first, the populace would be inclined to surmise that we had no connection with them, and thus we should be comparatively free from danger; though he advised us to keep our distance while the evictions were being effected, as, in all likelihood, we should find that there were stones and other missiles flying about. Accordingly we drove away, our friend entertaining us with a story how, when, on a previous occasion, some evictions were to take place in the neighbourhood the people had assembled in great numbers and had surrounded the place where the mandate of the law was to be fulfilled, and prevented the constabulary from approaching it, with the result that they had returned without accomplishing their task. Among the other items of information he afforded us was the fact that formerly there had been much illicit distillation of whisky in the neighbourhood, and that the influence of the law had been quite unable to suppress it ; but that

the parish priest had set his face against it, and, by the power of his influence, speedily succeeded in completely stamping out the practice.

We had turned to the right, and were drawing gradually nearer to the sea, while the huts grew more numerous; and, presently, we passed two or three from which no smoke arose, and near to which there were not any signs of human life. Across the doorways of these, a number of wooden boards had been nailed to prevent anyone from entering. They were the houses from which the tenants had already been evicted; and close to one of them, but on the opposite side of the road, we saw a group of people some of whom stood upon a wall of turf, and, as we came into view, gazed at us long and earnestly, as if in doubt, at first, as to whether we were heading the constabulary. Of course they soon perceived that we were unattended, although they still eyed us with much curiosity. We, in our turn, were equally curious to learn on what they were all employed; for some of them were cutting square blocks of turf, and others arranging these one upon another in the form of walls. Were they making a turf stack? Surely not; there was a too studied regard for regularity in their labours to admit of this explanation; and

it might have been some poor outhouse—a rude pig-sty or shippon they were building. Was this so? No, said the driver. A portion of the group were members of a family who had been evicted on the previous day; and the others were their friends, who had assembled to assist them in making—for this was the task upon which they were engaged—not a stack, or a shippon, or a pig-sty, but a human dwelling, with walls and floor of common turf; and in this wretched habitation the poor creatures were intending to find at least a temporary shelter.

Everywhere the people turned out to gaze at us with looks of wonder, and everywhere we saw signs that something unusual was in the wind; for they would stand in groups at the corners of the road and scan the horizon in the direction from which we came, expecting to see, in the distance, the approaching army of policemen; and many of them seemed to fall into the same mistake as the peasants at the turf hut, and imagine that we were a sort of advance guard. We felt that it was desirable to make friends with them, as far as possible, and many a word of greeting was exchanged as we passed; while, now and again, our driver would talk with them in Irish, his object evidently being to remove

any misapprehensions they might have formed as to the meaning of our approach. From one of the huts a mass of red hair protruded, the owner of which eyed us with marked dislike ; and everywhere we were regarded with undisguised suspicion.

Soon we drew up at a small school-house, round which a score or two of children were playing, with all the light-heartedness of youth, and discovered that, although we were not yet at our journey's end, the driver did not propose to accompany us any further, on account, *he* said, of the bad road, but partly, *we* were inclined to fancy, because he believed that "discretion is the better part of valour," and did not think it prudent to appear upon the scene of the impending evictions. As we alighted, a priest approached, who curtly saluted us, and gave us a look which signified that he shared in the general misgiving, and that we were by no means welcome visitors. Whether we were taken for landlords, or sheriffs, or bailiffs, or policemen in disguise, I cannot pretend to say; but certainly our reception was the reverse of cordial. The driver entered into conversation with the priest, who, we found, was going to the evictions ; and, knowing the respect in which he would be held by the whole country side, we

agreed to accost him and walk down to the place, if possible, in his company. But, first, we sought to conciliate the children by persuading them to race for coppers. Even they, however, eyed us askance, and appeared to look upon our very coins with distrust ; and it was only after some hesitation on their part that we managed to get them all running. Upon receiving the reward, they began to think that perhaps, after all, we were not particularly bitter enemies of the human race, and to look upon us with a favour that increased with each increase in our generosity. If you want to reach a person's heart, the directest way is through his pocket ; and this applies to much bigger children than the barefooted juveniles of Bunbeg.

Meantime, the priest had spoken to the by-standers, and, accompanied by two men, had got so far ahead of us that we were unable to overtake him. Our road led up a gentle hill to the left, the land, bad as it had been during our whole journey, being, if possible, worse than ever here. and divided into tiny plots of oats and potatoes separated by low stone walls the material for which had been picked from off the land itself, while the hovels that stood upon these holdings were clumsily built of the same substance,

Presently we saw the sea, and, lying in a hollow, a few low huts near which was an old Irishman, who stood by the roadside, apparently on the look out for a little excitement, and who readily pointed out to us the houses from which the tenants were to be evicted. The priest had gone down to these, and was said to be using his influence with the people to induce them to submit to their troubles without retaliation, which, looking to the force that was to execute the law, would have been quite fruitless, and could only have injured their cause.

We soon explained the object of our visit to the old Irishman, and a few words of sympathy won his heart completely. At our request, he took us into one of the dwellings that stood by the road, and, wretched as was the exterior, the interior was even worse. The place was not above four or five yards long, and perhaps three in width, the walls of unhewn stone, the roof thatched, and the floor of earth. There was not any furniture within except a few pieces of broken crockery on a rude shelf against the wall. A single square of glass admitted a patch of light, while, through an opening in the roof, for there was not any chimney, the smoke ascended and the sun shone in a golden shaft

about a foot in diameter, wherein a myriad specks of dust were floating. Beneath the hole in the roof, a few embers smouldered feebly, the remains of a turf fire ; and above them bent an old woman, her hands held just above the red ashes, as if she shivered with cold, though the day was warm and the air balmy. Wrinkled, decrepit, clad in rags, and crouching over a heap of rags, she looked up as we entered and eyed us with feeble wonderment; and then responded in a scarcely audible voice to the greeting of our companion, who spoke to her in her native tongue, which seemed to be the only one she knew, explaining the reason of our visit. She must have been nearly eighty, and heard him with a listlessness that was quite touching. We placed a piece of silver in her hand, and her eyes brightened for a moment as she warmly thanked us in words which the old Irishman hastened to interpret ; and then, in low, weird accents, still crouching over the ashes, she crooned a prayer for us, which she had not finished when, with saddened hearts, we left her.

Outside we discovered the red-headed man whose face we had noticed peering from a doorway as we had driven down; and, on entering into conversation with him, we found that he was

already acquainted with the motive of our visit; and that he himself had been, on the previous day, turned out of his hut and forced to seek shelter with his friends; and, naturally imagining that we were connected with the party who had brought this trouble upon him, he had not, at first, been disposed to view our advent with much approval. Both he and the obliging old man who had shown us the dwelling I have described were now extremely agreeable, and offered not only to conduct us to the houses were the evictions were to take place, but, in the meantime, to show us, from a rocky grass-covered elevation at a short distance from the spot where we stood, the Bay of Gweedore, and the island within it on which, on the following morning, a series of evictions were to be carried out in the course of which, owing to the difficulty of access, some trouble was apprehended. Following their lead, we soon had an extensive view of the bay, which became very narrow as it ran inland almost to our feet, but branched out to the left in a wider gulf, from which the waves had almost withdrawn themselves, leaving a shining expanse of beautifully level sand, gently sloping to the glistening water that would rise with the flowing of the tide. We stood here

awhile to gaze upon the spreading inlet, and the great rocks that abounded on every side, in many places carpeted with grass, and the island in the bay, to land on which, in the face of energetic opposition, would have been a task of no small difficulty. Southwards the Rosses stretched out to sea in a low, undulating peninsula, with Arran Island just beyond; and, in a rocky basin to the right, lay the village of Bunbeg, a cluster of small huts relieved by one or two better class houses; while, some distance to the north of it, rose the dark outline of Bloody Foreland, with a flatter region intervening; and ever in the east, like a great giant unmoved by all the turmoil of the little world below, towered grandly in the sunshine the great cone of Errigal, the loftiest of the mountains of Donegal.

Our two friends were both ardent Home Rulers, and were both inclined to condemn the evictions as a needless expense, though neither, not even the man who had himself been just evicted, displayed any unnecessary bitterness. Deprived of his house and land, and with no visible means of sustenance, he was about to leave for the English harvest, concerning the prospects of which he eagerly questioned us, on board a steamer which occasionally puts in here.

Many of the inhabitants of Donegal and the poorer counties generally eke out their scanty livelihood by an annual migration of this character. The land is often so barren that, were it not for this expedient, it would be difficult for them to exist at all ; and I was told that, though there were fish in the neighbouring waters, the local peasantry had not the wherewithal to enable them to purchase the simple appliances that were requisite to reap the bounteous harvest of the sea. Almost everybody was poor ; and almost everybody, in consequence, was a believer in of Home Rule. Wherever the soil was fertile and the people prosperous, the Home Rulers were in a minority ; wherever the land was barren and the people poor they carried all before them. A Parliament in Dublin might afford a convenient theatre for local ambition, and give Mr. Healy and Dr. Tanner, "clad in brief authority," the opportunity of playing

> "such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep;"—

nay, it is conceivable that, if granted on logical and strictly moderate lines, it might, in some respects, conduce to a more efficient local administration, and, in other ways, prove beneficial

to Ireland, though the experiment would be hazardous enough. But it certainly could not transform the rocks and bogs of Donegal to places "flowing with milk and honey," or make it possible for hundreds of people to obtain a decent living from land which was not sufficiently prolific to adequately provide for tens. Two remedies for the prevalent penury seemed possible, and two only. The one was the introduction of capital and the establishment of industries in the locality—the other was emigration, which, in spite of all the froth that has proceeded from the mouths of men who have yet to learn the very alphabet of politics, is in the absence of such industries, the only resource for an overcrowded population on a barren soil. Home Rule cannot appreciably alter this, even though, as many seem to expect—and in this they find their chief argument, though they do not often avow it—Home Rule should lead to the abolition of landlordism and the universal repudiation of rent. "Manacles and Manitoba" was an epigrammatic way of describing a policy the only aim of which is to bring the criminal to justice, and to assist a starving population in their pilgrimage from a worse than Egyptian hardship to a veritable land of promise.

But, while I was pursuing some such train of thought as the above, a crowd was rapidly assembling; and our attention was now directed to the crest of a low hill on which we could plainly discern the approaching constabulary. Leisurely descending from our point of vantage, and crossing a tiny grass-grown valley, we arrived at the first of the houses they were to visit just as they themselves came up. They immediately proceeded to throw themselves upon the green sward in lazy attitudes, apparently not anticipating any very arduous duties; while the throng of barefooted women and children—there were few men present—lounged about and chatted and joked as if the occurrence they were about to witness was a very trivial affair indeed. I was surprized to see the indifference which was everywhere manifested. Anything approaching resistance appeared to be out of the question; and the people might have assembled for a holiday, so unconcerned was their demeanour; though this was partly explained in a short time, for, climbing on to a great gray boulder just opposite the door of the hut in which the first of the defaulters resided, and round the foot of which the children mostly clustered, we saw the sub-sheriff, and the priest whom we had already

noticed, with another priest who had come from Tor with the constabulary, pass into the hut, the bailiff standing by with a few boards in order to fasten up the doorway as soon as the family had been turned out; and presently the sheriff reappeared, and we found that the woman who occupied the holding, having surrendered possession by handing him a piece of straw from the roof, had owing to sickness, been readmitted as a caretaker, which is to say that she was allowed to remain on the premises for six months, with the option of discharging her liability in the meantime.

As we sat on the rock, the second priest saluted us courteously, and, on our descending, and his hearing that we were strangers whose object was to see as much of Irish life as possible, he good-naturedly offered to go with us to the other huts, and show us whatever he could, premising, however, that, in all probability, the full process of eviction would not be carried out in either case. He was a most agreeable companion, and his coadjutor, who at first had looked upon us with some mistrust, now proved equally genial. We were so much absorbed in conversing with them on the state of the country that we only saw the close of the proceedings at the second hut. The third was just at hand, and, at their suggestion, we

accompanied them inside. The house was larger than the one we had previously visited, but little better in any other respect. Facing the entrance was a hollow pathway, which was the sole division between the four-footed and the two-footed sojourners under the same roof, for on the left of it the cow was usually kept. The only furniture consisted of the customary crockery, a stool or two, and, in a corner near the turf fire, that burned upon the bare soil beneath a rough chimney, a sort of wooden bed, on the principle of the berths in a ship, but remarkably awkward and unshapely. In one of its compartments lay an old and care-worn dame, with closed eyes and sickly visage. Across the room her son was standing—a stalwart young fellow who evidently felt his position with some acuteness.

The second priest approached the bed, and accosted its aged occupant in Irish; and then directed the attention of the sub-sheriff, who was at his elbow, to her condition. The sub-sheriff, whose every word and motion bespoke his kindly nature, seemed positively eager to be satisfied that there was an excuse for the exercise of mercy, and at once signified his willingness to suffer her also to remain as a caretaker. He accordingly read over a formal agreement, the son intently

listening, and the priest afterwards explaining its purport in Irish. After a brief discussion as to the effect of the document, the usual tokens of a surrender of possession passed; the old woman put her hand to the paper, murmuring in low and unintelligible tones the while; and the last eviction for the day was over.

Though it would have been an interesting experience to have seen the people and all their worldly belongings thrust out of doors, the scene would undoubtedly have had a painful aspect; and, if our curiosity was not quite fully satisfied, neither were our feelings unnecessarily harrowed. But, from what we did see, we were convinced that even an absolute eviction, if entrusted to the sub-sheriff, would be accomplished with as little harshness as was compatible with the fulfilment of his duty; and that, if a shadow of an excuse for leniency were forthcoming, that leniency would certainly be displayed. The accounts we had read in the papers had given us the impression that the process was a carnival of inhumanity; and we were agreeably surprized to discover that the picture, so far as we were able to judge from what we had seen, was grossly over-coloured; that, whilst an eviction was always an unpleasant, and might, in some cases,

be an agonizing spectacle, the people appeared to take it quite philosophically; and that, after all, it was possible for a sub-sheriff to have a heart, and for the agents of landlordism itself to show that, even in their breasts, their flowed "the milk of human kindness."

The day's duties over, the constabulary, in their dark uniforms, stretched themselves easily upon the grass, the officers retiring to a velvety mound and commencing to attack a substantial basket of appetizing eatables, and joking and chatting good-naturedly; while the throng of natives looked on with smiles, and an old woman went round among these hateful minions of English tyranny and obtained some little gift or kindly word from almost every one. A brief chat which we had with the sub-sheriff, in the meantime, only confirmed our opinion as to his good nature.

We concluded from what we afterwards heard that the more loquacious of the two priests — the one who came from Tor with the constabulary — was no less a personage than Father MacFadden, the man who received the contributions for the erection of a monument to the murderer of Carey, the informer in the Phœnix Park trials;

who declared defiantly, "I am the law in Gweedore!" and, acting on this somewhat foolish principle, speedily came into conflict with the authorities and very naturally, found himself in in prison; and who has consequently been paraded on English platforms, as a sort of living example of Tory tyranny. In fact, Gweedore and its priest have become as famous as Captain Boycott or Mr. Biggar, though we little thought, as we chatted familiarly with him on a host of subjects, that he was the firebrand which he has since done so much to prove himself. I myself heard him "hurl defiance at Mr. Balfour in the heart of his own constituency, and tell him that he did not care a snack of his finger for him and his Coercion Act." This he did in a very melodramatic voice, as a climax to a lengthy speech in which he had indulged in exaggeration to such an extent that I would have given anything to have been able to get up and contradict him; but, as I was aware that of all the numerous lunatics outside Bedlam, a party audience are the worst, and that the only result of my disinterested desire to let the meeting know that their were two sides to the question would have been to call into requisition the services of that useful individual colloquially known as "the

chucker," I managed to restrain myself. Father MacFadden was undoubtedly an effective speaker, and many of his observations were rational enough ; but a priest on the war-path, imported to stimulate the flagging adherents to a discredited cause, is a very different individual from a priest in the heart of his own parish, among the far away mountains of Donegal, doing the hospitalities of the place to a couple of English tourists with all that native courtesy which is so characteristic of the race to which he belongs.

Bidding our quondam guides good-bye, we returned with Father MacFadden and his companion, their affability and politeness greatly prepossessing us in their favour. Entering another hovel in their company, we found an old man and woman apparently on the very verge of the grave, and each crouching over the inevitable turf fire. Father MacFadden exchanged a few words of sympathy with this Irish Darby and Joan, and explained to them that we were travellers from England who had come to see the country. He gently demurred as I gave them a trifle, and told us, as we left, that he did not wish to encourage begging in his flock.

At one point we met a man who had paid his

rent without having obtained a receipt, and who, so the priests told us, had been called upon to pay it a second time. A word of sympathy, and an admonition that, under no circumstances, was he, in future, to pay anything without obtaining an acknowledgment, and we passed on.

A little further, we met a strange old fellow whom we remembered to have seen as we had walked down from the car; and, at Father MacFadden's request, he proceeded, with many gesticulations and amusing indignation, to tell us, in the Irish tongue, how, in order to avoid a rise in his rent, he had left his farm and taken another holding higher up the hill upon which we were standing, hoping thus to escape the revision that was being accomplished in the vicinity of the former; but how, after he had, with much labour, brought the new plot into a good state of cultivation, the revision had overtaken him there, and he had been compelled to submit to the imposition of an increased rental, on the value of his own handiwork.

"But this was altered by the late Act, was it not?" we asked.

Well, that Act had certainly improved matters

but it had not gone far enough, was Father MacFadden's reply.

Had the rents been much lowered?

"Yes, in some cases very considerably. In fact, I have at the present moment in my pocket," said he, "a paper that I have prepared to illustrate this;" and he produced a carefully tabulated schedule from which it appeared that the reductions would average about one quarter of the whole rent, and that, in a number of instances, they exceeded one half.

We were surrpized to learn that, while the holdings were often five or six acres in extent, the rents were sometimes as low as ten or fifteen shillings a year, and very frequently did not exceed a pound or thirty shillings. It is therefore evident that the rent itself cannot, after all, be such a terrific incubus as interested parliamentary orators would have us believe; though, as Father MacFadden remarked, the amount of the rent, if suffered to fall into arrear, and augmented by law costs, speedily became, to a people so miserably poor, a formidable item. I am compelled to say, however, that I came to the conclusion that if the people were unable to make a living from the land with a rent of only twenty or thirty shillings

a year, it was quite clear that they could not make a decent living from it if the rent were abolished altogether. But the curious part of the matter it that they are able, if the testimony of Sergeant Mahony, a local policeman, is to be believed, to pay their priest considerably more than they pay their landlord; and to give large sums for the purchase of tenant right. Father MacFadden himself is said to have received as much as £115 for the tenant-right of a holding the annual rent of which was only £1 2s. 6d.

The constabulary now overtook us on their return journey, and, as they passed a hillock by the roadside, they were jeered at and hissed in unearthly and discordant voices by a crowd of children who had assembled here to see them pass. Amid the Babel, repeated cock-crowings were heard, and one of the members of the force turned crimson at the sound. He had already been pointed out to us as being anxious to avoid observation by keeping in the background while the evictions were proceeding; and our peasant comrades had told us a story concerning him which Father MacFadden repeated, to the effect that, some time before, when a body of constabulary had been sent into the district to collect a rate for certain seed which had been supplied

by the Government, he had made himself prominent, at a house not very far distant, by assisting in the endeavour to catch a cock, that flew from place to place, invariably eluding him, despite his agility; and had finally fluttered to a rock, or other point of vantage, and crowed derisively at its discomfited pursuer, an antic which made the fowl a prime favourite in the locality, someone purchasing it and showing it with much success, and, according to one version, a speculative mortal exhibiting it with considerable *eclat* in the capital itself. But the incident which redounded to the honour of the cock brought disgrace upon the head of the unlucky constable; and, since the eventful occasion, he had been subjected, not merely to the good-natured chaff of his comrades, but to the ridicule of the whole country side.

Pausing to rebuke the unmannerly crowd of juveniles for this display of feeling, the two priests accompanied us to the end of the lane, exchanging a friendly salutation with, or uttering a word of counsel to each passer by; and being treated with the most marked respect by everyone from the eldest graybeard to the youngest child. Manifestly their influence was enormous, and, so far as we were able to judge, it

appeared to be used, in the main, with the happiest results. It was, however, equally manifest, that though they were apparently opposed to illegality their sympathies were entirely with the people and against the government. Father MacFadden waxed quite scornful as he spoke of the absurdity of sending a small army into a region where there was no resistance, and the waste of public money in carrying out evictions which often left the landlord poorer than before. But he overlooked the circumstance that possibly the very presence of such a large force was, in itself, the cause of the submissive attitude of the people; and that, although the evictions might not result in much actual immediate pecuniary benefit, it was absolutely necessary to execute them or else the law would be disobeyed with impunity, and, finding that the non-payment of rent did not involve any penalty, such non-payment would become universal. Both the priests were ardent advocates of Home Rule, and utterly repudiated the idea that it would lead to religious persecution, or be used as a lever to promote separation; and both professed to be sanguine as to the future prospects of the Nationalist cause. Father MacFadden, who was the special correspondent of the "Derry Journal," was also sending special articles on the evictions to the

"Freeman's Journal," and was going straight away to Dunfanaghy in order to transmit his report through the medium of the telegraph which communicates with that place. He declined, on this account, our offer of a ride as far as the hotel, and then, with mutual courtesies, we parted.

Later on we had the pleasure of reading, in the "Freeman's Journal," his account, not only of the evictions which we ourselves had witnessed, but also of the earlier eviction among the mountains at Tor, which, as the circumstances were interesting I will quote.

"This morning" said the report, "the subsheriff visited Tor, for the purpose of carrying through the ejectment against John Sweeny, which he postponed on this day week, owing to the illness of Sweeny's wife after confinement twelve days previously. The doctor was called in on that occasion to justify the postponement, and he gave a certificate to the effect that he expected the woman would be fit for removal in a few days. The army turned out in its full strength, and, after an hour's driving, reached the scene of action. Poverty has overtaken Sweeny in recent years, and he has been unable to meet even obligations of a more important and higher order than the payment of an impossible rent.

An ejectment was obtained against him so far back as last January twelve months. This ejectment was executed last May twelvemonths. Sweeny was unable to redeem within the prescribed period, and last January an ejectment on title was obtained against him. It is this ejectment which wrenches from him his house and improvements, and all his interest in the place . . . . that was put through to-day. The place is approached through a very crooked narrow lane, and, after considerable difficulty, the army was formed around the wretched house . . . The poor wife, though still very weak and sickly, was out of bed to-day when the sub-sheriff arrived. After some short talk and discussion, the removing of the few things within the cabin is commenced. Sweeny, in his excusable excitement, lost his temper, and made a lunge with the tongs at a well-fed, purple-faced bailiff, whom he believes to have played a prominent part in bringing this desolation upon him. There was any amount of constabulary to keep the peace, and he was removed in a very short time; and the work went on, and the poor wife and her infant in her arms, and twin children of three years, and two other children of about six and eight respectively, are put out on

the street; the doorway is barred, and the frantic husband and broken-hearted wife, and the five children, too young to know the meaning of the drama played, are left homeless. It is a dreadful scene, and exceedingly painful. It may possibly cut short the days of the good, amiable wife and mother. The force rush to their cars, and the dismal procession is soon driving at a rapid rate down the wild mountain defile. Suddenly there comes a stop? What is it? a gulf or chasm in the road? Is it an earthquake, and has Nature upheaved to show her horror of such barbarities? Only a short half hour ago, the entire procession passed up and the way was in perfect order. From Crolly to Tor is a deep defile of nearly five miles in length. On the left hand, as you ascend, there is a dreadful lake at the foot of the mountain. From this lake there flows a river, which is crossed by a road by means of a wooden bridge within a few yards of its source. The bridge was made of four wooden girders, sheeted with two-inch planks, and protected at both sides by a wooden rail. There was a strong public feeling against the army returning to throw Sweeny and his family on the street owing to the particular circumstances of the case. It would seem that some few people asserted their abhorrence of

such heartless conduct by raising the wooden bridge after the army passed, effectually cutting off their return. The time being exceedingly short, the girders were not removed, and, after a check and delay of three quarters of an hour, the whole evicting party, cars and all, were safely conveyed across the stream."

Unfortunately a combination of difficulties had prevented us from seeing this, the first of the day's evictions; and I cannot, therefore, compare my own impressions with those of Father Mac Fadden as given above; but I am quite convinced, from what we did see, that his account is very highly coloured; and that, from the character of the sub-sheriff, if from no other cause, anything approaching what he describes as "barbarity" was out of the question. All his special articles on the Gweedore evictions were in a similar vein, and, from their sensational style, and their abundant reflections upon landlordism, would doubtless prove exceedingly effective in inflaming the public mind and stimulating the Nationalist cause. In private conversation, however, we found him studiously moderate; and he appeared to be imbued with a strong sympathy for the suffering peasantry, and a sterling desire to assist them by his counsel and his influence; and to minister,

as much as in him lay, to both the spiritual and the temporal welfare of his flock. He developed other qualities as the struggle proceeded, and subsequent evictions were attended by very different scenes. The Dopping incident and the murder of Inspector Martin will doubtless be fresh in everybody's memory. I need not dwell upon the rights and wrongs of Captain Hill's quarrel with his tenantry. He seems to have ultimately made concessions for the sake of peace which were liberal, to say the least of it; and his acceptance of Father Mac Fadden's terms—a reduction, I understand, of 5s. 6d. in the pound on non-judicial and 20 per cent. on judicial rents, with various other advantages—resulted in the stoppage of the evictions, and did much, Mr. Russell thinks, to lead to the combination on the Olphert estate.

We had been a little doubtful as to the identity of the two priests, and, as I was also curious to learn if Colonel Dopping was the agent at the time, his conduct in pretending to shoot a harmless juvenile with an unloaded rifle having brought upon his head the wrath of Mr. Gladstone and "the civilized world," and made him a personage of notoriety, I subsequently wrote to the editor of the "Derry Journal" enquiring if the priest who

had acted as special correspondent to the paper upon the occasion of our visit *was* Father MacFadden, and what were the names of his companion and of the then agent. Some time afterwards I had my letter returned, with a note from the editor to Father MacFadden at the foot stating that he had delayed answering it "till he should know from him that it would be desirable," and with the following letter from Father MacFadden himself enclosed :—

Gweedore, 29th April, 1889.

Dear Sir,

Mr. Roddy, Editor "Derry Journal," has sent me your note of inquiry to him touching the evictions in Gweedore in August, 1886. I think it better to answer the queries, and send same to you direct.

1.—I was the correspondent.

2.—Father MacNelis, my curate, was the other priest present.

3.—Colonel Dopping was not then agent. He was appointed soon after. The Honorable Somerset Ward, brother-in-law of

the landlord, Captain Hill, who resides at Downpatrick, was then acting as agent.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES MacFADDEN, P.P.

Two years had elapsed since the evictions when I visited the Irish Exhibition at Olympia. Happening to notice over the portal of one of the houses in the "Donegal Village" the words, "Sheelah MacBride, the Dyer from Gweedore," I entered it, and found the aforesaid Sheelah to be a buxom woman with a pleasant face, a genial disposition, and a readiness to enter into conversation which increased amazingly when I mentioned the fact that I had been to Gweedore.

"Was it two summers ago?" she asked.

"Yes!"

"And was there another gintleman wid ye?"

"Yes!"

"And was it on the morning when they cut the bridge at Tor?"

I told her that it was.

"Ah, sure, and I remember ye well, thin," she

said; and she proceeded to tell me the entire story—how the people mistrusted us at first, and the whole village had wondered who we were, and what our object was in visiting them; and how our driver had refused to convey us beyond a certain house—the house, she said, of her own father—and afterwards, to exculpate himself, had taken the utmost pains to explain to everybody that we were merely "gintlemen from England come to see the counthry." She added that one of the tenants whose eviction we had witnessed was a member of the same family as herself. Every detail of our doings she was able to recall, and our appearance among the humble populace seemed to be regarded as well-nigh historical; but English visitors were rare in those days, and it is only since peripatetic tender-heartedness became useful at by-elections that folks have cared to make the journey to that wild village in the farthest corner of one of the remotest counties in Ireland.

CHAPTER V.

BACK TO LETTERKENNY—GLORIOUS SCENERY—THE SHOULDER OF ERRIGAL—SINGULAR MOUNTAINS—THE TRAGEDY OF GLENVEIGH—WHERE THE MISSING MAN WAS FOUND—A BOYCOTTED DRIVER—HOW THE SYSTEM IS WORKED, AND WHAT THE JUDGES THOUGHT OF IT—BY THE CABIN FIRE—A SILENT TOWN.

As soon as we had lunched, we settled with the wife of the hotel-keeper, receiving her good-natured apologies for any inconvenience to which we might have been put by reason of the crowded state of the hotel, and started for Letterkenny, our driver of the morning, a quaint, humorous, quick-witted old man, having agreed to accompany us, although, by this, the afternoon was far advanced, and, even by the shortest route, which we intended taking, the distance was over thirty miles, through a terribly mountainous district. Skirting Lough Nacung, from whence the river Clady flows, in front of the hotel, and leaving on

our left the road along which we had driven, in the mist and darkness, from Dunfanaghy, we rapidly approached the grand old peak of Errigal, that towered triumphantly above the surrounding landscape to a height of 2466 feet, the summit cloaked in clouds this afternoon, but the lower portion glistening in the light of the warm sun, which already began to slant rapidly towards the west. The mountain was streaked alternately with gray and green, the gray resulting from the endless fall of the loose and shifting surface: the green the darker and more solid portions of the rock, coated with tufts of heather and patches of moss. This variegated aspect lent a singular charm to the mighty cone on which our eyes were riveted as we rode nearer and nearer to its base, and, gradually ascending, scaled its shoulder; whilst below us lay another lake, the beautiful Dunlewy, and across its waters rose the bold outline of Slieve Snaght, stretching off in other heights, on all of which white clouds were slumbering, or moving noiselessly athwart their purple slopes like phantom flocks in some far realm of dreams. Between us and them was a delightful valley; and in front of us were the mighty rocks that loomed like a wall above the entrance to the Poisoned Glen and closed the valley eastward. Nearer was a

handsome church, its square tower faced with marble, and a chapel with a tasteful spire ; and beyond a small river, which emptied itself into the lake, was a grassy undulating park, with clumps of stately trees, and, peeping from their clustering foliage, a pretty mansion. Immediately beneath us lay the village of Dunlewy, with everywhere the golden glamour of the sun, and the congregated mountains in their crowns of mist.

We had ascended without intermission as yet ; and presently, reaching the back of Errigal, we saw how, although its seaward side was so steep and rugged as to be almost inaccessible, it sloped to the road we were traversing in a succession of tracts of heather. From this point it is comparatively easy to get to the summit. The road, however, still ascended, for we had to climb the hills that closed the valley ; and we had travelled a long distance before we entered another and more elevated valley, wide and level, bounded, on the left, by a chain of hills that terminated in the misty Muckish, many miles away ; and on the right by the lofty rampart which, commencing at Slieve Snaght, extended to the dim vicinity of far Glenveigh. The space between these parallel ranges was one long stretch of turfy moorland,

quite houseless, and utterly devoid of population. For miles and miles we drove and never met a soul, or saw a human dwelling—only the white windings of a road which seemed to have no ending, and soon a river, running by the side of it. The mountains on the left were very curious. On rounding Errigal we had caught a glimpse of "Wee Errigal," a lesser elevation peeping from behind the shoulder of its sire. And now we passed a stranger elevation still, which culminated, at each extremity, in an almost perfect cone, a lengthy table-land between the two.

At last a house appeared, at intervals, and we drew near to Muckish, and saw the dismal crevice known as Muckish Gap, which looked so narrow, when we first caught sight of it, as to utterly forbid the passage of a car. But, as we got more nearly opposite, it widened out, and we descried a road that led towards its entrance, leaving us almost at right angles, and striking directly through the Gap, to join the road from Dunfanaghy to Gweedore. We had a splendid view of Muckish here. The mountain is very large, and, as we approached it, I was much impressed by the resemblance it bears to the pictures I have seen of Table Mountain, at the Cape, for the summit looked perfectly level, and

the mist lay over it exactly like a monster table-cloth. It struck us that perhaps the mist might conceal some acute peak which would destroy the similarity; but, later, as it lifted somewhat, we discovered that this was not so; and, in spite of a certain amount of unevenness which was now revealed, it was still extraordinarily table-like in appearance. Whilst the view to right and left was restricted to these mountain ranges, we could see ahead for miles, the hills in that direction being much lower; and once or twice we caught the sheen of distant lakes, and traced the unfamiliar outlines of far fields again.

By this time we were nearing the entrance to Glenveigh, one of the most wildly wonderful defiles in Ireland. We had been extremely wishful to return to Letterkenny through this pass; but our driver told us that it would take us many miles out of our way, and that the road was execrable, and already the shades of evening began to fall; so we were fain to content ourselves with a glance at the long and narrow lake which, commencing by the road we followed, runs right up into the heart of a terrible valley, where the mountains rise to an enormous height, the track winding along by the left shore of the lake, through scenery sublime in its

desolate grandeur, and gradually climbing up the rocks that seemed to shut in the valley in a steep, white, wearisome path that was visible for miles, and appeared, as one looked towards the head of the lake, to be the only means of escape from the horrors of the rock-girt hollow with the solitary white castle at the mouth of it.

The story of this gloomy glen is one of the most touching stories of modern times. It appears, from the account given by Mr. A. M. Sullivan in "New Ireland," that, some thirty years ago, Mr. John George Adair, of Queen's County, happening to pass through the district on a sporting expedition, was so much attracted by its charms that he became the purchaser. In the autumn of 1858, as he was shooting over the lands upon which Mr. Johnson, the previous landlord, was understood to have exclusive sporting rights, the tenants, either at Mr. Johnson's command, or under some notion of duty towards that gentleman, opposed him in the attempt, and an angry scuffle ensued. They were indicted for assault, but a counter indictment, alleging that he was the assaulting party, was instituted. The verdict was that Mr. Adair had committed the assault, but that it was during a lawful exercise of his rights of shooting. A

fresh trial was applied for in the superior courts, and open war between Mr. Adair and the tenantry commenced. The latter, however, do not appear to have been guilty of any very grievous outrage, for they retained the sympathy of the neighbouring magistrates and landlords, and a number of them who were arraigned at the petty sessions were discharged.

Thus baffled, and having, by this time, become the owner of nearly ninety square miles of country, Mr. Adair resolved, at all costs, to vindicate his authority. Just about this time, some of the local proprietors had formed the idea that a fortune was to be made by stocking the mountains with imported black-faced sheep. This, of course, meant that the people were, to a large extent, deprived of the mountain land which they had hitherto occupied; and, in the midst of the strife which the new system engendered, the Scotch shepherds declared that many of the sheep were disappearing. It was at first assumed that they were stolen by the peasants, but, though many of the houses were searched, little proof in support of this opinion was discovered. After a time, the dead bodies of the sheep were found in scores upon the hills; and the suspicion arose that they had been

killed by the people in a spirit of revenge. Claim for compensation were levied on the district, but the destruction and the disappearance of the sheep went on. The claims became more heavy as this proceeded, and, at last, the officials began to enquire into the matter. They found that, whereas the sheep only cost from 7s. 6d. to 10s. a head, they were presented for at from 17s. 6d. to 25s.; and further enquiries elicited the fact that large numbers of them had perished through the severity of the weather; that some had been killed by accidentally falling over the cliffs; and that, in several instances, the shepherds had been surreptitiously supplying their own tables with the mutton of their masters. Foremost in his anger at the so-called "malicious destruction" was Mr. Adair. In January, 1860, he had given his tenants notice to quit, adducing a desire to "square his farms" as a reason for this course. The loss of some of his own sheep, though the local magistrates declared that none of them had been destroyed maliciously, increased his ill-will; an act of supposed incendiarism, the poisoning of two of his dogs, and, finally, the murder of his manager upon the mountains, aroused in him the strongest feelings of rage and resentment, and he resolved

upon a wholesale clearance. Protests and remonstrances came from all quarters; but he was obdurate. He recapitulated his grievances and the outrages to which he had been subjected, and declared that he should abide by his decision. But it is only fair to mention that he added that some of the tenants, "of known good character," he would not disturb; and that he offered to provide such as could produce a recommendation from the priest and the rector with suitable holdings elsewhere, and to grant them leases of the same.

After protracted negotiations, the authorities in Dublin sent a perfect army of soldiers and constabulary, with tents and baggage, who from various points came down upon the fated hamlet, occupying or commanding the only available outlets. That night the people slumbered calmly, little dreaming of the incidents the morrow had in store; for, although the ejectment notices had been served, they did not for a moment believe that the threat of which they were the evidence would be carried out; and when, upon the morning of the 8th of April, 1861, they saw the redcoats entering the valley, a wail of terror rose from the distracted village, which grew deeper and louder and more pitiful

as the hours proceeded, and eviction after eviction was ruthlessly executed, and house after house was levelled to the ground. For three days the destruction continued, and the agony of the people as they were thrust from the homes to which they clung with such profound attachment is said to have been enough to move a heart of stone. One old man, nearly ninety years of age, on leaving his house for the last time, kissed the doorposts with the affection of a departing emigrant. His wife and children followed his example, and then, in touching silence, all stood by and saw their dwelling reduced to ruin. In most of the houses there was someone far advanced in years, and everywhere the cries of little children echoed on the air. The evicted families clustered round the remains of their huts, heartbroken at the calamity which had befallen them. As evening approached the scene grew doubly painful. The people, chilled and drenched by a drizzling rain, from which there was not any shelter, huddled around a turf fire. Many of them were scantily clad, and the majority lay out all night under the hedges, or in a little wood beside the lake.

Mr. Sullivan says that, on hearing the news, he wept like a child. He had previously done much

to show his sympathy with the people of Glenveigh, and, in combination with the Catholic bishop, the priest, the rector, the Presbyterian minister and others, he issued an appeal to the world for funds to assist the evicted peasants; and a document was drawn up which warmly refuted the aspersions which had been cast upon them. In the meantime, one had lost his reason under the shock of the disaster; some had died; and there were old men who kept wandering over the hills in sight of their deserted homes, full of the idea that Mr. Adair would yet relent and permit them to return, and who were finally taken to the workhouse hospital to die. For the survivors new homes were ultimately provided in Australia. On their way to Liverpool, they paused and entered the grass-grown cemetery. Here they flung themselves on the graves of their friends, kissing them again and again, and raising for the last time the Irish *caoine*, or funeral wail. Some of them plucked tufts of heather and placed them in their bosoms, and then they sorrowfully resumed their march to exile. They were accompanied as far as Liverpool by "a fine-hearted young priest" who was a full namesake of our companion of the morning; and was, I find, the Father MacFadden of the adjoining

parish, whose opinion of the * Olphert quarrel I quoted in a previous chapter.

Such, in brief, is the story of Glenveigh. Whether Mr. Sullivan's description is as much overdrawn as was that which had just been despatched to the "Freeman's Journal," I cannot tell; but, after making every allowance for the Nationalist tendency to exaggerate—a tendency which often runs to lengths so ludicrous as might suffice to make the veriest Gladstonian, with all his appetite for horrors, smile—the tale remains one of the saddest in all the sombre annals of the sister isle.

Another long stretch of moorland, and we began to approach Kilmacrenan. After leaving Dunlewy, we had seen little else but moorland until now, entirely unfenced, and only used for sheep and cattle, which are suffered to stray for many miles over the adjoining mountains. This accounted for the large number of colleys we had seen upon the journey; for, without them, it would have been well-nigh an impossibility to attend to the flocks that were blessed with such illimitable pasturage.

The driver told us a strange story as we drove

* How much Mr. Olphert is in the wrong may be judged from the fact that this "fine-hearted priest" is practically on his side.

through this wild region. We were talking about the treacherous bogs of which we had read, that sink beneath the feet of the unwary and engulf them in their miry depths; and I had asked him if any of the bogs we had noticed were of this character. "Oh! yes, sor!" was his answer; and he went on to tell me how, quite recently, a man with whom he was himself intimately acquainted had wandered unawares upon one of these dangerous quagmires in his own neighbourhood and disappeared; and how his friends were utterly unable to account for his absence, and all their enquiries and searchings were in vain, and they began to look upon the whole affair as an inscrutable mystery, until a person in the locality happened to observe, amid the turf, a small patch of vivid green, contrasting so curiously with the hue of the surrounding land that he paused to examine it, and, on removing the sod, found, immediately underneath it, a human head partially decomposed; and how on proceeding to extricate the corpse of which it formed a portion from this singular grave, it was recognized as that of the man who had so long been missing.

From the driver's lips we also heard the story of Will-o'-the-wisp which I have already narrated,

and learned that the phenomenon was of frequent occurrence among the low-lying lands in the vicinity of Gweedore ; but, as to Will himself, he was fain to confess, with a smile, that he had never seen him, although it was manifest that he half believed in his existence. He had, he said, been badly boycotted because he sometimes worked for the hotel keeper. He was a Catholic, closely identified by habit and association with the rest of the population ; and he resided on one of the usual small holdings ; but the act of eking out his livelihood by occasionally doing a little work for a person who was indirectly connected with the landed interest had brought upon his head the odium of the League. As, with commendable spirit, he refused to relinquish the occupation, the dictate went forth that no one should supply him with provisions, or with any other of the necessaries of life. If he wanted a bundle of straw he had to send over twenty miles for it. For the commonest articles of daily use he had to rely upon the kindness of a family in the locality with whom his daughter was in service, with the result that this family were also boycotted ; and it was only after a lengthy interval of torture that the ban was removed. Even now,

he was in constant anticipation of its renewal.

I have only given the baldest details of what he told me. And yet, in some parts of Ireland, this odious tyranny has been, until quite recently, of daily occurrence, and a person has either had to sacrifice his independence, swallow his principles, and imitate the policy of the worm, or else sit "pining in the midst of plenty" and solitary amid a multitude—shunned wherever he goes, and looked upon as a leper simply because he refuses to be less than a man. We prate about English tyranny and injustice. Was there ever perpetrated upon Ireland by the hated Saxon a more monstrous injustice than this? Hired demagogues and weak-minded philanthropists tear their hair over the horrors of coercion. Was a more despicable system of coercion ever devised? Lord Salisbury was held up to execration for his alleged comparison of the Irish to Hottentots—a gross perversion of his argument—but I ask in sober earnestness, would not the very Hottentots be ashamed of such conduct as that which whole districts practised at the bidding of * the League?

* One of the blessings, by the way, for which Gweedore is indebted to this remarkable organization has been the boycotting of the agency for the sale of the produce of the cottage industries established by Lord George Hill, which agency is said to have brought into the district enough to pay the entire rents of the estate.

The often urged excuse for Irish outrage and intimidation that Ireland has been badly treated in the past is not any excuse at all. We are not responsible for the misdeeds of our ancestors, and for years and years our statesmen have been labouring to obliterate from the law the last trace of hardship. To pretend that because former landlords had the power to levy unjust rents, and former English statesmen deprived Ireland of her parliament by wholesale corruption, Ireland is, in any measure, warranted in treating, not only those who are personally connected with the government or the land, but even their servants, as outcasts from society, and in striving by organized associations to set the law at defiance, not to mention the still more innocent amusements of maiming cattle, and burning houses, and shooting people from behind stone walls, and the heroic process of privily depositing dynamite amid a dense population and then making tracks, is a sheer absurdity. It is not fair to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children in this way ; and the policy of remembering every wrong and ignoring every act of restitution is scarcely worthy of " The Island of Saints."

After hearing the experience of my Donegal friend, I was not surprized to learn that, in spite

of his associations and his creed, he was by no means enamoured of Home Rule; and that he was of opinion that boycotting should, by some means or other, be peremptorily suppressed. He added that the great evil from which Ireland was suffering was not an alien government, but lack of money and employment.

If there are any among my readers who are disposed to minimise the evils of the system of which he had been a victim, and to attribute my observations to party feeling, I must refer them to the finding of the Judges on the Special Commission, whose impartiality has been admitted by all parties. This is *their* opinion: "It will be seen from these instances of boycotting, which might be largely added to, that it constituted a system of intimidation of a most severe and cruel character. It was directed not only against those who took land from which another had been evicted, but against everyone who, directly or indirectly, offered any obstacle to the reign of the unwritten law of the League in the place of the law of the land. It was directed against those who paid their rent when others refused to pay, a class whom Mr. Parnell, in his interview with Mr. Ives, (a reporter on the staff of the 'New York Herald') had designated as weak

and cowardly, and against whom public opinion must be brought to bear, though it might manifest itself in unpleasant ways. It was directed against agents of landlords, bailiffs, caretakers, emergency men called in to prevent the land becoming waste; against those who supplied goods to such men, and generally against all who supplied food or even spoke to boycotted persons; against those who refused to join the League; against those who gave evidence in Courts of Justice adverse to those accused of agrarian crime; against those who supplied cars to the police; against the children of boycotted persons, and the schools they attended; and against a school because an assistant teacher was related to persons who had offended the League. The funerals of obnoxious persons were put under a similar ban, and even coffins, or the wood to make them, were withheld from the dead.

"That this intimidation operated as was intended was proved by a body of evidence which established the various devices to which those tenants resorted who were willing to pay their rent, but who feared that by so doing they would bring upon themselves the vengeance of the League. Some sent their rent from a distance through the hands of strangers. Some sent it

under cover of letters addressed to others than the agent. Some desired that no receipt should be sent to them at their known address; others that it should not be entered in their pass books. Some paid their rent into banks, to be thus handed to the landlord or agent; others to shopkeepers in the village to be in like manner dealt with. Some, before paying, asked that writs might be issued against them, even at their own costs. Some that judgments might be signed, and others that the sheriff might be put in. Some went by stealth to the rent office. Some paid secretly by night, and others walked long journeys to pay at a distant town. One man, who was a member of the League, sent word to his landlord to meet him in a wood at night, where he wished to pay his rent, which he did, the man saying, 'For God's sake don't tell.'

"We are of opinion that the combination of which boycotting was the instrument was illegal, both in its objects and the means which were adopted. The object of this elaborate and all-pervading tyranny was not only to injure the individual landlords against whom it was directed by rendering their land useless to them unless they obeyed the edicts of the Land League, but to injure the landlords as a class, and drive

them out of the country. We have shown that the Land League leaders propose that the landlords should be compensated, but it was intended so to reduce the value of the land by reducing the rents to such sums as the Land League or the tenants should determine, that the compensation to be made should be diminished; and Mr. Parnell, as early as December, 1879, claimed that the result of the agitation had been to bring down the purchase price of land from 21 to 15 years, and that with difficulty of sale. The means by which this depreciation had been and continued to be effected was by inciting tenants not to pay the rents they had contracted to pay, and by intimidating those who were willing to fulfil their engagements from doing so. This intimidation was extended to caretakers and herds, and all by whose assistance the land could be rendered of any value to its owner, thus preventing these persons from exercising their lawful callings, and depriving them of their liberty of action by the fear of loss or injury, and coercing them to obey the commands of the Land League. It was not contended before us by the respondents that actual intimidation could be justified, but it was argued that the Land League did no more than direct the force of public opinion against those

whose conduct was deemed injurious to the interests of the tenants. It was, however, proved before us that the action of the Land League far exceeded this limit, and that the effects of boycotting were such as might be expected to and did create a well-grounded terror in the minds of those who suffered under it; and we come to the conclusion that this was the intention of those who devised and carried out this system. It is further to be observed that, though boycotting led in many cases to actual outrage, yet it was persisted in for years against the same individuals, and was generally recommended, notwithstanding the evils which plainly resulted from it.

"In our judgment the leaders of the Land League who combined together to carry out the system of boycotting were guilty of a criminal conspiracy, one of the objects of which was (as stated in the second charge) by a system of coercion and intimidation to promote an agrarian agitation against the payment of agricultural rents for the purpose of impoverishing and expelling from the country the Irish landlords, who were styled the English garrison."

They add that they consider this charge to have been established against forty-four of the leaders of the League, whose names they specify,

including those of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. T. M. Healy, and Mr. Davitt. And yet, these are the gentlemen to whom we are asked to entrust the destinies of Ireland, and whom * Mr. Gladstone is occupying his declining years in whitewashing.

Fortunately, boycotting has never been very deeply rooted in the Loyal North, and it is a singular tribute to the character of its population that, in the whole of the evidence before the Commission, Ulster is barely mentioned. It is to the Wilds of the West and to the Rebel South, where the influence of the League is paramount, that we have to look for tales of outrage and the tracks of blood.

At dusk we paused at a wayside hut which served as an inn, to enable our driver to give his horse a drink; and, entering, we found ourselves in a room which

* It may be desirable to recall his own definition of boycotting. In 1882 he described it as "combined intimidation made use of for the purpose of destroying private liberty of choice by the fear of ruin and starvation;" and he added that "the code of boycotting, like every other code, requires a sanction; and the sanction of boycotting—that which stands in the rear of boycotting—that by which alone boycotting can, in the long run, be made thoroughly effective, is the murder which is not to be denounced." Unionists are content to accept the definition.

served as a sort of whisky and provision shop combined, for there were sundry eatables in the window and behind the counter. At this a comely young Irishwoman, the daughter of the house, was standing ; and, seated round a cheery turf fire, that glowed brightly on the wide hearth, and cast fitful shadows into every corner, were an old man and woman, and a stalwart young fellow of perhaps thirty. A solitary candle flickered in the room, and the dim light, to use a common expression, only seemed to make the darkness visible. The old couple answered our greeting with much heartiness, and asked us to take a seat. My friend was preoccupied with the daughter, and was volubly talking with her over the counter ; but I accepted the invitation, and joined the genial circle at the fire, whilst, outside, the darkness deepened, and, inside, the embers glowed more ruddily, and the shadows multiplied, and danced upon the rough wall and the rude furniture and the earthen floor ; and thus we sat and chatted of wakes, and banshees, and Will-o'-the-wisp ; and I soon discovered that the kindly group had all the usual superstition of their race. And then we spoke of the land, and the condition of the people ; and I put the question which was always a leading one in my

extemporary catechisms of the folks I met: "What do you think of Home Rule? Do you believe in it?"

"Ah, sure and we do!" was the old man's prompt rejoinder. "And why the divil wouldn't we have Home Rule, and power to manage our own affairs like England and Schotland?"

I might have reminded him that neither England nor Scotland had the power to manage their own affairs without the intervention of the remaining portions of the United Kingdom, and that Ireland had substantially as much Home Rule as they; but I perceived that he would not be able to discriminate, or to understand my arguments; and I had little inclination to introduce an apple of discord to the charmed circle, and so we rambled on to other topics. Mr. Richardson was still engrossed with the maid at the counter, and time was passing, and neither of us seemed disposed to leave the humble dwelling and its simple-hearted occupants; and, at last, our driver interpolated the remark that we had better be starting, as it was getting late; and so we reluctantly forsook the red hearth, and passed out into the dim night again, our host and the young man who had been with me by the fire accompanying us, and wrapping our rugs warmly

around us, and then, with kindly wishes, bidding us farewell.

Thus we drove away, and presently were rattling through the village of Kilmacrenan; but its street was now deserted, though here and there a yellow light would gleam through some quaint window to signify that, in spite of the fact that everything was so supernaturally quiet, there was life in the village, and perhaps, round other hearths, such families as the one we had left behind, conversing peacefully before they sank into the healthful sleep that follows toil. The night was far advanced when we reached the ruins beyond the village. It was not wholly dark, but the heavens were overcast, and the stars invisible; and once only did we catch a glimpse of a blood-red moon, that peered a moment, as in anger, from the clouds, and then withdrew itself. Notwithstanding the amusing gossip of our garrulous old driver, we began to feel weary; and, although we were swathed in rugs, we became acquainted with the fact that it was getting decidedly cold. And we were now going at a slower pace, for we were ascending a steep hill about a mile in length. But, this surmounted, the road was one continuous slope for the rest of the journey, and soon our sturdy

little pony was stepping out as briskly as ever. Passing the vague outline of the Asylum, we knew that our ride was almost over; and, in a few moments, we turned, at a sharp trot, into the silent streets of Letterkenny. The tiny town was slumbering, and our car made a tremendous clatter as we drove through it in the darkness, and drew up at the closed doors of the hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

A BOYCOTTED SHOPKEEPER — DERRY AGAIN — COLERAINE—PORTRUSH—TRAVELLING BY ELECTRICITY—THE RUINS OF DUNLUCE—THE BANSHEE CHAMBER — THE CAVE BENEATH THE CASTLE — WE REACH THE CAUSEWAY — IN PORTCOON CAVE — DUNKERRY CAVE — GUIDES AND GUIDE BOOKS—AN IRISH-AMERICAN ON HOME RULE—THE PLEASKIN—SPANISH BAY—THE ARMADA MIXED—THE GIANT'S AMPHITHEATRE—THE CAUSEWAY ITSELF, AND THE ORIGIN THEREOF—THE WONDER OF IT—THE GIANT'S GOODS AND CHATTELS.

We returned to Derry by the first train on the following morning. During the journey we had an interesting conversation with a young Irish shopkeeper from Letterkenny, who, like most of the better class population we met, was convinced that Home Rule would drive capital from the country. He was a Presbyterian; but he did not think that the Unionist party in the North would go to the length of actual warfare in

resisting the establishment of a National Parliament, though he believed that extensive rioting would accompany the change. He said that the Irish people had still many grievances ; and that, in various branches of the administration, large reforms were urgently required ; but these wants could all be satisfied without the necessity of conceding a separate legislature. The best way to serve Ireland was to introduce capital into the country, and to open out her mines and develop her resources generally, thus providing employment for the wretched peasantry who, in the vain attempt to thrive upon an unkindly soil, resorted to agitation as a remedy—a remedy that was worse than the disease, and only intensified the evils from which they were suffering. A large number of people in Donegal, he said, were of the same opinion. He also informed us that he had been partially boycotted, the edict having gone forth that the people of Letterkenny were to refuse to buy anything at his shop ; but he had simply taken no notice whatever of the decree, and, in a short time, matters resumed their usual course.

A rush through Derry to the Post Office, and then to the quay to catch the ferry boat to the station for Portrush, which provokingly glided

out into the stream just as we came up ; a call to the nearest car-driver, for our train was almost due, and it was a long walk round by the bridge to the station ; an exciting drive through the town, along a street parallel with the river, where, this being market day, a continuous succession of carts from the country met us, and persisted in getting in our way ; a scamper across the bridge and up the street which leads to the railway terminus, and at last we dismounted and found that the train was about to start. We entered it, and, in a few moments, were moving along by the side of the Foyle, and had a last peep at the lofty spire and monument—at the walls and churches and colleges—at the hills and quays and houses ; and then we left "The Maiden City" behind us, and sped on towards Coleraine, along the shores of the Lough, and through a smiling land of trees and meadows and sweet villages, with gentle slopes in the distance, and, across the misty waters, the outlines of the loftier hills of Donegal, growing vaguer as the inlet widened. Past Newtown Junction, with Newtown Limavady, the clean and ancient town near which the Irish chief, O' Cahan, once abode, and still more interesting as the home of the famous "Peg" whose charms are so quaintly commemorated by

Thackeray, a couple of miles away, and across the river Roe we rode until we got amid the cliffs again, and, leaving Magilligan Point on our left, drew up at Castle Rock, a favourite watering place, where the platform was crowded with well-dressed visitors, and we could easily have imagined ourselves in England once more; and then we rode beneath the heights on which is situated Downhill House, formerly the residence of Sir Harvey Bruce, and saw the breakwater which has been erected at the expense, I believe, of the Irish Society, at the mouth of the Bann, to prevent its silting up; and, following the river for some distance, we presently crossed it and pulled up at Coleraine, and saw still larger crowds of well-dressed people—a sight so novel to us, of late, that I feel bound to mention it; and, waving above the square tower of the church, in connection with which a Bazaar was being held:

> "The flag that's braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze."

No stars and stripes or crownless harps here; but an ancient town with some substantial buildings and a population of over 6,000, who, instead of seeking to manfacture a grievance, occupied themselves in manufacturing the best of linen.

The river is famous for its salmon fisheries, and it is one of the streams the waters of which the Government propose to regulate as a part of their scheme for the development of Irish resources, a policy the wisdom of which all my observations tended to confirm.

During the railway journey to Coleraine we had travelled with a gentlemen who, on hearing that we were going to Belfast, and wished, while there, to see the York Street Flax Mill, which is, I believe, the largest in the world, courteously gave us his card and told us to ask for a gentleman he named who was in the employ of the company to whom the place belonged, and who was a personal friend of his, a circumstance which afterwards stood us in good stead. We changed trains here, and, riding through an eminently English-looking district, we soon sighted the sandhills that lie to the west of Portrush. In a short time, we were lunching at one of the several large hotels which have sprung up in this thriving watering place. There is nothing specially noticeable about it. Covering a low rocky peninsula is a collection of white boarding houses of the usual sea-side type; on the landward side, an obelisk has been erected to the memory of the celebrated commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke; and in the

diminutive bay to the east, there is a smooth and sandy beach, well-adapted for bathing—this was all ; but the town derives importance from its vicinity to the Giant's Causeway, and as the terminus of the railway ; while it has, during the season, a regular steam-packet service.

As there was little to detain us here, we took an early tram to Bushmills, the route to the Causeway. The trams were propelled by electricity ; the car being brought into contact with a flat iron rod placed about a couple of feet from the earth, from which a continuous series of blue sparks were emitted, with the usual sputtering and hissing ; whilst, underneath the wheels, a similar display of fireworks attended its progression. Whatever other recommendation the railway might possess, it could lay claim to the charm of novelty. And the ride itself soon began to be interesting, for we climbed up to the summit of some lofty limestone cliffs, from whence a beautiful prospect of the far-reaching outlines of the coast was obtainable ; and immediately below us were the White Rocks, with their twenty-seven limestone caverns, worn into all manner of fantastic shapes by the unwearied perseverance of the sea.

And then we dismounted to look at Dunluce

Castle, the picturesque outlines of which we had already descried from the steamer; for we were now, in a reverse direction, viewing from the land, the same delightful coast which we had previously viewed from the water. Crossing a small, grassy field to the left of the road, we found ourselves in a spacious enclosure which had originally contained the outhouses of the castle, the principal portion of which is separated from the mainland by a deep, narrow chasm, and can only be approached over a ledge of rock about eighteen inches thick that crosses the chasm and forms a footway to the ruin. The mound on which it stands rises almost perpendicularly from the shore to a height of about a hundred feet, the walls of the castle springing up directly from its edges, and appearing, from at a distance, to form a part of it. Within were many curious chambers, and great gaping chimneys, and ruined towers, and a large central apartment, all roofless, and the grassy sward their only floor. At the eastern side was the Banshee Chamber, a small apartment with a similar apartment overhead, its floor of hard earth, and entirely free from dust, a phenomenon which was popularly attributed to a banshee that was said to reside in it, and, with an attention to cleanliness which it would be satis-

factory if some housewives would imitate, was careful to keep a well-swept floor. The real explanation was that anything in the nature of dust was promptly removed, not by the banshee, but by the breeze, which, rushing in from the sea through an orifice in the wall, passed out again at the doorway opposite. The Guide Book also told of a chamber that "has fearful attractions for the daring," the rock which formerly supported it having fallen away, leaving it "like a dovecot," suspended in the air solely "by its attachment to the other buildings." Being apparently possessed with a desire to break our necks, we hunted assiduously for this terrible chamber; but the only means of hastening our dissolution which we were able to discover was to plunge over the precipice, a method which, in these days of swimming the Niagra rapids like the unfortunate Webb and dropping from the clouds like the illustrious Higgins is altogether too unromantic.

There was a delightful outlook from the rock. A little to the west of it were the white limestone cliffs, perforated in every direction with peculiar caves and crevices, and forming, in one place, a perfect natural arch of beautiful proportions. Further west, the land sloped owards Portrush, which closely clustered over

its peninsula some three or four miles away ; and, further still, was Inishowen and the distant mountains stretching away towards Malin Head, on which strange patches of cloud lay motionless, and white as driven snow. On the other side, the cliffs extended to the Causeway ; while, just beneath us, on the shore, were fishermen with rods and lines, and, above the water, the gulls wheeling, and everywhere "the innumerable laughter of the sea."

The period of the erection of the castle is uncertain ; but it is known to have been in English hands during the fifteenth century. About 1580 Col. MacDonnell, the founder of the Antrim family of that name, came to Ireland to aid Tyrconnel in overcoming the great chieftain, O'Neill, and was entertained by M'Quillan, the Lord of Dunluce, whom he assisted in conquering the armies of O'Neill. MacDonnell then returned to Dunluce, and accepted the invitation of its lord to spend the winter there ; and, availing himself of his position as a guest, he was secretly wedded to M'Quillan's daughter. This marriage was the basis of a subsequent claim by the MacDonnells to the adjacent territory. Discovering a plot to murder himself and his wife, he fled with her ; but afterwards returning,

and obtaining large possesions in Antrim, a series of struggles between the rival families took place, the invaders ultimately triumphing ; the original owner being reduced to a position of inferiority ; and the successful Scottish family becoming Lords of Antrim and Dunluce. General Munro was, in 1642, received at the castle by the then Earl with splendid hospitality, and the assistance of men and money was offered to him to enable him to tranquillize the country; but, with shameful treachery, Munro subsequently seized the Earl, conveyed him to Carrickfergus, and imprisoned him there, from whence escaping he withdrew to England.

Descending to the chasm, we observed a small hole to the right of the elevated pathway, which ran under the castle ; and, entering this in a stooping posture, we found ourselves, almost immediately, in a long and lofty cave, its floor thickly strewn with round stones of all sizes, some of them as large and spherical as the largest cannon balls, which, from the colour of the stone, they much resembled. The cave widened out into a noble rocky archway through which the sea came crawling in, amid the multitudinous, wave-worn stones, with a noise that echoed through the great vault, and approached so swiftly that,

unless we closely watched its course, the waters broke around us with a force that was alarming. The cave penetrated the castle rock from end to end, and must have been of incalculable service in earlier times, when, overhead, the tramp of armed legions resounded through the vaulted chambers of the castle, and the garrison were intercepted from communication with the land.

On our return, we learnt that, during our absence, a gentlemen had attempted to cross the narrow ledge that bridges the chasm, but had been compelled to cast himself upon his hands and knees and creep slowly back again to avoid falling, so dizzy had the ærial pathway made him. We rested on the summit of the cliffs until another tram arrived; and pleasant it was to gaze over the shimmering expanse of sea, and along the rocky coast, while in the sky the sun shone radiantly, and every blade of grass was tipped with diamonds, and all the atmosphere impregnated with balm.

A clumsy steam engine propelled the car that presently, in response to our signal, drew up alongside; and so we were not able to enjoy a repetition of the fireworks. The cars seemed to be very frequently worked in this manner; for what reason I cannot say, as the electric car

which had conveyed us hither had worked easily and well. As yet, the line only ran to Bushmills ; though an extension to the Causeway was in progress. At Bushmills, therefore, we alighted to find a couple of cars from the Causeway Hotel awaiting us. But there were so many people going that I had to be content with a seat in the place where the luggage is usually deposited, my legs dangling behind in a manner which was, I must admit, a trifle undignified. The road itself led us right past Dundarave, the seat of Sir Edward Macnaghten, the then member fo division of County Antrim ; and presently we dismounted at the door of the hotel, a large and well-appointed establishment situated on the top of the cliffs, just above the Causeway.

We had still ample time to examine this marvellous natural phenomenon, with the caves and other objects in the vicinity ; so, accompanied by a garrulous old guide, who had grown gray in the service, we descended to a rocky bay, and, hiring a boat and a lad to fire a pistol in one of the caves, we put off from the beach. A few sweeps of the oars, and, suddenly turning a corner, we found ourselves nearly opposite a large and beautiful archway. Through this our boat slowly glided, and we entered the Portcoon

Cave, a spacious hollow in the cliffs the walls and roof of which were exquisitely tinted, a delicate green and a delicious pink predominating; while many other hues were noticeable, the rocks consisting of variety of formations fantastically blended, and enclosing a broad cavern of rare magnificence, with translucent wavelets for its floor, an ideal resort for the mermaids in their revelry. As we rose and fell with the water, the boy pulled the trigger of his pistol, and immediately there was a report which awoke a thousand slumbering echoes, and deepened into a reverberation which I can compare to nothing less than thunder. It is said that this cave was once inhabited by a hermit giant, who, having vowed to take no food from mortal hands, was nourished by seals, which brought him in their mouths the necessary means of sustenance.

Having put the boy ashore again, we rowed out a little way, and then turned once more towards the cliffs; for, just before us, we saw another mighty cleft in the dark rocks, narrower by far than the first; and rowing carefully, to avoid collision with the sides, we passed beneath it into a narrow cavern of tremendous altitude, which ran far up into the earth, its extremity being utterly invisible, and a dark lane of water

following its gloomy windings until it was lost in shadow. This was the Dunkerry Cave ; but it might have been the entrance to the nether world, so eerie was the aspect of these frowning walls that met in this long and lofty archway ; while under us the waves rose so slowly and silently and continuously that the description of the Guide Book was well-nigh justified ; for, as we sat in the boat, many yards away from the mouth of the cave, we could almost imagine that the dark mysterious liquidness would creep gradually higher and higher, and never cease to rise until it touched the very summit of the cave. Here also the black basaltic rocks were intermingled with all manner of vivid hues ; and our guide, who evidently fancied himself an authority on geology, though his phraseology somehow reminded me of the parrot, which learns its sentences by heart and then delights in torturing humanity by repeating them in season and out, chattered glibly about the various stratas and the different veins, and used as many "words of learned length and thundering sound" as if he had performed the feat conventionally known as swallowing a dictionary. We had a difficulty in interposing a remark on any other subject ; and when, at last, he left geology, it

was only to talk about the geologists and other men of science and celebrities of all sorts whom he had, at various times, conducted over the Causeway; and he told us, with an air of much satisfaction, that he had been with Huxley and Tyndall; with several of the Royal Family; with Bulwer Lytton, who gave him some impromptu verses which he wrote on the occasion; with Salisbury and Davitt and Parnell, and such a host of other notables that I began to feel rather sceptical.

"Has Mr. Gladstone been?" I asked.

"No, sor, nor we don't want him!" was his emphatic reply.

Manifestly, *he* had no sympathy with Home Rule; and he told us that the people here were practically unanimous in their hostility to it. Many Irish-Americans visited the locality, however; and he narrated, with grim relish, and in tones of bitter sarcasm, an anecdote of one of these gentlemen whom he had recently accompanied over the Causeway. "We've got the money," exclaimed this worthy; "we'll send it to Gladstone; we'll bate the lords; and we'll have Home Rule in shpite of h——!"

After leaving the Dunkerry Cave, we rowed passed The Steucans, a peculiar mass of rocks

severing the bays of Portnabaw and Port Ganniay. Bearing out from the land, we proceeded at a good pace over the rolling, foamless waters on which the sea-birds sailed so fearlessly that we could touch them with our oars before they took the alarm and dived beneath the sea, remaining out of sight until we began to think that they could never reappear, and then suddenly emerging from their crystal haunts at a distance of many yards from the boat, and buoyantly floating on the surface again with the utmost indifference to both craft and crew. We continued our course until we were opposite the Pleaskin, a tall basaltic cliff of the usual columnar formation, which narrows regularly as it protrudes, until it fronts the water in a perfect point. The converging lines of it are of uniform elevation, and its general appearance is so symmetrical that it is calculated to command unusual attention, apart altogether from the fact that it contains some of the finest columns on the coast. This promontory forms the eastern boundary of Spanish Bay; and though Bengore Head, and Dunseverick and Bruce Castles, and a few quaint rocks of various characters lie beyond it, it marks the limit of the most extraordinary of the phenomena which have given to the coast of

Antrim its world-wide fame. Within the Bay are many curious formations, notably the Spanish Organ, a series of pillars which, with very little help from the imagination, may be compared to the instrument of music indicated. Here, tradition tells us, some of the vessels of the Armada were wrecked; and at the western extremity of the Bay are the Giant's Chimney Tops, consisting of several isolated rocks, one of which, in particular, rises in a narrow column to a considerable height. Against these, it is said, the Spanish war-ships directed all the fury of their guns, thinking, amid the mist and darkness, that the Chimney Tops were the towers of Dunluce, a mistake which, to persons unacquainted with the coast, was not unnatural. The crag from which the Chimneys spring is quite exceptionally low, and the main cliffs are of uniform height from end to end, and, for a large proportion of the height, absolutely perpendicular, the fields upon their summit being entirely out of sight, and ending in a level, continuous precipice several miles in length.

Beyond the Chimney Tops lies the Giant's Amphitheatre, a semicircle of basaltic pillars crowning a grassy slope that rises beautifully from the beach, and possesses some resemblance, in outline, to the amphitheatres of old; though the

writer who tells us that no architect could have made a more exact half circle; that the cliff slopes at precisely the same angle all round to the centre, and that it descends in regular ledges like the seats in the classical arena from whence it takes its name is simply talking nonsense.

Passing the Amphitheatre, we reached the bay that is bounded at its western extremity by the Causeway itself; and here we beheld a pile of regular pillars, gradually diminishing in size at either end, which perhaps still more closely resembled an organ than the pillars in Spanish Bay, the similarity being heightened by the fact that, when they are struck, they give forth a sharp metallic ring.

Arrived at the Causeway, we left the boat and walked slowly across it. We were mute with amazement at the appearance which, on close examination, it presented. A low rock ran out from the shore in three tongues, the Little, the Middle, and the Grand Causeways, sloping gradually as it neared the water; but, instead of the rock being of the usual type, it consisted of the exposed ends of a multitude of basaltic columns, including many of pentagonal, sexagonal and septagonal formation, with one of three, and several of four, eight or even nine sides. The geometrical

symmetry of their proportions was astonishing; and, though divided into so many diverse shapes, each exactly fitted in with the rest, the result being a tesselated pavement descending in consecutive gradations to the sea. And not only were these pillars divided from each other, but each was itself subdivided into sections, and could be taken in pieces with ease, every piece fitting in with the piece from which it had been severed, as we saw on examining some of the longitudinal columns ashore.

There are many legends to explain the origin of the Causeway. I will content myself with that which is most generally accepted. Once upon a time—this is, I believe, the orthodox method of commencing a story—there was in Ireland a mighty giant, known to fame as Fin M'Coul. Now, upon the shores of Caledonia there dwelt another giant who was given to boasting, and who had the temerity to inform him that, if it were not for the conscientious objection which he entertained to unnecessarily wetting himself, he would swim across to Ireland and give him a thrashing. This threat naturally aroused the indignation of the Irish champion, and, in his trouble, he applied to the king for assistance, and obtained permission

to construct a Causeway to the adjacent realm, that thus the Scot might be able to make good his words, and prove that he was no mere braggart. Promptly availing himself of the facilities so kindly provided by the courteous Fin, he paid him a visit, and the rival monsters fought. The result of the struggle was that Fin was completely victorious; but, with the traditional generosity of his race, he suffered his adversary to marry and take up his abode in Ireland, which was then rich and prosperous, whilst Scotland was poor and miserable; and so the quarrel ended in an amicable arrangement, and the Causeway, having served its purpose, disappeared.

Such is the popular explanation of its existence but science surmises that the singular columns are of plutonic origin; that is to say, they have been formed by the fusion of the various ingredients of which they are composed into a liquid mass which, in cooling, has crystallized into a variety of forms, in a similar manner to that in which starch will crystallize on drying. As one evidence of this I may state that some of the pillars which we visited amid the cliffs were bent into grotesque shapes, as if by the burden of the rocks that rested upon them, which bending would very naturally occur before the crystallization was

complete and the pillars had cooled down to a normal temperature. How far they run beneath the sea or under the land I cannot say. Suffice it to remark that, as the same phenomenon is observable, not only in Rathlin Island, but at Staffa, in the Hebrides, it is not impossible that the pillars extend continuously to that point.

The broad and even footway to the neighbouring realm, the Organs and the Chimneys were not the only conveniences which existed for the giant's benefit. I cannot pretend to even enumerate the whole of his belongings; but I may mention the Giant's Granny, his Pulpit, his Crown and his Mitre, his Chair, his Loom, his Eye-glasses, his Well, and his Gateway; whilst many other peculiar rocks were shown to us, including the Priest and his Flock, the King and his Nobles, the Earl of Antrim's Parlour, the Highlandman's Bonnet, and the Honeycomb, several of these resembling the objects after which they were named in a manner that was remarkable. Wherever we turned we were confronted by some phenomenon; and, as we examined one after another, instead of being disappointed with the Causeway, as we had at first anticipated, we became lost in wonder at the unimaginable marvel of it.

CHAPTER VII.

WE START FOR THE LOYAL CAPITAL—A DRIVE OF SIXTY MILES—THE REBEL CARMAN—THE BRIDGE OF ROPES—CARRICK-A-REDE—BALLYCASTLE—"GOD SAVE IRELAND!"—A CHURLISH DRIVER—"THE SWEETEST VILLAGE IN ULSTER"—THE DAUGHTER OF THE KIRK—NEWS OF THE RIOTS—GARRON TOWER—GLENARM—LARNE—A DISGUSTED GLADSTONIAN—BELFAST—"MY SWEETHEART" IS FIRED AT—THE MUSTER-ROLL OF THE ORANGE ARMY.

A sound night's rest, an early breakfast, and, at half past eight, we were off again, for we had a drive of some sixty miles before us, and a railway journey at the end of it. That night we intended to sleep at Belfast, in the very citadel of the Orangeman, and among a population whose amiable occupation, during the past few weeks, had been that of breaking each others heads. Along the cliffs we slowly rode, upon the public car which, in the season, starts daily from the hotel, our only companion being an agreeable

young Yorkshireman. I was surprised to find that many of the houses we passed were little better than the cabins of Donegal, although the land was fairly fertile; and our driver said that a large number of the people were Home Rulers, thereby expressing an opinion which was diametrically opposed to that of our guide on the previous afternoon—in fact, almost every person we met contradicted his predecessor, so that it was in the highest degree difficult to get at the real truth, or to escape absolute and hopeless bewilderment. No wonder John Bull pronounces the whole country quite incomprehensible. When I pointed to the result of the elections, the driver averred that this was accomplished by the undue influence which the richer classes exercised over the ignorant peasantry; and that discontent was as keen in Ulster as in any other part of Ireland. He was quite a fiery champion of the Nationalist cause.

Presently the road descended, and we saw the magnificent outline of Bengore Head, with its lofty, perpendicular upper cliff, and then a space which was occupied by basaltic pillars, and, under these, a rocky slope descending picturesquely to the sea. Passing the singular

group of rocks known as the Hen and Chickens, and Sheep Island, and the ruins of Dunseverick Castle "perched like a nest on the top of a bare insulated rock," we reached the village of Ballintoy with its curious church, and here we dismounted to visit Carrick-a-rede.

The way led amid a number of pretty white cottages, pleasantly embowered in purple-hearted fuchsias, and over a field or two; and, after a brief walk, we arrived at our destination. The name signifies "the rock in the road," the island interrupting the salmon in their passage along the coast, and being severed from the mainland by a deep chasm. But over this is swung a bridge, some sixty feet in length, and formed of two strong parallel ropes, united by lateral strips of wood on which a double width of narrow plank is laid. A rope handrail upon the left completes the bridge, and under it, at a depth of ninety feet, the emerald waters flow. To cross it safely requires a cool head and a steady step, for no sooner do you plant your feet upon it than it begins to sway to and fro in an alarming manner; but, by clinging to the rope and walking warily, the danger may be obviated. Having made the passage, we stepped, with some astonishment, upon the island in safety, and found it to be a

beautiful eminence of basalt, the grass that covered it soft and velvety to the tread, and glistening with the splendour of the dew ; and the exquisite waters clasping it, and the sun caressing it, and the breezes loading it with balmy kisses. And out beyond rose Rathlin Isle, with all its jumbled cliffs and verdant slopes, resembling from the land as closely as from the steamer the mingled habitations of some smiling seaside town. The adjacent cliffs were likewise beautiful ; and the world was peaceful—as peaceful as if no human hand had ever desecrated it, and no human crime defaced its happy fields.

We were fain to linger long upon this quiet isle, but time was fleeting, and already we anticipated an angry reception from the driver; and so we retraced our steps. At the bridge I met one of the local fisherman who, to facilitate their craft, had erected it, withdrawing it on the approach of winter. He was, of course, as much a Unionist as the driver was a Nationalist. He told me, in answer to my enquiries, that only one person had lost his life since the bridge had first been made, and that he was under the influence of liquor at the time; whilst the day was rough, and the sight of the waters foaming against the rocks beneath would tend to still further unnerve him. In spite of this, how-

ever, I very nearly managed to have an accident on my own account, for my foot caught in one of the ropes that bound the planks, causing me to stumble; and, had it not been for the fact that I had a firm hold of the rope at the side, I should almost certainly have been precipitated into the gulf that yawned below.

The driver, as we expected, had grown impatient, and had driven along the road to meet us; and, as there was a possibility of our missing the next car at Ballycastle, we hastened on at once. Leaving the sea as we approached Kenbane Head, on which are situated the ruins of Kenbane Castle, we passed through a succession of flaxfields and cornfields for three or four miles; and then, entering a considerable village, and rattling up to the door of the hotel, we exchanged cars; for the village was Ballycastle, and from this point another driver was to speed us on our journey. Ballycastle is a fine bathing place, and it boasts the remains of a castle erected by MacDonnell of Dunluce in 1609. Here the late Hugh Boyd erected glasshouses, tanneries and breweries, and constructed a fine quay at a cost of £30,000. He was a churchman, and was interred in the church which he built upon the very day of its consecration; and, as an example of tolerance

and broad-mindedness which cannot be too warmly commended in a region where religious differences are so acute, it may be mentioned that he likewise built Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Methodist places of worship. Not content with this, he endowed several charities; but a sort of paralysis appears to have overtaken the place, and his beneficent enterprises are now, for the most part, in a state of decay. Coal is found in the neighbourhood, and, in 1770, some miners by accident discovered a labyrinth of ancient workings, in exploring which a couple of them became bewildered and were with difficulty restored to the light of day. Local tradition attributes this mine to the Danes.

During the greater part of the drive we had been favoured with charming views of Rathlin, and Islay, and the Mull of Kintyre; and, as we approached Ballycastle, we obtained a noble view of Fair Head, which, as I have already remarked, is, to my mind, perhaps the most striking object on the Antrim coast. Seen from the land, and at a distance, it preserves the perpendicular outline which had impressed us so much from the water; but, as we drove gradually nearer and nearer to it, the face of the cliff appeared to lose its straightness somewhat. On the road to it is the

Gray Man's Path, a narrow fissure in the rocks expanding as it proceeds, and conducting the adventurous wanderer to the sea.

We now rode inland, leaving the Head on our left, and passing, at one point, an excavation which revealed a group of basaltic columns as symmetrical as those at the Causeway itself; and I must not omit to mention that, in the vicinity of Carrick-a-rede, there is a cavern the roof of which consists of nothing else—two further illustrations of the extent of the area in which the extraordinary formation occurs. Beyond this point, the Head slopes towards the road, and near its summit are two small lakes, Lough Dhu (the Black Lake), and Lough-na-Cranagh (the Lake of the Island). In the middle of the latter there is an oval islet of black basaltic rock, which is said to have been constructed by the Druids, and used in the rites of their strange religion.

We now traversed a long stretch of moorland, the fields vanishing, and the houses becoming scarcer, until, at last, we reached a region which appeared to be alike untilled and uninhabited, and of the turfy character to which the traveller in Ireland is so accustomed. As we began to approach the water again, two barefooted lads accosted us, and said that, if we would

give them a lift, they would sing us a song ; and, as our driver, who was a pleasant young fellow, commended their vocal powers very highly, we hauled them on to the car, and heard "God save Ireland!" rendered with much animation in the heart of the Loyal North. One of the lads sang with real ardour, and, although so young, he appeared to be possessed of the true patriotic fibre, which, however misapplied at times, is characteristic of all true Irishmen. He was favouring us with other Nationalist airs when we saw a car approaching. It was driven by a surly-looking fellow who handed it over to our former driver, and, mounting ours, unceremoniously ordered the lads to get down, telling them that he had no time for their foolery. Then, lashing his horses, he drove away at a great speed, having also ordered me, with equal alacrity and ill-nature, to descend from the front seat, which our former driver had courteously allowed me to occupy, as it afforded that view of both sides of the road which, as I have already explained, it is difficult to obtain from the side seats. But this was only an instalment of what we had to expect. During the whole journey he was absolutely regardless of the comfort of his passengers, and was not merely inconsiderate, but impudent.

Later on in the day, I ventured to inform him that he was crushing my hat with a portmanteau; for, in the country districts, I usually donned a soft woollen cap, depositing my hat in the well of the car. He immediately responded in his gruffest tones, "You should have thought of that when you were at Ballycastle, and then you could have got another." At one point of the journey, a lady stepped out of a house by the roadside as the car was passing, and called to the driver to stop, while several of the passengers also directed his attention to the fact that she desired to mount the car. He did not take the slightest notice, except to urge his horses on at a faster rate than ever; and for nearly a quarter of a mile he compelled her to run behind the car, along a dusty road and under a blazing sun, and only pulled up after repeated remonstrances. These are merely a few of the amiable actions by which he diversified the journey; but they were about on a par with his general demeanour. I only mention the matter because he was the first person we had met upon our journey who had treated us with the slightest incivility. From man and woman, from old and young, from rich and poor alike we had, with his solitary exception, received the politest of

treatment; and he has the proud distinction of being,so far as our personal experience extended, the only churl in Ulster.

Passing Tor Head, in the distance, we descended from the moorlands, through a multitude of verdant trees, to Cushendun, where the huge "Lake Champlain" was still upon the rocks, and still encircled with the wreaths of inky smoke which ascended from the small steamers that were occupied in getting her afloat, a task which, soon after our return, was, I saw, successfully accomplished. The village itself, with its white coast-guard station, is situated on the shore, a river stealing through a charming valley from the woody hills beyond and seeking outlet here. From hence the road ran inland again for a while, and soon we entered Cushendall, "the sweetest village in Ulster," with its bright rustic houses, the fuchsia blooming by their doors, and over them a wealth of greenery, and, close at hand, the magic presence of the sea. In this serene vicinity dwelt Fin M'Coul, and here the Scottish giant, Dallas, who was slain by Ossian, is said to sleep the final sleep; while, in a ruined ivy-covered church by the brink of the blue waters, great Ossian himself is rumoured to have found a sepulchre.

We paused at the hotel to snatch such refreshment as was possible in the space of five minutes; and, in the meantime, our traps were transferred to a large public car with a pair of horses. Our Yorkshire friend left us at this point; but we found that we should have any amount of company for the rest of the journey, for the car was full, and among its occupants I noticed several ladies, one of whom, in particular, was both young and pretty. Managing to obtain a seat by the side of her, I congratulated myself upon a repetition of the good fortune which had attended me during the ride from Letterkenny to Kilmacrenan. She soon became communicative, and had, I discovered, been staying at a manse in the neighbourhood, and was now returning to her home in the outskirts of Belfast. Upon hearing this, I was quite prepared to learn that she was antagonistic to Home Rule, for "Protestant Home Rulers" are usually Catholics, I understand. Mr. Richardson was equally engrossed in an older lady, who, if not quite so good-looking, was remarkably agreeable. She was, like the majority of her sex, an inveterate talker; but she talked with the utmost good sense, and could expatiate upon the political situation with as much aptitude

as her fair sisters display in the discussion of embroidery or the business of their next door neighbours, a feature in the feminine character as rare as it is commendable. After all, it is a mistake to suppose that sublunary affairs are bounded by the walls of the drawing room ; and that the whole duty of woman is comprised in a compliance with the injunctions of the dancing master. This lady was a Catholic, and was as intelligently in favour of Home Rule as my fairer companion was unintelligently against it ; and, whilst her party bias was strong, leading her, for example to attribute the Belfast disturbances entirely to the opposite section of the community, she argued with wonderful acuteness in favour of Mr Gladstone's Bill. She said she entertained no doubt whatever that it would ultimately be carried, and pitilessly ridiculed the idea that its adoption would result in civil war; and she appeared to think that to even dream of such a contingency as separation was absurd to the last degree. She resided in York Street, one of the most agitated portions of Belfast, and she told Mr. Richardson that a man had fallen dead upon her doorstep, shot by a bullet, only a few days before. She had been in constant apprehension of an attack upon her house, insomuch that she and her family had arranged

to shelter in the residence of a Protestant neighbour in case of any emergency. Religious ill-will was, she said, entirely confined to the lower orders, and they alone were responsible for the rioting, though the whole town had been bordering on anarchy since their insensate proceedings began. A friend of hers, in passing through Falls Road, I think she said, had been compelled to crouch at the bottom of the tram-car to avoid the missiles that were flying to and fro; and the son of this lady, who had made fun of the riots, and, in spite of her warning, persisted in walking through the district and examining the state of affairs for himself, had been greeted with the exclamation, "Here's a masher!" and set upon by the mob with much ferocity.

While Mr. Richardson was thus discussing the fate of empires, and I was engaged in the less exciting process of talking pleasant commonplaces with my rosy and somewhat demure Presbyterian companion, we were skirting the sea, and getting a glimpse of the wild vale of Glenariff, over the beauty of which she waxed quite enthusiastic. Presently the road passed under a great archway hewn out of the solid rock, and then ran due east, with the waves washing the shore on one hand, and, on the other, the green cliffs of

Garron Point, on rounding which, and running south again, we rode beneath the Tower.

From Cushendall to Larne we never left the margin of the sea. For miles and miles we followed its innumerable windings and gazed upon its multitude of wavelets, each tiniest ripple tipped with gold, and, in the east, the blue mountains of Scotland; for, long after Islay and Jura had receded from our view, Kintyre was visible, at first, not twenty miles away, and, peeping over it, the rugged Arran; and then, as these grew gradually vaguer, the isolated cone of Ailsa Craig, with the low shores of Ayr upon the verge of the horizon, and, later still, the rising cliffs of Corsewall Point. And, inland, everything was calm and beautiful—a maze of sunny cornfields, flaxfields and pasturelands, with clumps of trees, and the rugged outlines of rocks that overhung the road, and, at intervals, a cluster of houses, guarded by an army of red-coated fuchsias. Carnlough was passed, and then we neared Glenarm, from whence a woody valley winds amid the hills. Close beside the quaint little street arise the embattled walls environing the castle, with its shady deer-park, and, dancing through the delicatest verdure, a limpid brook, that sings with gladness as it hastens to the sea.

The ruins of a monastery complete the charm.

The Fates had been kind to us, for, had we learnt the almanac by heart and studied meteorology for months, we could not have chosen a more delightful day. It was one unbroken wealth of sunshine ; and every field and tree, and all the boundless surface of the deep derived an added beauty from Apollo's beam. Amid the desolate scenery of Lough Swilly, the heavens had shown their sympathy, and earth and sky were each austere ; and while we drove through the bleak and lonely Gap that led from Kilmacrenan to the north, and by the sombre shores of Sheep Haven, and on to dark Horn Head, the skies were drear as death, and the wind lashed all the waves to foam, and all the elements combined to form a scene magnificent in loneliness. And, as we passed the sandy mounds and sinuous creeks and barren moors that marked the journey to Gweedore, the mists were rising, and dense vapours hid the moon, and the landscape was shrouded in a ghostly garb that well became its mystery and solitude. And now, as, once again, we sighted gentler cliffs, and fertile fields, and grassy knolls, and stately mansions, and a multitude of trees and flowers, the skies

serener grew, and all their depths were azure, fleeced with pearl, and flecked with gold, and over all the hills a golden glamour rested.

By Ballygawley Head, where the basaltic pillars once more occur, and under the low and abruptly rising cliffs that hid the undulating land beyond from view, we rattled along an admirable road, the Maidens visible for miles amid their blue environment of waves. As we approached the town of Larne, we passed a monument beside the sea, and the light-house at the narrow entrance to the lough; and, driving through a narrow street, we paused at the Post Office, for we had travelled on the Mail Car, and had, during the whole of the journey, been occupied in delivering or receiving parcels of letters. Then, dashing on to the Station, we pulled up in ample time to hand over the mails before the train started for Belfast. The driver's anxiety not to miss it no doubt furnished some little excuse for his boorish conduct; but, after making every allowance, I am bound to say that he was one of the most disagreeable individuals it has ever been my misfortune to meet.

Mr. Richardson had somehow contrived to lose his travelling rug upon the way, and, after solacing this cross-grained Jehu with a tip—

the only tip we grudged during our entire holiday—and asking him to forward it if he should chance to hear anything of it, we entered the train at about half-past six. The tourist can return from Larne by steamer to Stranraer upon the Scottish coast, just opposite ; and this is, at present, the shortest route between the sister isles. The town which we were leaving has a population of between three and four thousand. It exports rock salt and limestone, and has a manufacture of cotton goods and canvas. In the vicinity there is a cromlech, and, at Brown's Bay, at the north-western extremity of the lough, the Giant's Cradle, a stone which is reputed "to acquire a tremulous motion on the approach of criminals." Upon the coast are the lofty basaltic cliffs known as the Gobbins, from whence, in 1641, the Carrickfergus garrison ruthlessly drove a number of Catholics into the sea.

Skirting the lough, we saw the Castle of Olderfleet, once useful as a fortress to resist the depredations of the Scots, and celebrated as the landing place of Edward Bruce, the latest king of Ireland. Through Glynn, with its ruined church, and Ballycarry, where the first Presbyterian church in Ireland was erected, and where there may still be seen the remains of Templecoran,

we reached Kilroot. Here there is another ruined church within the walls of which Dean Swift himself was wont to minister. Leaving Larne Lough behind us, we were soon in sight of the larger Belfast Lough; and glided through Carrickfergus, with its ancient castle—the castle at which a certain king "of pious and immortal memory" disembarked to fight the Battle of the Boyne. Founded in the twelfth century, and picturesquely situated on a rock which is almost surrounded by water, the castle is still fortified, and effectually commands the lough. Whiteabbey and Greencastle, with still more ruins, succeeded, the broad expanse of water always in the distance, and, beyond it, on the south, the town of Bangor and other pretty seaside resorts. Everything bespoke prosperity as we were whirled through a thickening multitude of houses, and saw, across the roofs and spires that stretched in front of us, the bold and striking outline of a lofty hill. Then, slackening speed, we moved slowly into the Station at Belfast.

We had travelled with an elderly gentleman who had been a follower of Mr. Gladstone until recently; but who now declared that the people of the North had lost all faith in that statesman

and that he was entirely on the wrong tack. This gentleman was an admirable type of the generality of the better classes in the Loyal Capital. He was studiously moderate in his views and had no sympathy whatever with extreme courses. He condemned the riots very strongly, but was uncompromisingly hostile to Home Rule, expressing it as his opinion that many of the more enlightened Catholics were equally opposed to it. The town had grown rather quieter, he said, though at any moment there might be a renewal of the rioting. The papers had, however, been so full of particulars as to the deplorable condition of the place that as we half expected, we left the Station, to be saluted with a volley of brickbats, especially as we found that our way led us right up York Street; and we had scarcely entered it before we passed a public house which had been totally wrecked a little while before, and was now undergoing the process of reconstruction. But no missiles were hurled at our devoted heads, and, after a pleasant walk, we arrived in safety at the Prince of Wales Hotel. We found that, right in front of it, the Queen's Islandmen had, until a day or two ago, been in the habit of regularly passing morning, noon and night in a long procession to their homes on

Shankhill Road, that thus they might be able to repel the attacks to which they were usually subjected as they went down North Street, one of the Nationalist strongholds. We also learnt that, on the previous night, a revolver had been fired, apparently from the top of a tram-car, directly opposite the hotel, so that we were in a lively quarter. But the place was comfortable, and situated in the best part of the town, close to the Albert Memorial, and near to the principal public buildings and the Theatre. We finished the day at the latter, and had the pleasure of seeing bewitching little Minnie Palmer, fresh from the attack of the ruffians who had fired at the train in which she was travelling. But the danger did not seem to have had much effect upon her nerves, for she danced and sang with the usual vivacity, and displayed all that inimitable combination of coquetry and tenderness which have made "My Sweetheart" a household word in England and America.

The town was crowded with soldiers and police. More than 2000 of each were stationed here, and the main thoroughfares were continuously patrolled by bronzed and sturdy warriors, among whom were the famous Black Watch, whose manly bearing, and swinging strides, and stern features,

and huge hairy helmets impressed the beholder with the thought that these were men upon whom the nation might, in the hour of peril, rely with the utmost confidence—warriors *sans peur et sans reproche*, the pride of their country, and the envy of the world. But the night closed quietly; there were no further revolver-shots, and about the only incident which excited our attention ere we retired to rest was that, as we were standing chatting at the hotel door with a gentleman we had met there, a brutal-looking fellow walked up and stared at us earnestly, and then declared, in the most offensively aggressive tones, that he was an Orangeman, with a look which indicated that a gentle reminder of the fact that he was none the better for it would have induced him to promptly challenge creation, and reflect glory upon his order by making a blackguard of himself.

The Society to which this inebriated hero avowed his allegiance is such a power in Ulster that a few words concerning it may not be out of place. Arising out of the animosities which had divided the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland since the Reformation, and which reached their climax at the Revolution of 1688, and owing its name to William the Third, its chief object has been to maintain the Protestant ascendency in Ireland

Frequent quarrels between the rival sections of the population resulted in the formation of hostile associations, the Protestants being known as 'Peep-of-day Boys,' the Catholics as 'Defenders.' Collisions between them were frequent, and, in 1785, a bloody battle was fought in County Armagh. The endeavours to repress these tumults drove the people into secret combination, and the 'Peep-of-day Boys' were superseded by the Orange Society. The first Orange Lodge was founded in the village of Loughgall, County Armagh, on the 21st September, 1795, as the immediate result of a series of outrages upon the Catholics which culminated in the Battle of the Diamond. The disaffection of the time, in which, as a result of continued injustice, the Catholics largely participated, made popery and disloyalty, in the eyes of many Protestants, synonymous, and the Rebellion of 1798 confirmed them in this view.

Meanwhile the Orange Society was extending all over Ulster, and into other parts of Ireland; it was established in the metropolis, and, as time went on, its emissaries organized lodges in England, in Scotland, in Wales, in Canada, and in the other colonies; and it even obtained a footing in the army, for no fewer than

thirty-two regiments were proved to have obtained warrants for holding lodges in Ireland, and the English Grand Lodge had issued thirty-seven warrants for a similar object. Its organization was elaborate and comprehensive. Subordinate to the Central Grand Lodge were the county, the district and the private lodges, each subject to its immediate superior. Each had a master, a deputy master, a secretary, a committee and a chaplain. Members were elected by ballot, all Protestants of the age of eighteen being eligible. Among its grand masters it has numbered a royal duke and various noblemen of distinction ; its proceedings have several times been the subject of parliamentary interference ; and so much did it contribute to disorder that, for some years, the Lord Chancellor declined to admit any of its members to the commission of the peace; and the periodical disturbances which resulted from its celebrations did much to alienate the sympathy of many who shared its devotion to Protestantism and its loyalty to the Crown, and to principally confine its influence to the lower classes. The survival of the old animosities, however it is to be deprecated, unfortunately still continues; and some idea as to the present power of the association may be

gathered from an article which appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of May 21st, 1886, concerning the possibility of mobilizing an Orange Army to resist, if necessary, by force of arms the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin. From this article it seems that there are in Ulster already two army corps, the Army of Action, taken from the unmarried Orangemen mainly resident in the province, and those without any family to support, up to the age of forty-five; and the Army of Reserve, composed of other Orangemen not exceeding the age of fifty-five. The Army of Action is divided into four divisions, namely:

First, or North-East Ulster, with five brigades;
Second, or South-East Ulster, with six brigades;
Third, or Mid-Ulster, with five brigades;
Fourth, or Southern, with six brigades.

The brigades are formed of regiments from specified districts, the regiments are composed of sections, and each section represents two or more adjacent Orange lodges. The entire army is under the grand commander-in-chief; each corps has a grand commander; each division a

provincial grand commander; each brigade a district grand commander; each regiment a commander, and each section a deputy commander and a standard bearer. A vigilance committee in Belfast is entrusted with the equipment of the Army of Action, and has authority over provincial committees at Lisburn, Lurgan, Coleraine, and Enniskillen; with which the various subordinate divisions are in communication. The following were the numbers enrolled at the time the article appeared, independently of the contingents in process of formation in Glasgow, Liverpool and London:

	Active.	Reserve.	Total.
Infantry	32,820	22,546	55,366
Cavalry	1,040	1,262	2,302
Artillery	2,530	2,096	4,626
Engineers	960	1,776	2,736
Rifles	550	421	971
Total	37,900	28,101	66,001
Unclassed 4th Brigade		...	7,560
Grand Total		....	73,561

I do not, of course, vouch for the accuracy of

these statistics ; but the influence and resources of the Society are unquestionable, and the drunken ejaculation of the Orangeman who had accosted us is significant of a spirit which is sufficiently widespread to make all cautious statesmen pause before they sanction a scheme which might let loose a force so powerful, and the very rumour of which had plunged Belfast into anarchy.

CHAPTER VIII.

I INDULGE IN RETROSPECTION—MY VISIT TO THE MOURNE MOUNTAINS—A NEW SOLUTION OF THE IRISH DIFFICULTY SUGGESTED—ANTRIM—ROUND TOWERS AND THEIR ORIGIN—THE HOME OF VISCOUNT MASSEREENE—THE LARGEST LAKE IN THE KINGDOM—SHANE'S CASTLE — THE MYSTERIOUS PASSAGE — THE BLOODY HAND — ANECDOTE OF THE LAST OF THE O'NEILLS—A PLEA FOR THE LANDLORDS—BACK TO BELFAST.

Our arrangements had, thus far, fitted in with each other perfectly. By not wasting any time, we had been able to see Londonderry, Donegal, and the Causeway, and to drive back along the Antrim Coast in exactly the time we had arranged, travelling at a rapid rate, but visiting the principal objects of interest along the route ; and, as it was necessary for us to return by the Saturday night boat from Belfast, there yet remained, as we had intended, two days at our disposal, one of which we proposed to devote to Belfast itself, and the other to Newry, Warrenpoint and the beautiful

scenery of Carlingford Lough. I had visited the latter myself on a previous occasion, but I had been so much impressed by the grandeur of the mountains overlooking it and the loveliness of the surrounding country that I was quite ready for another visit, and had indeed suggested the excursion. At last, however, we were out in our calculations; for, rendered careless by our continued good fortune, we not only neglected to make our arrangements overnight, but, being somewhat wearied with our rapid progress, we overslept ourselves, and found, on rising, that the next train did not leave until about noon; and that to merely get to Warrenpoint *via* Newry and return to Belfast would take the rest of the day, without leaving any time for sightseeing upon our arrival. This was not owing to our distance from those places, for they were only some thirty miles away, but because of the wretched railway service.

And so we abandoned the idea, and determined to visit Antrim instead, a locality in which we were not less interested, and which, for me, possessed the further charm of novelty; but, as we rode along the lough towards Carrickfergus Junction, my memory wandered to the day, five years before, when in the company of a near relative,

I had left the Isle of Man and sailed across the intervening stretch of sea, and first set foot on Irish soil. I remembered how bright the sunshine was, and how infinitely blue the sky ; how gradually the shores of Man receded, and the jagged peaks to westward rose and rose, while music mingled with the plashing wavelets and the freshening breeze until, at noon, we sailed alongside the landing-stage at Greenore, and then passed calmly into the lough. Again, in thought, I saw the train which met the boat go puffing on towards Newry ; and noticed how, upon the left, the land was fertile and the hills of gentle aspect ; while, on the right, were many sombre elevations, well-nigh destitute of vegetation, for the most part ; with scarce a hut to break their loneliness, and here and there a stony track which wound across the summits of the lesser peaks, and formed the only evidence that man was wont to wander through their purple shade. Soon we saw the tiny town of Carlingford, the classic home of the oyster, nestling in a pleasant corner of the lough, its fine old castle overhanging the water ; and then the wildness diminished somewhat, and in front of us there gleamed the white houses of Warrenpoint, with a beautiful background of trees and mountains. The scene was entrancing as we

neared our destination. The barren grandeur of the rocks to the right was relieved by spreading woodlands now, and round us everywhere fleet vessels floated, or wee boats skimmed softly as the sea-birds over the calm surface of this glittering inlet. Mansions began to appear embosomed in luxuriant timber, and everything told of that life and activity which is so characteristic of the Loyal North. At the end of the lough the Newry Water discharged itself, and, to the north of it, the pretty little town of Warrenpoint reposed. We landed at the quay, and passed the square, and, riding on a curious tram-car with a genial driver, moved along the margin of the shore, and, deviating, passed some pretty country seats, and rode through stately avenues, with constant glimpses at the mountains. The town owes its name to the fact that there was formerly a large rabbit warren in the vicinity. It is a favourite bathing place, and has a beach which might tempt the timidest to trespass on old Neptune's blue domain. It is evidently a favourite resort of the wealth and fashion of the North; and no wonder, for the whole scene was one of loveliness—lovely mountains, lovely woodlands, lovely waters kissing lovely shores, lovely houses, lovely women, and all suffused to-day with pleasant

sunshine, and radiant with an atmosphere of happiness and peace.

At last we reached Rosstrevor, the "Montpellier of Ireland," agreeably situated on the rising ground which overlooks the bay, backed by noble mountains, and embowered in noble trees. I recalled how, at an adjacent hotel, we had paid heavily and fared poorly; how we had lazily visited the obelisk erected to the memory of General Ross, a native of the place who was killed at the Battle of Baltimore, in 1814; how we had sauntered slowly through the little town, and every moment marvelled more at the magnificence of its environment, and the grandeur of the whole locality; and how, though fain to linger, we at last returned to find the steamer gone. How we had smiled at the rueful faces of our fellow-travellers as it dawned upon them that possibly they would be compelled to remain in Ireland until the next steamship from the Isle of Man arrived, or else sail homeward by some other route. How we had ourselves begun to contemplate the possibility with some concern, and to look as rueful as the rest. How our enquiries ultimately elicited the information that it was only at high tide that a vessel of so large a size could get to Warrenpoint; and, as the tide had ebbed, she

had found it necessary to steam out into the lough again. How we had rushed towards the nearest boat ; and how it had become so quickly thronged with anxious passengers that the bulwarks were level with the water and the waves came washing over us. How, in spite of the exertions of a muscular Irishman, we made extremely slow progress ; and how, although the company paid our fares, he had thought it desirable, when the distance between us and the steamship had been lessened by about one half, to have a collection. How a middle-aged gentleman and three younger worthies who accompanied him, and whose object in life appeared to be to make him look ridiculous, amused themselves and us, as they sat in the bow of the boat, by singing "Sweet Belle Mahone ;" and how their musical ardour was cooled, at last, by a sudden wave which wet them to the skin. But all is well that ends well, and in due season we reached the vessel. We were the first to arrive. As we stepped aboard we observed perhaps half a dozen other boats pulling out to us, some of which had just left the shore. They also were progressing very slowly ; and, at this moment, the paddles began to revolve. Evidently the occupants of these boats concluded that we were off without them, and much con-

sternation appeared to prevail among them at this new and more serious dilemma. The rowers suddenly paused, and seemed to be having an altercation as to whether they should proceed any further, or a collection on their own account. But at last the dispute was settled; they bent to their task again; and, no doubt greatly to the satisfaction of their passengers, the motion of the vessel, which had only been changing its position a little, owing to the fact that the keel touched the bottom, ceased as enexpectedly as it began.

"The shades of night were falling fast" as, after a brief stoppage at Greenore, we steamed out of the lough. I recalled how I had stood upon the deck and watched the sun set over the Mourne Mountains in a great crimson glory which flooded all the heavens behind them; and how, against it, every wild peak and desolate outline has risen in dark and dreadful contrast. And I remembered how, as the vessel flew across the seething waste of waters, I was lost in reverie, and dreamed that as the bloody sunset was the presage of a fairer day, so Ireland's night of blood would usher in a better time; that, though the gloom might turn to utter darkness, it would surely pass, and morning come; and that the

realms which Fate had joined no human agency should ever put asunder.

The night deepened, and the sun went down, and now hoarse winds arose, and tore along the deck, and howled amid the rigging, and lashed the billows into foam ; but the vision stayed ; and though the night has deepened in the sister isle since then, and storms have gathered such as none of us foresaw, and those we trusted to have guided us to quiet water have joined hands with the wreckers and steered straight for the rocks, I have never ceased to cherish it ; and no apostasy, however ominous, and no popular frenzy, however fierce, and no storm, however terrible, can shake me in the faith that fairer days shall dawn for Ireland, and that she and we are destined through the ages to be one.

In the glory of the vision, I was half oblivious of the incidents of the voyage ; but it was rough enough, and even dangerous, and I recalled how it terminated in a catastrophe. While I was down below in search of my companion, the steamer stopped abruptly, and, as soon as I had found him, we went on deck. At first we were in some doubt as to our whereabouts. But close at hand was the light on Douglas Head, and, as the paddles began to move, we found that we were

making for the dock, the badness of the weather having rendered it impracticable for us to land at the pier, from whence we had started in the morning. It was a perilous sail. Other vessels were crowded round us, and it required the utmost care to keep clear of them. The captain stood upon the bridge, issuing his directions in loud tones, and we forged along so slowly that we scarcely seemed to move at all. Before, behind, and on either side of us there loomed through the darkness great funnels, tall masts, and a wilderness of rigging, and it appeared to be almost impossible to proceed. Half the length of the dock had, however, been traversed in safety when suddenly there came an awful crash. The captain got fearfully excited, the crew appeared to be bewildered and from somewhere below us there came loud cries of anger and alarm. It was a moment of acute suspense. We asked each other what it meant. Had we run into a vessel? Were any lives endangered? We could not tell; but everybody clustered on the forepart of the steamer, vainly clamouring for explanations, and utterly unable to comprehend the captain's extraordinary shouts and gestures. All at once the crashing ceased, the steamer turned aside a little, and, through the gloom, we could just discern

the broken bulwarks of a small vessel which was secured to the side of the dock ; and we found that with this we had come into collision. Her deck was strewn with shattered timber, and she presented a curious spectacle amid the darkness. But luckily no one was hurt, and the damage turned out to be less serious than everyone had at first anticipated. The excitement gradually died away, and soon afterwards we drew up in safety alongside another steamer. From this we crossed to the quay. Ten minutes more and we were in bed, for it was already after midnight. Fifteen minutes more and we were fast asleep.

Such were some of my reminiscences of my visit to the Mourne Mountains, and my introduction to the Emerald Isle. But there was enough to occupy my attention in the present scene ; for we were now branching off through a locality productive and highly cultivated—a long stretch of well-wooded undulations, with white churches and fine mansions at intervals, and pretty cottages and farms, and everywhere an air of peace and plenty. The contrast between Antrim and Donegal was very striking. In the one, the people were blessed with a fertile soil and with industrious habits ; and the result

was visible in a smiling area of prolific fields and cheery tenements, and a well-dressed, prosperous and contented population. In the other, they were cursed with a barren soil and with a racial thriftlessness and lack of enterprise; and were ready, in consequence, to listen to any quack remedy which was propounded as a specific for their sufferings, instead of acquiring settled habits of industry and seeking to encourage the introduction of capital and the opening out of the resources of the country. The very accent was different, the people of Antrim proclaiming their Scottish ancestry by their pronunciation, and the Celtic population of the region round Gweedore speaking with a rich Irish brogue. Perhaps the best solution of the Irish difficulty would be, as I had laughingly suggested to Mr. Richardson as we had driven along the coast on the previous day and marked the nearness of the Western Isles, to treat Ireland as one of the Hebrides—a greater Islay, a more extensive Mull, a larger Lewis, and endeavour to overrun it with Scotchmen. We had abundant evidence of what they could accomplish in Ulster; and, if the whole population of the country were gradually intermixed with a population of Scottish descent until the little leaven leavened the lump, John Bull would

soon hear less of Irish grievances, and would see the prosperity of Ulster reproducing itself throughout the length and breadth of his Other Island. Unluckily, however, this remedy is not "within the range of practical politics." But to coolly hand over the most loyal, the most wealthy, and the most intelligent section of the community, not only against its wishes, but in spite of its passionate protests, to the almost absolute domination of the disloyal, is an alternative which is not particularly calculated to inspire one's confidence.

Arrived at Antrim, a neat little town consisting of two cheerful streets at right angles to each other, in one of which was a comfortable church, we drove to the Round Tower, which stands just outside the town in the grounds of a local magistrate, who, seeing us examining the quaint structure with considerable curiosity, and perceiving that we were strangers, approached, saluted us with much courtesy, and commenced a pleasant chat. He owned an estate in the locality, and was said to be a good landlord; but he was entirely opposed to an Irish Parliament, and declared that practically the whole district was of the same opinion, a statement which our driver subsequently corroborated.

The tower at the foot of which we stood conversing is 93 feet high, and, at the base, nearly 53 feet in circumference ; but it gradually narrows as it ascends, and abruptly culminates in a short conical point. It is built of white stone, and can be entered, on one side, by a door in the wall some distance from the ground, over which is a rude cross within a circle ; while several oblong crevices in the tower, at different altitudes, admit the light, and, just below the crowning cone, completely encircle it. In 1822 it was damaged by lightning, and the walls are somewhat irregular ; but, in the main, the tower is an admirable specimen of the mysterious erections so common in Ireland, and which carry our thoughts back to a remote and hazy antiquity. Numerous as they still are, but few of them are well preserved ; and multitudes have disappeared, some having been destroyed in pure recklessness, others for the sake of the stones with which they were built, and others by the ravages of time. Their origin and object have been much disputed, many contending that they only date from the Christian era, and were used as penitentiaries, or beacon towers, or hermitages, or belfries, or for the safe-keeping of ecclesiastical or other treasure ; but they are

usually attributed to a much earlier period, and D. R. McAnally, Jr., in the interesting volume I have already quoted, gives various reasons for the belief that they were erected by the ancient Irish fire-worshippers. Every tower, for example, has an extensive eastward view, and contains, at its base, such a quantity of ashes as to lead to the inference that a sacred fire was kept perennially burning within; whilst the Irish names of many of them refer in some form or other to the element I have indicated, and local tradition points to a bygone use which was sacred but not Christian. He adds that they are but a portion of a system of Round Towers extending eastward to the realms where fire-worship originated. Be that as it may, they are extremely picturesque, and this was said to be the finest in the country.

As the tower would contribute, in the owner's mind, to the interest of his residence, so his residence and grounds, in the mind of the tourist, form an agreeable and appropriate setting for this curious relic of the past. But at the extremity of the main street of Antrim there was a statelier demesne; for here arose the battlements of Antrim Castle, the beautiful abode of Viscount Massereene; and, entering, we met the principal gardener, a Scotchman, and under his guidance

were conducted through the conservatories, with their blaze of flowers; and saw, carved on the wall that shuts out the street, a representation of the dog which is supposed to have had the distinguished honour of killing the last wolf in Ireland; and climbed the artificial mound which, situated just behind the quaint old mansion, with its castellated walls and towers, afforded us a glimpse, amid the trees, of the glistening Lough Neagh, which verges on the park. And, strolling on, we presently paused to admire the long and lofty hedges of sycamore and yew, clipped into leafy walls that were perfectly square and regular; and followed a river that goes rippling under a handsome bridge, and through luxuriant foliage; whilst partridges rose with a whir from the long grass through which we were walking, and hares and rabbits darted up from our very feet.

It is to the subsequent evictions upon a portion of the estate of Viscount Massereene in the vicinity of Drogheda that the League was indebted for one of the greatest rebuffs which it has ever received, for steps were taken to let the vacant farms to Protestants from other districts; and both there and upon the Coolgreaney estate, where the same experiment was tried, the dupes of the Plan have had the

mortification, not merely of losing their holdings, but of seeing them occupied by outsiders. The idea is certainly a good one if applied judiciously; though it is unfortunate that the element of sectarianism should be introduced. But this, perhaps, is unavoidable.

A quiet lunch in the cosy, antiquated inn, and then we sought our former driver again, a jovial, good-natured fellow of Scottish origin; and, having found him, drove towards Shane's Castle, situated in a noble park that skirts the lake for miles, and through which we had been wishful to drive to the ruin; but the lodge-keeper at the first gate could neither be bribed nor persuaded into granting us admission, and we had to proceed along the road to the usual entrance. Here we left the car behind, and, after a short walk beneath umbrageous trees, and over a soft, green, springy sod, we spied a huge ruin, and, in front of it, a terrace ending in a tower, and bounded by a castellated wall, from which a number of cannon protruded over the shores of the shining lake that stretched right out in front of us, as far as the eye could see—a fascinating reach of water, bounded by low, woody slopes and bounteous fields, and, in the north-east corner, a low, but loftier eminence, of picturesque proportions; while, towards the south, the land was completely lost,

in places, and all the shores grew shadowy, and dwindled into vague lines of blue on the very verge of the horizon. Immediately beneath the terrace the wavelets rippled on the level beach, where reeds were rustling in the wind, and fine trees extended their graceful arms above the water.

Such was Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the United Kingdom, twenty miles in length, fifteen in breadth, and over ninety-eight thousand acres in area—a mighty sheet of water of regular outline, and, in shape, almost oblong. The river Bann passes through the midst of it, and the lake is connected by canals with Belfast, with Newry, and with Lough Erne, and is navigable for wherries, though I do not remember to have seen a single boat of any kind upon the whole of its broad surface. Its greatest depth is forty-five feet, and it is for the most part shallow ; but it abounds in the silvery fish called pollan, and its waters are said to possess petrifying properties, though these have been much exaggerated, and appear to be confined to a small stream which enters the lake near the village of Crumlin.

The name of the lake is said to be derived from Eächach, an early Prince of Ulster, who

was drowned by a sudden overflow of the Bann which submerged the whole locality about the end of the first century. Caxton says that "men say that this lake began in this manner: there were men in this contre that were of evyle lyvinge—and there was a wele in ye lande in grete reuerence of olde tyme and always couered, and yf yd were left uncouered, ye wele wolde rise and drowne all ye lande, and so yd hoped yd a woman wente to ye wele for to fetche water, and hyed her fasd to her childe yd wepd in ye cradele, and left ye wele uncouered—then ye wele sprynged so fastly yd drowned ye woman and her childe, and made all ye contre a lake and fysshe ponde. For to prove this, yd is a grete argument that, when the weder is clear, fysshers of yd water see in ye grounde under ye water round towers, and hyghe shapen steeples and churches of yd lande," a tradition to which Moore refers:

"On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

"Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover!"

Another and a prettier legend says that an

angel who had been sent from heaven to observe the piety of the people came in the guise of a man, travel-stained and weary, to a castle the ruins of which are visible in the water, and asked for shelter. The lord of the castle loosed his dogs upon the celestial visitant, and he turned away to be besieged with invitations from the simple villagers. He accepted the hospitality of a poor cobbler, and, on the morrow, led the kindly population across the isthmus which united the lofty promontory on which the castle stood beside the lake to an adjacent hill, and bade them look towards the stately pile. The waters slowly rose around it like a wall, and when they were higher than its loftiest battlements, he waved his hand, the spell that kept them aloof was broken, and the castle vanished. Pointing to a spot near by, the mysterious stranger told the villagers to build and prosper there ; and then, to their unutterable awe, his raiment grew white and shining, and great wings appeared, and, slowly rising, he was lost to view.

After descending from the parapet and strolling along the shore for awhile, we visited the Castle itself, and were simply astonished at the extent of its vaulted passages, opening out on every side into lofty halls or dismal dungeons ; and so gloomy

that we could not see an inch before us, which rendered it necessary for us to feel our way with our sticks at every step, in order to avoid a catastrophe. One long, winding subway led past a dark chamber into which I was about to enter; but, following my usual course, I planted my stick before me, and, instead of touching a hard surface, it sank into a sort of well several feet deep, into which I should undoubtedly have been precipitated had it not been for this precaution. Beyond this chamber the passage grew lighter, and, sloping upwards, terminated in the open park at some distance from the ruins.

There is a legend current in the district that, centuries ago, a company of warriors from an unknown clime sailed to Ireland with a view to conquering its pleasant shores, and, as they approached the coast of Ulster, a compact was made that whosoever should first touch the land should be the lord of it; on hearing which a bold and reckless chieftain lopped off his left hand and hurled it to the beach before the vessel gained it, and thus, fulfilling the condition, obtained the prize. From him, the famous O'Neills, the royal race of Ulster, are stated to have sprung; and, on the stained windows of the modern

structure which we afterwards visited, the Bloody Hand was visible in beautiful emblazonry.

So much for the first of the O'Neills. Concerning the last, our driver subsequently told us a vastly different, but not less interesting story. It was only at a comparatively recent period that the magnificent estate had passed to another family, and the latest representative of the old stock had been remarkable for his generosity, and for a score of other virtues which had endeared him to the hearts of the whole neighbourhood. On one occasion, so the story ran, he had been out driving with a friend, and was accosted by a poor fellow without shoes or stockings, who had asked him for alms. He promptly pulled out a sovereign, and was about to hand it to the suppliant when his companion remonstrated and told him that he would lend him a smaller sum; and, feeling in his pocket, he found a half sovereign and gave it to the kindly old gentleman, who, after demurring, and pleasantly declaring that it did not matter, finally accepted it, and, with a twinkle in his eye, proceeded to bestow first the sovereign and then the half sovereign upon the astonished beggar, exclaiming, "There, take that and buy yourself a pair of boots; and my friend will give you

ten shillings to pay for a pair of socks!"

The present owner of the property is the Earl of Antrim, and a more charming residence I have seldom visited than the large and stately hall which stood amid this extensive park, with its glittering boundary, a wealth of flowers in front of it, and, to the left of these, a quadrangle environed by a low, barrack-like edifice of large dimensions, wherein the various persons employed about the mansion dwelt. Leading from it was an extensive garden devoted to the growth of fruit and vegetables, and here, in numerous glass houses, the most exquisite specimens of the floral world diffused delicious aromas, and luscious fruits were ripening temptingly.

Whatever may be urged against the Irish landlords, they certainly find a vast amount of occupation for the people, which would be doubled and trebled if the country would only settle down and offer some inducement to the owners of the soil to live upon it; but, when they are liable to be treated as targets for rifle shots, and are held up to execration on every hillside, it is only human nature that they should prefer the seductions of the metropolis, and that

absenteeism should be widespread.* One result, at least, of Home Rule, would probably be to cause even the remnant of the large proprietors to scuttle from the country, and withdraw the money that they at present expend within its borders.

A gentle stroll through all these pleasure grounds, and out again into the park, with its grand old trees and long, shady, regular avenues and velvet sward, and then we reached the lodge, and found our driver, although we had kept him waiting for an unconscionable time, as pleasant and jocular as ever; and, listening to his expressions of opposition to Home Rule, in which he said the whole neighbourhood, with few exceptions, concurred, though the Orangemen and extremists were not nearly so numerous as we had been led to believe, and laughing at his amusing anecdotes of the O'Neills, and his humourous and good-natured gossip on things in general, we drove alongside the park

* It was not anticipated, at this period, that Mr. Parnell would take the landlords under his wing, and that, when Mr. Balfour introduced a Bill to establish a peasant proprietary, the object for which the Land League was founded, and the policy to which all parties alike were pledged, Mr. Parnell and the entire Irish party, with Mr. Gladstone and the entire un-English party to back them, would unite in offering to his statesmanlike and generous proposals an uncompromising opposition.

and past the row of cheerful-looking model cottages which face it, back to Antrim, and returned, well-satisfied with our day's proceedings, to the scene of party strife.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOYAL CAPITAL—WE VISIT THE LARGEST FLAX MILL IN THE WORLD—THROUGH THE REGION OF THE RIOTS — THE BATTLE-GROUND — THE STRUGGLE AT THE TRAMWAY DEPÔT — THE QUEEN'S ISLANDMEN, AND THE WEAPONS WITH WHICH THEY FOUGHT—A SULLEN POPULACE—HOW THE RIOTS COMMENCED—THE THREE COLLEGES—THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

The night ended quietly, and Saturday arrived, the last day of our visit, and the day to which everybody looked forward with feverish anxiety ; for all were of opinion that, if it could only be got over without a renewal of the disturbances, the danger would be practically past, and Belfast would resume its wonted aspect. And on this, one of the most critical days in the whole period of local disorder, we had determined to visit the principal objects of interest in the agitated town.

Originating about the twelfth century in a few fishermen's hovels, and granted by Henry

the Second, along with the entire province, not a single foot of which belonged to him, to his follower, De Courcy, Belfast has gradually become the capital of the North, with a population approaching a quarter of a million; with splendid docks, and crowds of shipping, and the largest linen manufactories in the world. The Irish name of the town is *Beal na farsad*, and signifies "the mouth of the ford," having reference to its situation on the Lagan. Its history is interesting. Sacked by Edward Bruce on his southward march, it was afterwards rebuilt by the Irish upon the murder of the Earl of Ulster by his own family; and for two centuries it held out against English aggression. In 1612, it was presented by James the First to Sir Arthur Chichester, the ancestor of the present Marquess of Donegal. It was then an unimportant village. In the following year it was incorporated, and from that period its development began. In spite of its Presbyterianism, its inhabitants incurred the rebuke of Milton because they were honest enough to condemn the execution of King Charles; and the author of "Paradise Lost" was not within speaking of them as "blockish Presbyters" and "unhallowed priestlings." So late as 1660, the Loyal Capital had only six streets, and it was without a printing

press until the close of the seventeenth century, although the first Bible that was ever printed in Ireland was printed there.

Our first visit was to the palatial premises of the York Street Spinning Company. Here the entire process of the manufacture of linen was to be witnessed, and we were naturally curious to see something of the industry to which the Loyal North is so largely indebted for its prosperity. Had it not been for the kindness of the gentleman whom we had met in the train during our journey from Derry to Portrush, however, we should, in all probability, have been disappointed; for we discovered that strangers had some difficulty in procuring admission, and that this was a specially awkward day. Indeed, orders were issued in our hearing that, for the future, no one was to be shown over the mill on Saturday. But, upon our mentioning the name which had been given to us, an agreeable young fellow speedily made his appearance, and at once said that he would get someone to conduct us; and, on learning that no one was at liberty, he, with great courtesy, volunteered to accompany us himself. Having satisfied him that we were not in the trade, and inserted our names, addresses and occupations in a handsome Visitors' Book, as required, we entered a lift and ascended

in succession to a series of immense apartments, each of which appeared to occupy one entire floor, and each of which was reserved for one of the separate processes through which the raw material has to go. Having visited the heckling, the spinning and the hanking departments, we were taken to the weaving rooms, and, amid the whir of innumerable wheels, we saw the raw brown fibre gradually transformed into the finest linens, of every variety, useful and ornamental ; and were not the least interested in watching the manufacture of tablecloths, which slowly grew from curious coils of perforated paper, and, underneath them, an infinity of tangled threads, to the elaborate fabric on the loom below all beautiful with leaves and fruits and flowers. The rooms were of enormous size, and crowded with ingenious machinery, which was chiefly superintended by a large number of girls, barefooted, and very scantily attired, for the atmosphere was extremely close, but as comely and clean and cheerful as anyone might wish to see. We passed from room to room until we were equally bewildered at the extent of the premises and amazed at the regularity and the order with which process succeeded process ; and then, descending by another lift, we saw the powerful engines used

to set the place in motion, and were perhaps as much surprised at their noble appearance and the richly tiled and panelled chamber in which they stood as at anything which had preceded them. Altogether our impression of the leading industry of Ulster was eminently pleasing, and we considered ourselves specially fortunate in having seen it under circumstances so favourable.

This industry dates back to the thirteenth century; but it was not until the reign of Charles the First, when skilled workers from the continent were introduced, and laws were passed to regulate it, that it received any special assistance from the Government. The selfish policy of John Bull in discouraging the woollen manufacture in Ireland, which was said to interfere with his own, was one of the main means of establishing the manufacture of linen there; but, although bounties were granted with this object, it was not until a number of Huguenots, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled in the neighbourhood of Lisburn, that much real progress was made. The exiles, aided by liberal grants from the Government, introduced many improvements; and, in the reign of Anne, a Board of Trustees was appointed by Parliament to encourage the

trade. In spite, however, of the funds at their disposal, and of the duties imposed upon foreign fabrics of the same material, the industry was hampered by the irksome regulations of the Board, and it was only on its abolition, in 1828, when the trade fell into private hands, and was stimulated by healthy competition, that it began to take those gigantic strides which have since placed Ulster at the head of the linen industries of the world. The adoption of the latest machinery, however, was singularly slow, and, in 1828, Belfast did not possess a single flax mill. But it was soon to rapidly outstrip all competitors, and, in 1880, no less than 850,000 spindles were at work.

We afterwards strolled up York Street, in the direction of the terminus of the Falls Road trams, on which we intended to drive through the midst of the disturbed district to the Tramway Depôt, which had been the scene of one of the most deplorable incidents in the whole course of the riots. I had previously conversed with many of the inhabitants concerning the state of the town. The people, with one consent, in every part of it that we had visited as yet, condemned the outbreak in unmeasured terms; and everybody seemed to admit that it would be difficult to say which of the parties to the feud was the more to

blame, though nearly everybody said that the police were largely responsible for the mischief, the more moderate stating that they had fired wildly and without any regard for human life, and the more extreme openly averring that they had displayed a spirit of partisanship, and had shot down the Protestants in cold blood. This idea rested on the fact that a large number of the special constabulary who had been imported from other districts to assist in the preservation of order were of the opposite creed ; and, whilst I am far from thinking that, save, perhaps, in one or two exceptional cases, there was any deliberate partiality exhibited, I must confess that, from all I heard, I was inclined to think that, in some instances, they had perhaps acted with more zeal than wisdom. Certain it is that they were cordially hated by a large proportion of the populace, and on the night of our arrival, nine of them had been imprisoned on a charge of wilful murder. From information gleaned in the course of conversation with various members of the force, we gathered that they were having a lively time of it. If they refrained from using their weapons they were liable to be butchered by the infuriated crowd; and, if they did use them, they were promptly held up to the execration of the community and provided

with gaol accommodation. I could not help feeling the injustice of this. To expect a man to stand unmoved amid a storm of missiles, and to denounce him for defending himself, is like turning him loose among a pack of wolves, and then setting the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on his track for venturing to shoot them; and I was much pleased to notice in the papers that Lord Randolph Churchill, glad, perhaps, to atone, in some measure, for the indiscretion of speeches which were, I think, partly responsible for the excited feeling of the province, had announced that the Government were determined to stand by the constabulary, and to insist on their doing their duty, in spite of all opposition, from whatever section of the populace it might proceed. One member of the force, in answer to my enquiries as to which party he considered responsible for the disturbances, emphatically assured me that "the divil himself was at the bottom of it all"; and verily there *was* something diabolical in the spirit which animated the rival factions in that portion of Belfast which we were now about to visit. Elsewhere, everybody expressed satisfaction at the prospect of a rigid enquiry into the whole circumstances of the riots, which had just been promised by the Government, and I heard a

unanimous lament over the utter disorganization of business in which they had resulted.

Policemen, soldiers and people alike said that they thought we might safely visit Falls Road in the manner we suggested; but, when we mentioned Shankhill, they looked dubious, and seemed to be of opinion that it was not over safe for us to go there, even in the middle of the day. The sky was gloomy, and harmonized with the general gloom that overhung the town. We both commented, again and again, upon the sternness of demeanour which characterized the inhabitants; and when, passing up Royal Avenue, the principal thoroughfare, flanked on either side by lofty buildings, including the Post Office, the Provincial Bank and the Ulster Club, we entered a tram, for it was now raining heavily, and rode along the low, white Linen Hall, and on by the Royal Academical Institution, and the School of Arts, and the monument to the Rev. Henry Cooke, formerly President of the Presbyterian College, and for thirty years the leader of the Conservatives of the North, we entered Falls Road, this universal grimness became very palpable indeed. And well it might be so, for we were now upon the border line of the territories of the rival factions, each of which was animated by the deadliest

hatred of the other, and burning to renew the strife.

Falls Road itself was very lengthy, and chiefly consisted of shops and houses of an inferior character. At one point a large public house had been wrecked by the rioters, and minor traces of their handiwork were noticeable everywhere. Upon the right, we passed the extensive open space known as the Brickfields, which was a favourite meeting-place of the hostile mobs; and, lower down, on the same side, the stretch of grassy land called Springfield, where, less than a week ago, a terrible encounter in which more than sixty were said to have been either killed or wounded, had taken place. Several times in the course of the day we heard rumours that a challenge had been sent by the Falls Road party inviting their opponents to meet them here in the evening and fight the matter out. The windows of our tram-car had been shattered by the flying missiles, and the conductor informed us that, for awhile, the district was so disturbed as to render it necessary to stop the cars from running altogether.

As we left the town, we rode beneath a sloping, grassy hill, and by the side of the Borough Cemetery to the Roman Catholic Cemetery,

which faces the tramway terminus. Some of my readers may possibly remember how, just as the funeral procession of a lad named Devlin, who had been shot in Albert Street on the previous Sunday night, was approaching this spot, and while the Highland Light Infantry were interring a comrade in the adjacent Borough Cemetery, rifle shots proceeded from the Tramway Depôt, and immediately the women and children began to scream with terror, and the processionists, in a fit of sudden fury, attacked the stable yard, for the volley had been effective, and a man was seriously wounded. But, as they forced an entrance, another man named Ferran was struck in the chest with a pitchfork—at least, so it was currently reported—and fatally injured. A terrible uproar ensued, and shots were heard in all directions, mingled with frenzied shrieks and cries, until, in the midst of the fray, the constabulary appeared upon the scene and restored order.

We entered the yard, and examined the stables and outhouses for ourselves, noticing abundant traces of the struggle ; for the slates were pierced in many places, and the walls were covered with the marks of bullets. We had a long talk with one of the stablemen, who had been on the premises

when the attack began, and gave us a vivid description of the excitement of the hour; and how, amid a hail of lead, he had, with difficulty, contrived to make his escape through a back door, but not until he had been badly hurt in the side. He disputed the pitchfork story altogether, and sought to prove to us that the wound must have been caused in some other way by pointing to the stalls. These were strewn with broken turf instead of straw, which was spread with spades, and he stated that forks were never used upon the premises. Certainly none were visible this morning, though we entered all the principal outbuildings.

As we returned, the people were beginning to leave their work; and long strings of girls and groups of men were hurrying up the side streets, or collecting in little knots at almost every corner; and already the materials for a riot were at hand. Just before lunch, we saw scores of the Queen's Islandmen saunter doggedly past the hotel on their way home—fine, brawny, powerful fellows, who were said to be in the habit of filling their pockets with iron screws in order to be provided with a supply of ammunition for the afternoon and evening. A

detachment of the Black Watch marched down the street at about the same time.

Later on, we strolled over Queen's Bridge, the principal thoroughfare across the Lagan, to Queen's Island. The Albert Bridge, which we could see a little higher up the river, collapsed soon afterwards, with the result that several lives were lost. Just below the Queen's Bridge, and parallel to the street in which the hotel was situated, lies Donegal Quay, along which many steamers were moored; and, on the other side the river, was the terminus of the County Down Railway, and the suburb of Ballymacarrett, where also a large number of the labourers at the docks resided, and which had previously been the scene of some disturbances, and subsequently gained a notoriety almost as undesirable as that of Shankhill itself.

Passing the Station and several other large buildings, we came to the Abercorn Basin, and, just beyond it, with several vessels on the stocks, the Queen's Island Ship-Building Yard, which is owned by the celebrated firm of Harland and Wolff, the former of whom was Mayor of Belfast at the time. Close at hand was the Alexandra Dock, and here the riots originated. It appears that, on the 3rd of June, one of the navvies engaged in making the dock, the

majority of whom were Roman Catholics, told a Protestant workman, Bleakely, that very soon not a single Protestant would be allowed to earn a crust of bread in Ireland, or used words to that effect. Bleakely was afterwards assaulted, had his leg cut with a spade, and was obliged to leave the dock. His assailants, against whom he obtained summonses, were promptly dismissed by the contractors ; but the Protestant workmen at the adjacent ship-building yard, on hearing of the quarrel, vowed revenge ; and, on the following afternoon, they marched in a huge procession, armed with bars and bludgeons, to the new dock. The navvies, at their approach, prepared to resist them; but their appearance was so formidable that, after a brief struggle, they took to flight. Several were, by some means or other, precipitated into the water, and one of them, a young man named Curran, was unfortunately drowned. The excitement this affair created was followed almost immediately by the rejection of the Home Rule Bill, and by triumphant demonstrations on the part of the Loyalists ; and local feeling, already at fever heat, burst forth into fresh deeds of violence. The police were assailed by infuriated mobs, and were compelled to retaliate, firing on the crowds who surged around the barracks in

Shankhill Road and elsewhere. Many were wounded and several killed, and the wild suspicion spread that the force who were mostly from the south, had been carefully selected by Mr. Morley, the Irish Secretary, on account of their Roman Catholicism, and instructed to shoot down the Protestants without mercy. On the 8th of June the cry of "Morley's Murderers" was raised, and from that moment the struggle became so bitter that property was destroyed in sheer recklessness and blood was spilt like water. For two months and more already the carnage had continued, and at the present moment the town was in hourly apprehension of its renewal. Previous riots had been frequent and terrible enough, especially "The Wars," in 1864, when, for nearly a month, Belfast was a veritable pandemonium. Infantry, cavalry, and even artillery were required to overawe the mob, and thirteen persons are said to have been killed and more than three hundred wounded. The difficulty, as in the present instance, was mainly brought about through an attack by a number of Protestant ship-carpenters upon a party of Roman Catholic navvies working at a dock; but even this, the most formidable of the previous troubles, would scarcely compare

with the tumults which were now disturbing the distracted town.

Returning from Queen's Island, we took a tram for the Botanical Gardens, passing on our way some attractive residences, the new Workhouse, and Queen's College, an imposing red brick edifice, with white stone facings, a massive central tower, and a smaller tower at each extremity. Just behind it, but also fronting the road, is the Presbyterian College, an elegant structure of white stone; and, opposite the terminus of the tramway and the entrance to the Botanical Gardens, on slightly elevated ground, is the Methodist College, which, like Queen's College, is built of red brick, with white facings, the style, however, partaking more of the Gothic element than in the case of the sister building, and the general appearance being improved by the healthy trees and shrubs which clustered round it, and the handsome houses in the neighbourhood. We were much struck with the architecture of these Colleges, and were of opinion that there were no finer buildings in Belfast. The Gardens, too, were highly interesting, and contained a magnificent collection of Irish heathers and mosses. At their farther end, the grounds overlooked the Lagan, which was here a dark and narrow stream curving sullenly away in the shadow of the trees beyond the boundary.

CHAPTER X.

I AM WARNED BY A POLICEMAN—I VISIT SHANKHILL —MY CONDUCTOR—EFFECTS OF THE RIOTING—THE BATTLE AT THE BRICKFIELDS — THE CROWD IN FALLS ROAD—THE BLACK WATCH APPEAR—HOW THE POLICE WERE HATED—THE OPINION OF THE COMMISSIONERS—A MODERN REIGN OF TERROR — OUR FINAL RIDE — "BALFOUR, BALFOUR, AND MORE BALFOUR!" —NIGHTFALL—A TOWN IN SUSPENSE—ON BOARD THE "DYNAMIC"—WILL ULSTER FIGHT?—WE PASS OUT INTO THE DARKNESS.

I had, ever since my arrival, been possessed with a strong desire to visit Shankhill Road, for this was the very centre of the disorder, and here the whole population were living in a state of enmity which had again and again broken out into fierce struggles, resulting in much bloodshed and the wholesale destruction of property; and I now determined to gratify my desire, though there was a consensus of opinion that I should incur some risk in doing so, especially this

afternoon. However, from all I could hear, from the soldiers and police, the town was, as yet, perfectly quiet; and the utmost precautions had been taken to prevent a renewal of the disturbances.

Passing down Royal Avenue, therefore, I arrived at the top of North Street, the scene of many a party skirmish; but here, at any rate, everything seemed peaceable enough, and the people were going about shopping, just as usual, but all stern-faced, and, overhead, the sky as gloomy as in the morning, although the rain had almost ceased to fall, a circumstance rather to be regretted than otherwise, for a shower will sometimes disperse a mob more readily than a battalion of soldiers.

At the corner of the street I accosted a policeman, and asked him how matters were progressing in the direction of Shankhill. He replied that, so far, he had not heard of any outbreak. Did he think that there was any danger in my visiting the district? At this he smiled rather significantly and promptly informed me that he wouldn't guarantee my safety, and that he, for one, would not accompany me in my explorations. But this was easily accounted for, as, being a policeman, he would, in all probability, have been immediately

attacked with all the unreasoning ferocity which characterized the populace; and I knew that his presence would have been an element of peril rather than a means of protection.

I moved on down North Street, with its crowd of inferior shops and second-rate customers, and came to Peter's Hill, a continuation of it, and a street of a similar kind. I was now rapidly approaching Shankhill, and I noticed that, by this time, not a policeman was to be seen. But, reaching a slight elevation, I saw before me, in a straight line extending almost out of sight, another thoroughfare, and, on the wall, the ominous words, "Shankhill Road." Sauntering along so as not to excite any unnecessary attention, for a stranger was evidently looked upon with suspicion, and might possibly be regarded as a spy, the respectable inhabitants of the town having shunned this quarter, of late, as if it had been haunted by some hideous plague, I observed that nearly every entry was full of soldiers, and that they were grouped at the end of almost every street in readiness for an emergency. The road was thick with loungers. Women were marketing, and children were running about as if they did not realize the terrible condition of the town; but, in idle groups, the men were gathering

everywhere and talking sullenly. The public-houses were closed, and well indeed was it that this precaution had been taken; for, even without the influence of the fiery fluid which has power to make the sanest mad and the most humane as reckless as the very brutes, it was manifest that, on the slightest pretext, the struggle would commence anew. But, though many eyed me curiously, no one spoke to me ; and, at last, I met a respectable looking man and asked him a few guarded questions in reference to the state of the locality. Perceiving that I was a visitor, and anxious to look round, he kindly offered to go with me, informing me that, in this particular quarter, he was pretty safe, being a Protestant, and well known to everybody.

Taking me up several side streets, he pointed out to me, at almost every step of our progress, some house that bore the marks of missiles, or some pavement on which the wounded or the dead had lain. It was said that the people in these streets were in the habit of sleeping on the boards of their bedrooms, to avoid the stones and bullets which came crashing, at midnight, through their windows ; and here and there loose stones, which had been torn up from the pavement, were lying in our path to evidence the nature of the warfare.

At last, we crossed the Brickfields and reached Falls Road, their southern boundary. Here, quite recently, a combat terrific in its magnitude had raged. It had commenced with the gradual assembling of a crowd of roughs who apparently expected an attack from the Shankhill party. The roads were strewn with the relics of former struggles, and, singular as it may appear, only two policemen were on duty in the neigbourhood at the time, so that the circumstances were favourable for a gigantic riot. Presently a small party of men and boys were seen to be approaching from the direction of Shankhill, and at once they were wildly assailed. They stood their ground. Their allies thronged from every street to aid them, and their assailants multiplied as if by magic, and soon the whole strength of the two parties was engaged. The five streets abutting on the Brickfields were packed with mobs as fierce as tigers; the open space itself was one grim battle-ground; and it was said that never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had such a spectacle been seen before. Backwards and forwards the rival forces swayed as now the one prevailed and now the other; the air was thick with flying stones and whistling bullets, and the night was riven

with shouts of anger and with shrieks of pain. Soon a small body of police arrived, but they were quite powerless; and, though they were rapidly reinforced, the tumult still continued, and upon their heads the frenzy of the crowd was turned. They boldly fought their way between the conflicting mobs, and many of them were badly wounded. Anon they would succeed in driving the rioters back, but shots were fired from the surrounding streets, and in almost every by-way minor feuds were raging ; and again and again the struggle in the open would commence anew. The rain fell in torrents, but so strongly were the passions of the populace aroused that they forgot to heed it now, and seemed to lose all reason in the uncontrollable fury of the hour. At last a squadron of the Guards appeared, and they were promptly followed by 200 infantry ; and, as they formed across the Brickfields, the rioters slowly retreated ; but several charges had to be made before the side streets were cleared, and the shouts and cheers of the hostile factions gradually died away in the distance.

And now we noticed that, upon this very spot, another crowd was gathering, and had already attained proportions that were positively alarming. Were they about to fulfil their challenge and meet their

enemies and fight it out? Were we going to witness another struggle as desperate as the last? No wonder that we watched the threatening multitude with keen anxiety; for every moment its numbers grew, and its demeanour was ominous to a degree. My guide declined to proceed any further, and well he might, for beyond the road lay the stronghold of the Catholics, and strange tales were told of the fate that had befallen those of either party who were rash enough to trespass on the enemy's domain. But here we lingered, watching every movement of the crowd, and momentarily expecting the discharge of a volley of paving-stones, or the rattle of arms to resound upon the dull afternoon air. What might have been the issue of the incident, I cannot say, for at this juncture, and just as the crisis appeared to be approaching, we saw that, through the doors of an adjacent building, a body of soldiers were making; and, in a few seconds, with measured tread, a portion of the Black Watch strode down the steps and into the street, just opposite to the scene of the commotion; and, at the sight of them, the multitude began to dwindle with even greater rapidity than that with which it had assembled, and, as we turned abruptly to recross the Brickfields,

and retrace our steps to Shankhill Road, had almost disappeared.

In the course of our ramble, my attention was particularly directed to the window of a spirit vaults, at which a girl was said to have been shot dead in sheer recklessness ; and, close at hand, was a fruiterer's, the window panes of which were simply riddled with rifle shots, the police standing, so my informant declared, at the end of an adjoining street and firing blindly when the thoroughfare was quite clear, though, luckily, in this instance, no one was injured, notwithstanding the fact that there were people in the shop at the time. He was terribly severe upon the police, who had enraged the inhabitants to such an extent that their reappearance in the district was expected to be the signal for a fearful outbreak. The Orangemen, he said, were not implicated in the outrages at all—only the scum of the town had, as yet, joined in the struggle ; but so strong was the local feeling that he expected that they would turn out in all their strength if it continued much longer, and then the results would be appalling. Evidently they had his entire sympathy in this, and might have counted, if necessary, upon his active co-operation. He had himself, on several occasions, been in imminent danger ; and

once had been obliged to run for very life amid a shower of stones and bricks and bullets. In spite of his strong sympathy with the Orange cause, he appeared to be, by nature, a peaceable and respectable citizen ; and he pointed out to me that the houses in his own quarter were of a thoroughly substantial character, and altogether superior to the generality of the residences of the Nationalist community. Among the latter, the police were comparatively safe ; but the Protestant population absolutely hated them, and this, so they all averred, not because they were the representatives of the law, but because they had abused their powers and acted with partiality, as a result of which many a home was darkened by the shadow of bereavement. The soldiers, on the contrary, were prime favourites, and the inhabitants fraternized with them in the most hearty manner imaginable, and brought them food and tea,and did all they could to show that for them, at least, thus far, they had nothing but goodwill. My own opinion was that, while the police might, in isolated instances, have acted indiscreetly, the sweeping charges which were brought against them were altogether unreasonable ; and that, if the people desired the luxury of a periodical free fight, it was absurd of

them to expect to escape scot-free. Party feeling, however, appeared to have completely blinded them. The Commissioners appointed to investigate the matter stated that "the evidence leads us to believe that the riots, at a very early period, and certainly from and after the 8th June, assumed, to a great extent, the aspect of a determined attack by the Protestant mobs upon the police, and upon the places of business of Catholics residing in Protestant quarters of the town. . . . Of course, there were retaliation and faults on both sides; but, so far as we can judge from the evidence, twenty-eight public-houses owned by Catholics were assailed and looted during the course of the riots, and only one or two public-houses owned by Protestants. This state of affairs may, to a considerable extent, be accounted for by the fact that the vast majority of the public-houses in Belfast are owned by Catholics; and that, when rioting once begins, those engaged in the pursuit are but too prone to attack any house in which intoxicating drinks can be procured; but, at the same time, these incidents seemed to show, and we have arrived at the opinion, that, for a considerable period, at all events from the 8th of June to the 19th of September, the principal actors in the rioting were what is known as the Protestant mob."

They ascribe their exceeding bitterness to the unfortunate suspicion to which I have already referred, and proceed to demonstrate its utter groundlessness, and to entirely exonerate the police from blame.

"We are of opinion," they say, "that they were subjected to almost unparalleled trials; that they passed well through the ordeal; that nothing occurred during the riots to impair the high reputation which the Royal Irish Constabulary has at all times borne for courage, discipline, and humanity; and that the charge made against the police of having acted with cruelty towards Protestants from sectarian motives was proved to be without a shadow of foundation. The police acted towards both sides with the strictest impartiality, and if crowds on one side suffered more severely than on the other, it was owing to the folly of their own persistence in attacks upon the police." They suggest a number of alterations in the local police arrangements, but significantly add "that alterations in the law or in its administration cannot produce the complete good results we desire until a great change takes place in public opinion in Belfast. We earnestly hope and trust one beneficial effect of the recent riots and of our enquiry will be to render all classes of the population

of Belfast thoroughly ashamed of the disgrace these disturbances have brought upon their great and prosperous town; and that they will combine by every conceivable exertion, public and private, to terminate the disastrous feuds and bitter animosities which now prevail in Belfast, and to avert the renewal of such calamitous and disgraceful transactions as it has been our duty to investigate."

To all of which I heartily say ditto; but that these "disastrous feuds and bitter animosities" *do* exist is only too evident, and less serious measures than the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin might fan them to a sevenfold flame. To regret the fact is the duty of every peaceful citizen. To ignore it is the function of the men who ask us to "Remember Mitchelstown!"

Before I returned, my companion offered to conduct me through Old Lodge Road, and show me McKenna's public-house, about which the whole of England had been talking as we left. This road, like Falls Road, was nearly parallel with Shankhill Road, and, after recrossing the latter, and turning up a side street, we were almost immediately overtaken by a mounted soldier, who spurred his horse along at a rapid rate right in the direction in which we were going.

"There's something up, or he wouldn't be hurrying like that!" said my guide.

We walked on, and presently entered another long street, in many respects resembling Falls and Shankhill Roads—the same poor houses and shops and spirit stores, and, just before us, a large building the windows of which were broken and boarded up, and evvrything about the place in a state of complete dilapidation. This was the whisky-store of Stephen McKenna, in which, on the night of Saturday, the 7th of August a number of policemen were quartered, and from which they had fired upon the crowd, who assailed them with the fury of madmen, and flung all manner of missiles against the doors and windows; while, on Shankhill Road, and in all the neighbouring streets, the mob united in attacking them and their allies, and a struggle, terrific in its magnitude, raged for hours.

A similar scene occurred on the following day, when, once again, from the shelter of the store, the police discharged their rifles, with fatal effect. The firing on the two occasions resulted in the death of five persons and the wounding of some twenty-five besides. An apothecary's shop had been pointed out to me as having been crowded,

on these memorable occasions, with the wounded and the dying.

We did not see any more of the mounted soldier, and could not hear of any disturbance; and so we sauntered on to the upper end of Peter's Hill. Parting from my guide, at this point, with many thanks for his kindness, I retraced my way up bustling North Street, with its multitude of small shops and eager housewives, laying in their stores for the week end, and pictured to myself the spectacle which the street must have presented when, as the Islandmen returned from their work, in rough procession, they were assailed by the inhabitants with stones and bottles and brickbats, and, gaining with a rush the end of Peter's Hill, rallied, and retaliated with a double ferocity hurling iron bolts at their adversaries, the rival crowds approaching each other, with murder in their eyes, until, at last, the military appeared, and, with fixed bayonets, charged them, and, assisted by the constabulary, succeeded in reducing them to submission.

With these terrible scenes fresh in their memory, and liable, at any moment, to recur, it is not surprising that the people should wear a stern demeanour; that quiet folk should studiously avoid this

quarter; and that the most active and enterprising town in Ireland had, for several weeks, experienced all the haunting uncertainty of a modern Reign of Terror.

We closed the afternoon by mounting an Antrim Road tram, and riding out in the direction of Cave Hill, the noble eminence which overlooks Belfast, and ends, upon the right, in a succession of bold, jutting crags, sloping away to the left in green and gentle undulations darkened here and there with a growth of fir trees. Over these cliffs the sun was setting in a blaze of pink that presently diffused itself a little, revealing streaks of blue. With this celestial patchwork the vivid green of the hill contrasted very curiously. We had intended to scale it; but we found, on reaching the tram terminus, that we were still some distance from the commencement of the acclivity, which, on this side, was steep and rugged; and that, in order to carry out our intention, we should have to take one of the steam trams which start here, and run round to the rear of the elevation, from whence the ascent is usually made. But, as we were informed that to do this would occupy a considerable period, and that it would be dusk long before we reached the summit,

and, as the time at our disposal was limited, we decided to return.

There were many suburban residences in the locality, and we passed, in the course of the journey, the Waterworks, the Orange Hall, and the beautiful church of Dr. Hanna. It was Dr. Hanna who told Mr. Hurlbert that of the 550 members of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, to which denomination he himself belongs, 538 had been followers of Mr. Gladstone before his change of front; and that only three were now supporting him; and who added that his remedy for the Irish difficulty was "Balfour, Balfour, and more Balfour!" At the time of our visit, however, Mr. Balfour was still untried. Lord Randolph Churchill had temporarily exchanged the mask of the buffoon for that of the statesman; and Sir Michael Hicks Beach was Irish Secretary. In a little while the irascible descendant of the house of Marlborough had grown weary of acting like a reasonable being, and had performed the operation which he himself had once defined as "chucking up the sponge." Strange to say, the Empire did not reel under the blow. He made way for a worthier man; and, when the calamities which seemed to thicken around the Unionist Party at this period were

aggravated by the retirement of Sir Michael, owing to an unfortunate affection of the eyes, the chance of Mr. Balfour came. Nobody had heard very much of him before. He had made some smart speeches, and had displayed a certain capacity for administration; but when his appointment to the vacant post was notified there were many who regarded it with misgiving, and anticipated that his name would swell the long list of incapables who had already filled it. Never were prophecies more signally falsified. In a few months the philosophical dilettante whose principal claim to public notice was the fact of his relationship to the Marquess of Salisbury had proved himself to be a statesman of the first order. No Irish Secretary within men's memory has justified the nation's trust so well. Since Mr. James Lowther had, on the testimony of Mr. Gladstone, left Ireland in the enjoyment of "a general sense of comfort and satisfaction such as was unknown in the previous history of the country," the office had brought nothing but weariness and danger to its occupants, and not one of them had been able to grapple successfully with the problem of the hour. Mr. Forster undertook the task with the purest and the loftiest intentions. His name stands out amid "a thousand

peering littlenesses"—a synonym for all that is best in the national character. He was a man with "the courage of a lion and the tenderness of a woman"—absolutely disinterested, absolutely honest, absolutely just; devoted to Ireland when her representatives were banded to blacken his character, and wherever he turned the hand of the assassin was waiting to strike home. But, whether from want of luck, or lack of tact, or the hesitation and treachery of some of his colleagues, his administration was not a success. Of Lord Frederick Cavendish's promising advent and his tragic end it is impossible to speak without emotion. With his acceptance of the thankless post a rift appeared in the atmosphere of Irish politics, and the troubles which have supervened might all have been avoided had the knife of the assassin been stayed. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman probably meant well, but he did not amount to much. He was always a mediocrity, and he was not long in proving himself a turncoat. His predecessor, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, means well also, perhaps; but the less we say about him the better. His principal achievement has been to reduce wriggling to a fine art. He is the eel of politics, and there are not many English digestions that can stand him. It is permissible

to change one's opinion every few years or so, but every few weeks is too often. Sir William Hart Dyke had not any particular opportunity of distinguishing himself, but his best friends will hardly describe him as a genius. We honour Mr. Morley for his sincerity ; but sincerity, rare as it is, and much as it is to be commended in a day "when only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie," is not, of itself, a guarantee of statesmanship. His reign was short, and I forbear to pronounce any very decided judgment upon it; but his forte is epigram ; and, though he is clever at concocting nicknames, and can speak foolishly with an air of unusual wisdom, he has yet to prove himself anything more than a philosopher in a pickle. Sir Michael Hicks Beach had a good record ; and everyone regretted the necessity which compelled him to quit the post which he had previously filled with considerable dignity. But perhaps it was for the best.

While Mr. Balfour lacks the courtesy of Sir Michael and the sturdy honesty of Mr. Forster, he outshines them both in quickness of resource, in imperturbability of temper, in readiness of retort, in pachydermatous indifference to the shafts of venom which had nearly killed some of those who had preceded him, and in the skill with which he

drives his own keen logic and his biting satires home. It is something new to the rabble who christened Mr. Forster "Buckshot," and labelled Lord Spencer with every filthy epithet which malice could devise to meet with a man who treats their vulgar ribaldry with absolute indifference, and pursues his steady way regardless of their empty calumnies and heedless of their idle jeers; who sets out with a definite ideal, and, neither for fear nor favour, swerves by a hair's breadth from the path assigned. To make it clear that "the game of law and order is *not* up" in Ireland; that no slanders, no threats, no howls of vulgar execration will lessen by a whit his resolve to maintain it; that England's word is still a thing of weight, and England's strong right arm, when nerved by justice, still powerful enough to paralyze all the forces of anarchy; and, at the same time, to seek by every honest means to remedy a proven wrong; to develop Irish resources; to make the Irish people the owners of the soil they till; to simplify the management of Irish local affairs, and yet maintain intact the unity so vital to the well-being of both countries — this has been the work of Mr. Balfour; and the result is visible in such an improvement in the state of

Ireland as no similar period has ever had to show. He has inaugurated that twenty years of resolute government which his uncle once propounded as the true solution of the Irish question; and, if only the British workingman could be eliminated from the situation, and that policy might have fair play, John Bull would be able to give to his Other Island not merely the county government which is already promised, but a much larger measure, if necessary, long before the twenty years expire.

The church of Dr. Hanna was not the only fine place of worship we passed. The Carlisle Memorial Church, for example, which belongs to the Wesleyans, was a magnificent structure, and many other stately religious edifices graced the town. In fact, I do not remember to have seen in any other town of the same character so many beautiful churches. They greeted us, with their lofty spires and colossal pillars and intricate designs in stone at every turn; and it was melancholy to reflect that here, where, on all sides, men parade their righteousness by rearing noble fanes wherein to preach the Christ, a portion of the population had displayed the spirit of so many savages; and that the disciples of Him who said, "whosoever shall

smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," and left them the new commandment that they should love one another, had made their creed a hollow mockery by deeds of hate which had brought Belfast into prominence as the centre of some of the most terrible riots of modern times.

It was dusk when we sallied forth to take a last walk round the ill-fated town. The streets were filled with soldiers and police, and the whole place appeared to wear an aspect of acute suspense ; but as yet no shot had been fired and no missile had been thrown, and the populace, in breathless expectation, awaited the progress of events. The rain had ceased to fall, but the night was gloomy. Would the lull which had now lasted for the best portion of a week continue ? or would the smouldering embers of faction burst into sudden flame again, and all the horrors of the party struggle start anew ? No one could say. But, on every hand, there were evidences of the precautions which had been taken by the authorities ; and it was clear that, if the riots recommenced, there was, at least, an ample force to deal with them. And thus, amid the universal signs of preparation, we wandered to the quay,

and stepped aboard the "Dynamic," a swift and comfortable boat lit by electricity; and presently the black waters rose to a height sufficient to float her; and then we slowly moved out of the dock, with its tall masts and funnels, and into the river; and, gliding past the dockyards, and the twinkling lamps on either shore, we gained the lough. Sailing between two lengthy strips of land, the trees on which we almost touched, so narrow was the channel we floated out into a wide expanse of inky water, and saw the shore-line grow ever vaguer, and watched the lights that flickered there amid a murky wall of gloom; and, as I paced the deck of the steamer, I chatted with the sailors, and heard how all her crew, with one exception, were inhabitants of Belfast, and utterly hostile to Home Rule; and how they were all firmly convinced that it would be ruinous to the country, and that Ulster would sooner fight than submit to it; and was told by one, himself an Orangeman, that so bitter was the feeling of the people that, if the police were sent back to Shankhill, he believed, to use his own expression, they would be "shot down like so many rats."

The town was certainly in a critical condition, and there was evidence enough that, throughout

Ulster, a spirit slumbered which might suddenly awake and plunge the entire province into disorder. It is true that this spirit was less prevalent than we had imagined; that the extremists were apparently in a minority; and that many who were entirely opposed to Home Rule were equally opposed to the idea of civil war; and it was also true that, whilst we had found more Unionists in Donegal than we had dared to hope for, we had found more Home Rulers in Derry and in Antrim than we had ever dreamed of. Undoubtedly, however, the Loyalists were in a strong majority. They included practically the whole of the Protestants of the North, and not a few of the Catholics; but the opinion we derived from our investigations was that, even in the face of the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin, they would hesitate before resorting to arms. Still, the feeling among the Orangemen and the lower classes was so violent that, while, on the whole, an actual organized rebellion appeared to us to be improbable we were both convinced that riots might follow the passing of the Bill to which the present tumult, bloody and protracted as it had been, would be the merest child's play; and that the party rivalries which were sufficiently formidable when

confined to Belfast would extend over such an area and attain to such dimensions as an army might be requisite to quell. This would doubtless be coercion; but, as it would be coercion of the loyal, of course it would not matter.

Nor did a separate parliament for Ulster seem feasible, for, whilst it would leave the Loyalists of the remaining provinces at the mercy of a hostile majority, it would place the Nationalists of the North in a similar position. Strong and influential and respectable as the Unionists of the province were, we could not blink the fact that the Loyal North itself was not unanimous; and that, side by side with the Orangemen, there was a force less numerous, but not less ardent in its hatred of our rule. We were soon to find, on the other hand, that, in the Rebel South, there was a population more powerful by far than we had imagined that was as loyal as the staunchest portion of the dwellers in the North. We were gradually learning how Ireland is divided in opinion from end to end; and we had left a town in which four thousand soldiers and police were scarcely able to keep the hostile elements apart. The problem was complicated, but we were beginning to understand its bearings. It was beset with difficulties, but John Bull would yet find

a way to solve them. And he had taken the first step towards doing so when he had announced through his ministers that in Ulster as well as in Munster—in the Loyal North and in the Rebel South alike—the law must be obeyed.

Thus musing, I watched the shores of Down and Antrim still recede. Above, the sky was thick with clouds, and round us everywhere the gloomy waters surged. The stately vessel quivered as she breasted them, while, far in front, vague lights flared dimly, and about our bows the waves were sobbing and the breezes free. So the midnight crept upon us till the entrance to the lough was reached. And then we passed out into the darkness.

End of Part II.

ASHTON AND CROMPTON, EAGLE PRINTING WORKS, WARRINGTON.

John Bull and His Other Island.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

PART I. (bound in Green) was published in April. It deals with the Wilds of the West, giving an account of a journey through the desolate province of Connemara, famous alike for the grandeur of its scenery, the wretchedness of its inhabitants, and the terrible crimes which have been perpetrated within its borders.

PART III. (bound in Crimson) will be ready on the first of August, and, together with Part IV., will be devoted to the Rebel South. It will include particulars of a journey to the home of Mr. Parnell, in the heart of the Wicklow Mountains; of a night in the Trappist Monastery at Roscrea; and of a voyage down "the lordly Shannon" to Kilrush, the centre of much agrarian trouble.

PART IV. (bound in Pink) will be ready on the first of October, and will conclude the series, conducting the reader through the worst parts of Kerry to the beauties of Killarney and Glengariffe; and thence through "the Rebel City," and up "the Rhine of Ireland," to Mount Melleray, where another night was spent among the mysterious monks of the order of La Trappe. The volume will close with a Valedictory Chapter, summarizing the result of the information obtained during the three visits, and its bearing on the problem of the hour.

Each volume may be obtained either in cloth (price 2/6), or in paper (price 1/-); and the set will be forwarded, post free, immediately on publication, on receipt of the requisite remittance.

Secretaries of Associations desiring to arrange with the author for lectures on Ireland and the Irish question, or other subjects, political or literary, are requested to communicate with him at the office of

The "SUNRISE" PUBLISHING Co., Upper Bank-St., Warrington.

John Bull and His Other Island.

PRESS NOTICES OF PART I.

Mr. Arthur Edward Waite, Author of "The Real History of the Rosicrucians," "A Soul's Comedy," "Lucasta," &c., writes :—

"When in 1889 Mr. Arthur Bennett made his first appearance as an author, we paid a deserved tribute of praise to the charm and simplicity which abounded in the unpretentious volume felicitously entitled 'The Music of My Heart.' Mr. Bennett has now, at least for the moment, quitted the sphere of verse-craft and turned to that of politics. 'John Bull and His Other Island,' however, is, in the main, a book of travel, and as such it has distinct literary interest. The author and his friend Mr. Richardson have traversed Ireland from end to end, and have made themselves familiar with the Wild West, the Loyal North and the Rebel South; and the volume before us is a bright, crisp, fresh record of the fresh and bright experience of a young and enthusiastic man, full of genuine appreciation of all that is pleasant in nature, and of all that repays study in humanity...The picture of the bay at Clifden by moonlight is really a perfect piece of descriptive writing, and the book abounds in passages of delighted rapture over natural beauty. We shall await, with much interest, the appearance of the supplementary volumes."

DUNDEE ADVERTISER.

"Mr. Bennett's sketches of Irish character in the remoter parts of the island are both interesting and valuable, and do not seem to be overdrawn."

PRESTON HERALD.

"Mr. Bennett wields a sprightly and graphic pen...The book is not damned by dulness, and the reader is not overdosed with politics."

BIRKENHEAD ADVERTISER.

"This bright little *brochure* is most interesting, and very smartly written."

YORKSHIRE POST.

"Mr. Bennett is a quiet, dispassionate observer, whose evidence demands the attention it will doubtless receive. He can see all round a question, and never burkes a fact, even though it may not quite support his own settled opinions...He is to give us some more of his travels, and they will certainly be welcomed."

NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE.

"'John Bull and His Other Island' is very readable and clever, and written in a fair and impartial style."

GLASGOW HERALD.

"The book is written with a good deal of brightness, and with the largest sympathy with the Irish people."

DUBLIN EVENING MAIL.

"What Mr. Bennett relates he has seen with his own eyes, and his powers of accurate observation are only equalled by his descriptive faculty," which is more suggestive of a Celt than a Saxon... Of late years English writers have written many a book after their wanderings in Erin, and Mr. Bennett's work, so far as can be judged by the first volume, promises to deserve a high place amongst the best of them. He is as observant, and almost as analytical, as Mr. Shand, and, like him, has a very refreshing gift of humour; while, at the same time, he can be as pathetic as one would desire."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR :

THE MUSIC OF MY HEART.

(Price 3s. 6d.)

PRESS NOTICES.

Mr. William Sharp, Author of "Life of Robert Browning," "Romantic Ballads," "Children of To-Morrow," &c., writes:—

"'The Music of My Heart' is a handsome volume of 176 pages... It must be evident to all lovers of poetry that Mr. Bennett's verses are markedly above the average . . . A spirit of ardent patriotism and of sympathy with what is noble and worthy in the national life animates the volume; but, though several of the best poems owe their being to this sentiment, there are others of lighter impulse which are technically as good, and sometimes superior. One of the most noteworthy productions is that founded on Garibaldi's last words, '*Quanto è allegro !*'—'How joyful it is !'—as he lay dying in his simple house, and watched, in the sunset light, a little bird, which had alighted on his window-sill, and there stayed and burst into song . . . 'Soul-Solace,' 'In Phœnix Park,' and 'On Croagh Patrick,' particularly the last, are poems of exceptional merit. 'The Battle Of Hastings' is a stirring poem in stanzaic-ballad metres, and equally good, though in a different way, are the stanzas on 'The Olympian Picnic.' There are considerable point and skill in the interesting series of 'Trifling Triplets,' and the Old Forms (Ballade, Rondeau and Triolet) are excellent."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.

"The volume shows the author to be a ready rhymester, whose capability of suiting himself to circumstances should never leave him destitute of a subject to charm him into poesy . . . Some of the titles, because of their honest simplicity, are quite as delightful as the pieces over which they appear—as, for instance, 'Lines Addressed To A Young Lady Who Said That She Did Not Like Kissing, By A Young Gentleman Who Did'nt Believe Her.'"

MANCHESTER EXAMINER.

"Unpretentious, pleasant in spirit, and unexceptionable in sentiment."

WARRINGTON ADVERTISER.

"The Preface has the true ring of manly and patriotic sentiment, and the contents of the volume justify the author's claim to impartiality in his treatment of current events... We commend Mr. Bennett's poems to public attention. The man has our sympathies who can write as he did in 'The Crisis,' in May, 1885, when another war with Russia was anticipated... Doubtless it was the knowledge Russia possessed that this was the spirit which animated our people generally that induced her then to respect our rights and to restrain her own rapacity, and so ensure the maintenance of peace."

THE LANTERN.

"There is something of good work and more of promise in this volume."

THE BRITISH MAIL.

"Mr. Bennett has distinct talent... He scores a success by the force of fresh and wholesome feeling...and the volume contains much that the public will be better in heart and mind for reading...It is bright, vivacious, and, if anyone be a lover of his country, he will find in the author a kindred spirit, whose inspiration is of the class of Dr. Charles Mackay, with whom he shares the capability of occasionally touching upon deeper themes ..There is much that will be permanently pleasing in poems so unpretentious, and at the same time so delightful as 'If The World Were Ruled By Love,' the 'Ballade Of Apple Blossoms,' and 'The Message Of The Stars.'"

FROME GREETING.

"If we mistake not, some of the poems included in this charming little volume have the breath of life in them, and will minister sweetness and strength to a wider circle than the group of personal friends to whom Mr. Bennett modestly inscribes his lays...There is no monotony either of style or subject. Scattered throughout the book in pleasant variety are poems of patriotism, pieces grave and gay, heroic, sentimental, fanciful and didactic. The author's political opinions are not hidden; and yet (as surely every poet's ought to be) his heart is ever open to what is noblest and best in all endeavours, plans and creeds for the commonwealth. He is no pessimist. Indeed, there is a noble ardour and healthy optimism in all his serious pieces, not absent even from his frolicsome and airy nothings, which will endear him to all who believe in a good time coming! He is like the husbandman who walks joyfully into his fields, knowing that he has plenty of living seed to sow. We detect no morbid symptoms in Mr. Bennett's heart, and we shall be glad to hear more of its music."

THE BOOKSELLER.

"The thought and expression in this volume are often thoroughly meritorious, and rise above the ordinary level."

WARRINGTON EXAMINER.

"It is a pleasure to be able to say that 'The Music of My Heart' is a very satisfactory production. Mr. Bennett is possessed of genuine poetic feeling, and displays no mean skill in giving expression to his inspirations...The poems which, presumably, are the latest, reveal evidence of really good workmanship...The author runs 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' and he shows some aptitude for society verse (see 'The Young Philosopher.') The poems vary in metre as in mood; there is the light lilt of the Hiawathian measure, the steady tramp of blank verse, and almost every movement between....Two poems we ought to mention as being amongst the best in the book are, 'Ballade Of Apple Blossoms' and 'Ballade Of The Heart's Winter.'..The volume is many-sided; it has in it 'the promise of spring;' and we congratulate the author on its production."

GLASGOW HERALD.

"The book is characterised by a sound manliness of spirit."

MANCHESTER COURIER.

"There is a distinctly pleasing ring about Mr. Bennett's poetry. His verses are always thoughtful, polished and vigorous, and they frequently contain a true note of inspiration."

THE LITERARY OLYMPIC.

"The heroic couplets on 'The Inexplicable Sex' are, for the most part, excellent, and the author shows something both of wit and poetry. With greater polish and concentration, the poem might well have passed as the production of an accomplished versifier of the school of Pope. Good sense and good verse are combined in the spirited poem entitled 'The Heart's Unbelief.' 'The Young Philosopher' is possessed of much gentle humour, and its end is almost delicious in its naturalness. 'On Croagh Patrick' is a poem full of promise and of no inconsiderable accomplishment. The 'Ballade Of Apple Blossoms' is a very good ballade indeed: motive and treatment are here combined in true union; and its sequel, the 'Ballade Of The Heart's Winter,' is charming, and creditable in all respects. 'In Doubt' shows that the author has a genuine faculty for the sonnet, as well as for the irregular lyrical measures he has frequently affected. In the 'Proem' written for the first issue of 'Sunrise,' he sings of no ordinary daybreak, but of that sunrise which poets and prophets have foreseen and prayed for from of old. The lines are musical and are animated by a fine feeling...Mr. Bennett, we are glad to say, is one of our poets who does not sing for the mere sake of sound, but because they have something to say, and find it easiest and worthiest to say it in verse."

The above volume may be obtained from

PALMER & HOWE, 73, 75, and 77, Princess Street, Manchester;

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LD., London;

The "SUNRISE" PUBLISHING CO., Warrington;

or through any Bookseller.

SUNRISE

A Weekly Paper for the People.

This paper is devoted to the promotion of the cause of progress. Its editorial policy is absolutely independent, and articles advocating the views of all parties are admitted. Its aim is to uproot error, to further truth, to show people how to be healthier and wiser and happier, to "make Utopias real," and to help men to believe in and to labour for "the good time coming." The co-operation of all who are in sympathy with this aim is cordially invited. The paper will be found to contain, at intervals, among much miscellaneous matter of an entertaining character, the following

SPECIAL FEATURES:

Songs of "The Good Time Coming."

Signed Leaders on the Problems of the Hour.

Contributions under this head must not exceed 500 words.

Tips from Utopia.

Bits for the Book-Lover, including reviews of the latest publications.

The World's Gossip.

How to be Healthy.
A series of articles to prove disease to be preventible.

Sunbeams:
To be multiplied.

Vapours:
To be dissipated.

Moonshine:
To "drive dull Care away."

1,000 copies of any issue will be forwarded for private distribution to persons desirous of assisting in the accomplishment of the objects of the paper on receipt of 16/6; 5,000 for £3 3s.

The same quantities will be supplied to advertisers, in lieu of handbills, with the whole of the front page reserved for their advertisement, on the same terms.

Advertisements, if for not less than a quarter, inserted at 1/6 per inch.

Specimen on application, enclosing stamp.

A copy of each issue for twelve months will be forwarded to any address on receipt of Postal Order for 5/-

"Sunrise" Publishing Co.,
UPPER BANK STREET, WARRINGTON.